TIFFANY & CO.
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

JEWELED BRACELETS
A Large Selection
Within a Wide Range of Price

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Denneys
HERBAL OIL BLEND

. . BRING BACK the LOVELINESS *dulled by sun and wind*

Denneys
HERBAL TEXTURE LOTION
Denneys
HERBAL CLEANSING CREAM
Denneys
HERBAL SKIN-TONIC
Denney & Denney
of Philadelphia
HERBAL
ASTRINGENT CREAM

No longer need you view regretfully — day after day — those tell-tale marks of summer on your skin. With these new Herbal Preparations of FRANCES DENNEY, you can bring back the loveliness dulled by sun and wind.

Herbal Cleansing Cream: Blended with rare and costly herbal extractions and inexpressibly soft and doubly penetrating. Melts quickly with the warmth of the skin, penetrates the pores and gently removes all impurities. $1, $2, $3.50, $6

Herbal Texture Lotion: A thorough liquid cleanser — wonderful for that quick freshening-up in the morning and during the day. Also delightful for using after MISS DENNEY'S Herbal Cleansing Cream. It removes oiliness but *does not dry the skin* . . . . $1.50 and $2.50

Herbal Skin Tonic: A delightful Preparation that freshens and invigorates the skin by stimulating active circulation through the facial network. Should be used after cleansing with Herbal Cleansing Cream . . . . . . $1 and $2

Herbal Oil Blend: Very dry skin — and skin exposed to wind and sun — respond gratefully to its soothing unguents. It is a deep-tissue builder — and marvelous for that "worn" look caused by the stress and strain of modern life . . . $5

Herbal Astringent Cream: A soft, fluffy cream with astringent qualities. A thin application protects the skin and serves as a splendid base for powder $2.50

▼ ▼

With the perfection of these new Herbal Preparations, MISS DENNEY now offers the most complete system of scientific beauty Treatments ever made available to women. MISS DENNEY will be happy to tell you more about her Methods and Treatments if you will but write to her in Philadelphia.

FRANCES DENNEY »

HERBAL PREPARATIONS

DENNEY & DENNEY
PHILADELPHIA — NEW YORK

HARPER'S BAZAAR is published monthly at 572 Madison Avenue, New York, by Harper's Bazar, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Yearly subscription price $4.00. Entered as second class matter May 4th, 1901, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill

Introducing...The New Wendell Gowns...For Women

Wendell

Below — Wendell dress of fine quality silk Canton crêpe, made in the new tunic effect with jabot flares set in the skirt. The becoming collar and cuffs are made of petals of crushed transparent velvet. Black or smart colors 39.50

Wendell

Top Center—Wendell one-piece dress of the new wool lace with flared skirt and draped yoke of transparent velvet. This combination of two smart fabrics in one smart dress is an important fall fashion. Black or smart colors 39.50

Wendell

Bottom Center—Wendell one-piece dress of all over eyelet embroidered transparent velvet or crêpe satin with the new cowl neckline... usually a dress with so much fine embroidery would cost much more... but this is a Wendell. Black or smart colors . . 39.50

Wendell

Above—Wendell one-piece dress made in the new fashion of a combination of fabrics. The top is metal thread embroidered on chiffon, and the skirt is of soft crêpe satin or transparent velvet. Black or smart colors 39.50

Wendell fashions are originated and patented by Franklin Simon & Co.

Franklin Simon & Co.

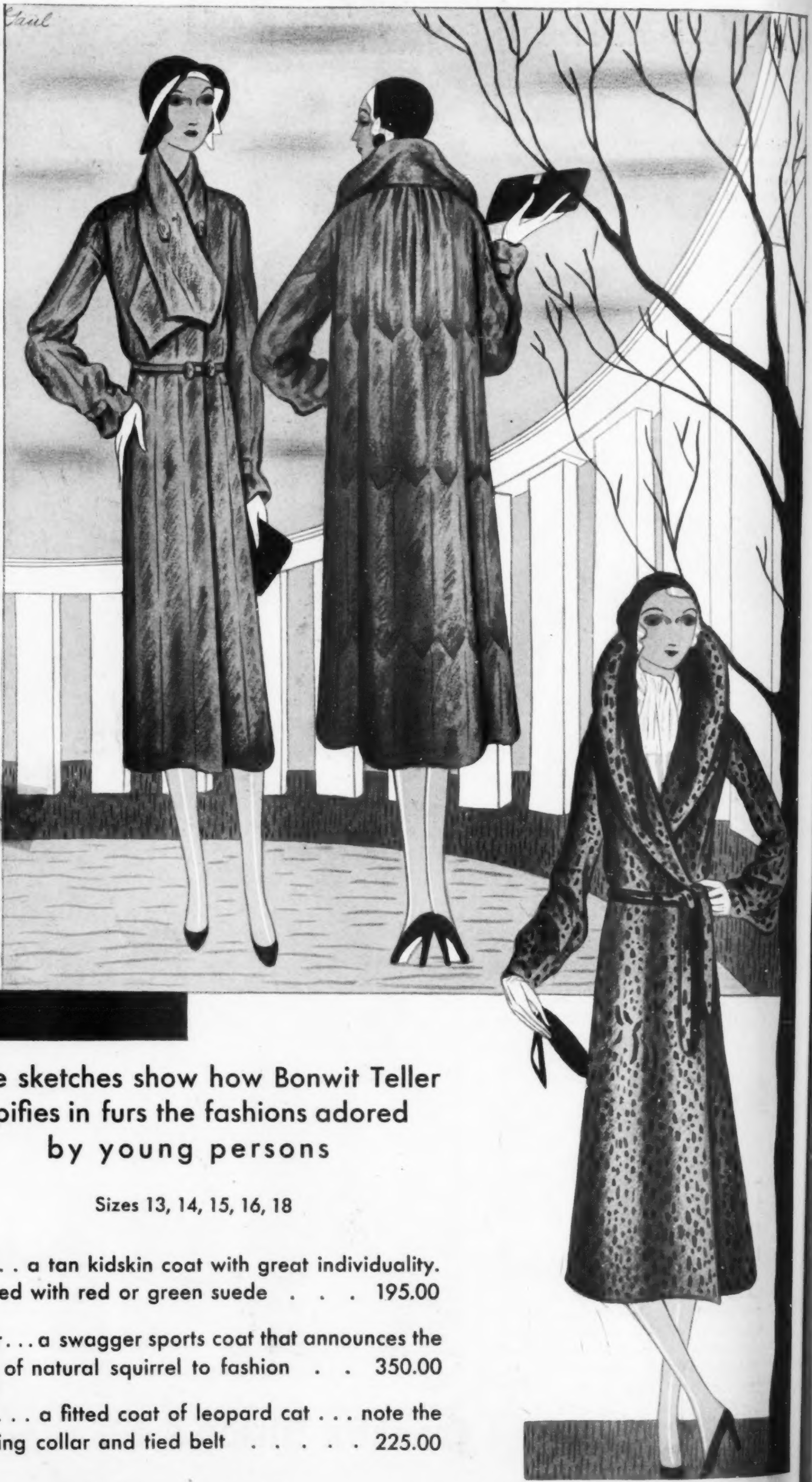
A STORE OF INDIVIDUAL SHOPS

FIFTH AVENUE, 37th and 38th St., NEW YORK

Entire contents copyrighted 1930, by Franklin Simon & Co., Inc.

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PARIS LONDON



Young Fashions in Fur Coats

These sketches show how Bonwit Teller typifies in furs the fashions adored by young persons

Sizes 13, 14, 15, 16, 18

Left . . . a tan kidskin coat with great individuality. Trimmed with red or green suede . . . 195.00

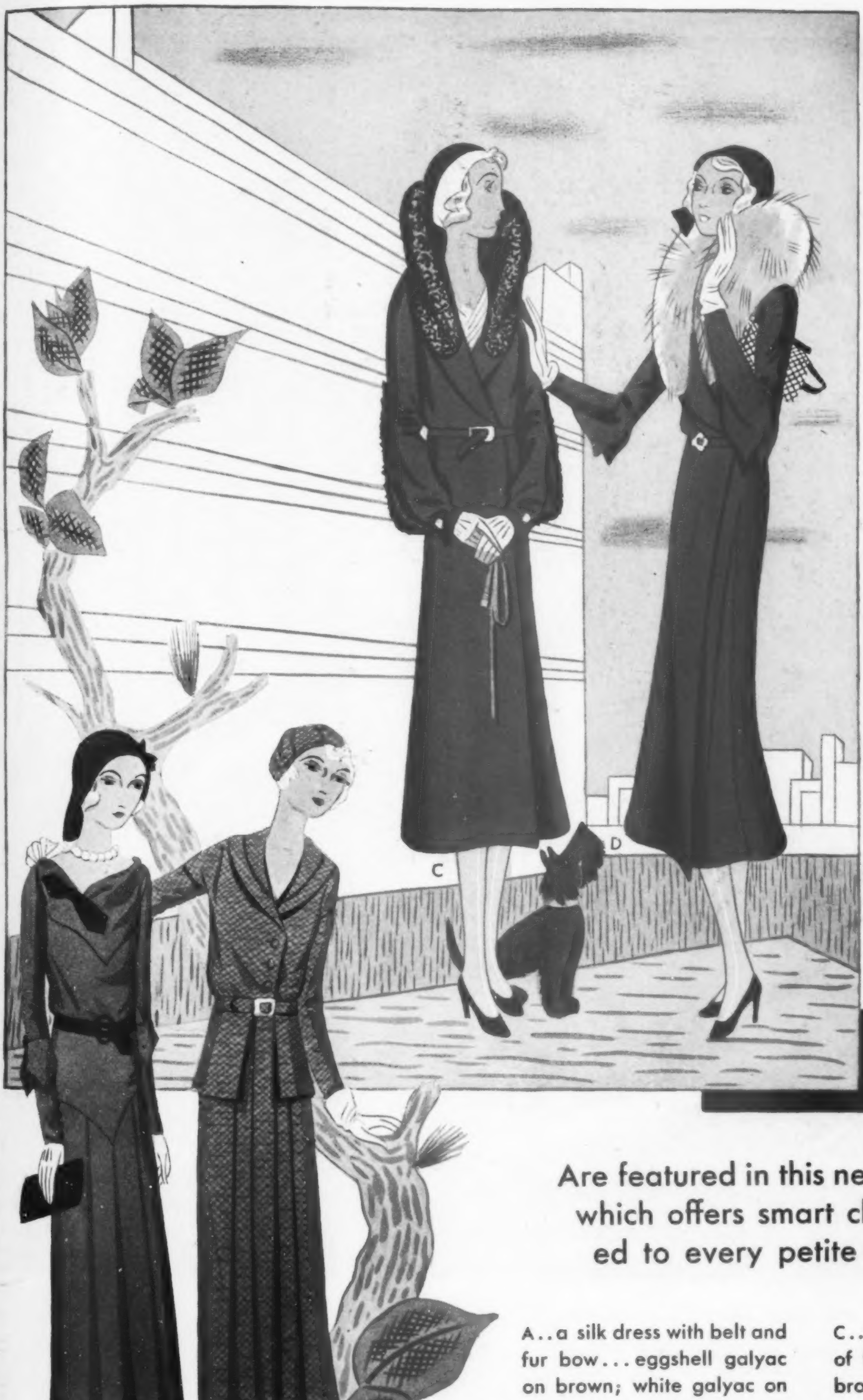
Center. . . a swagger sports coat that announces the return of natural squirrel to fashion . . 350.00

Right . . . a fitted coat of leopard cat . . . note the flattering collar and tied belt 225.00

FURS . . . Fourth Floor

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PARIS LONDON



Junior Misses' Fashions

Are featured in this new department which offers smart clothes adapted to every petite slim figure.

A..a silk dress with belt and fur bow... eggshell galyac on brown; white galyac on black; black galyac on rust red 39.00

B..a dress for town or country with jaunty jacket effect... made of a soft new ostrich feather fabric in brown, green or wine . . 25.00

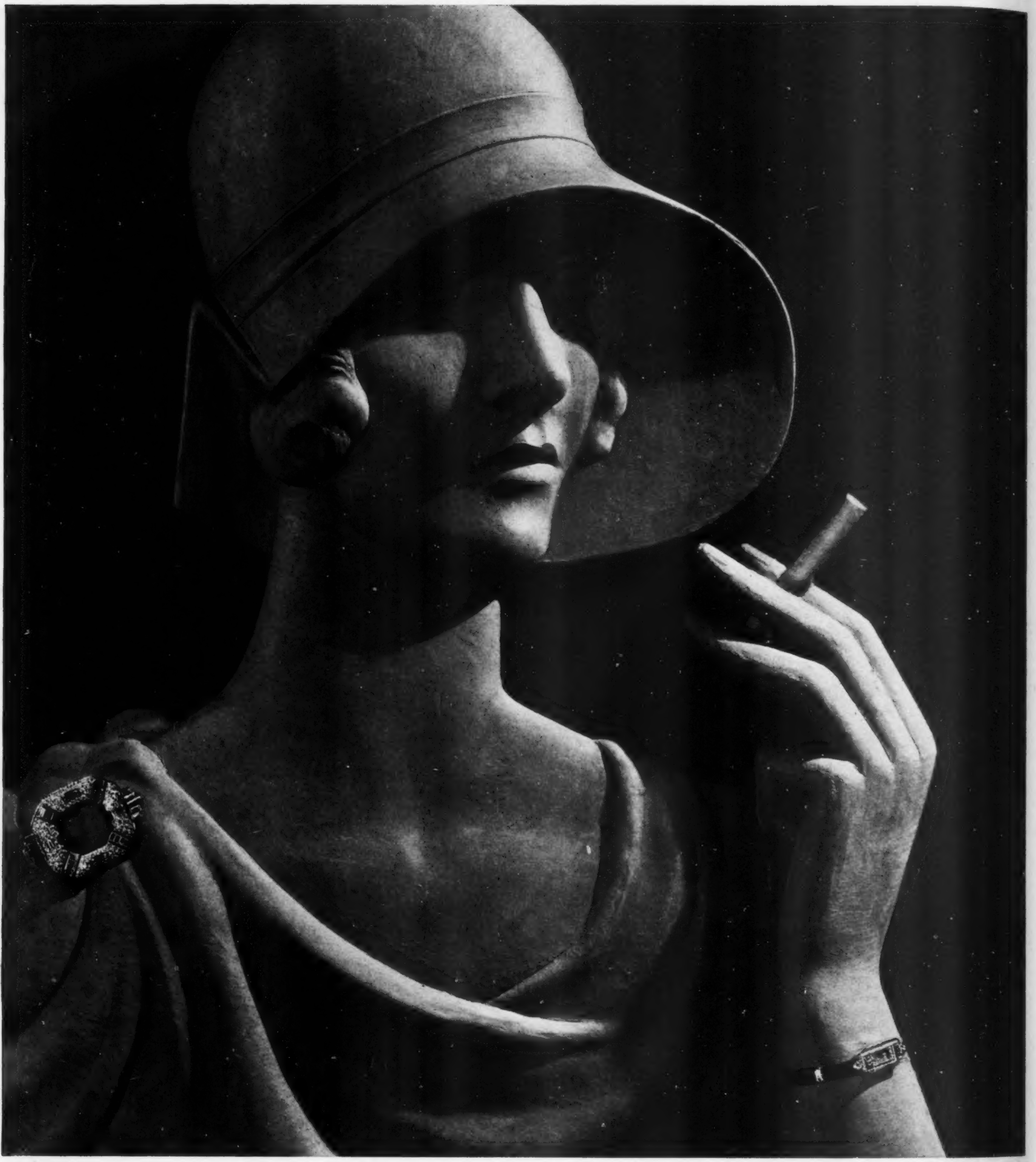
C..this town coat has an air of formal elegance...crepe broadcloth in black, dark green or red, with black Persian lamb . . 95.00

D..flattering to the last degree is the bleached Jap fox collar of this all-occasion coat in black, brown or green 69.00

Junior Misses' Fashions . . . Seventh Floor

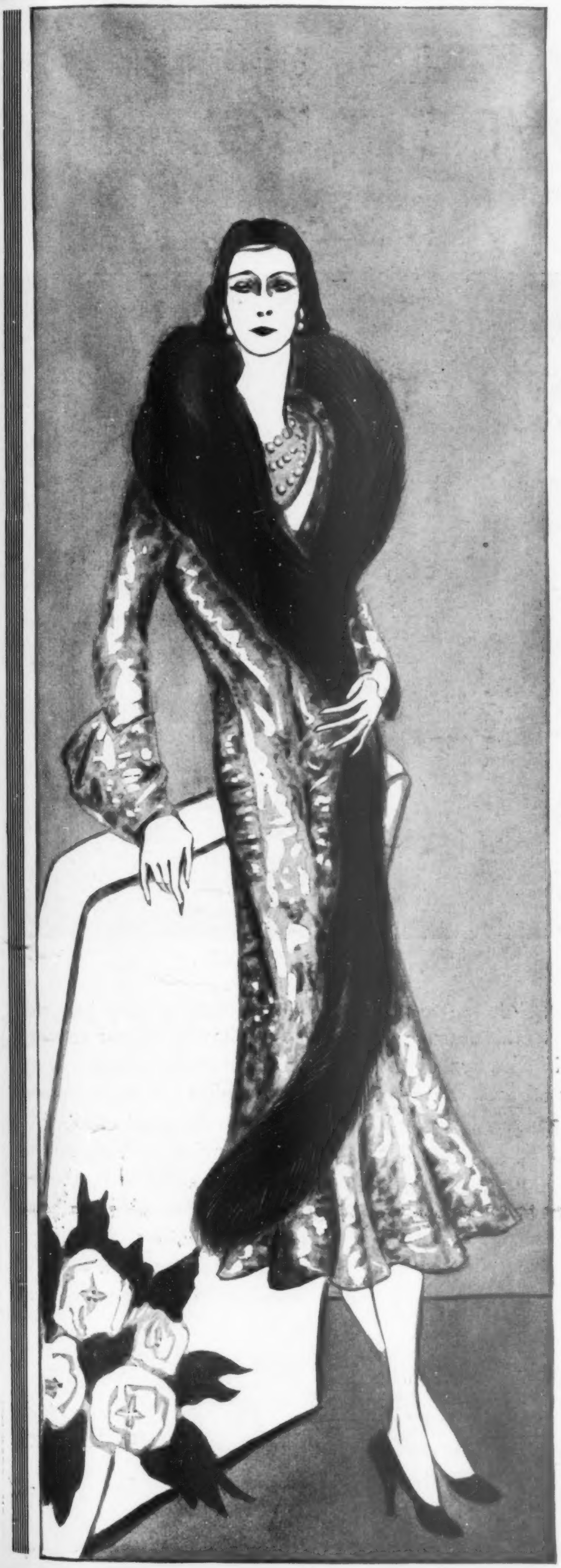
DRESSES in sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17

COATS in sizes 13, 15 and 17



A jeweled case of baguette and round diamonds, and a movement of infinite accuracy distinguish this wrist watch of gracile charm . . . $1,100. The brooch . . . a brilliant conception in baguette and round diamonds . . . $3,500.

Udall and Ballou
JEWELERS SINCE 1888
5th Avenue at 57th Street
NEWPORT—PARIS OFFICE, *48 Rue Lafayette*—PALM BEACH



B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 34th St. + Telephone: MURray Hill 7000

The Luxurious Silhouette in Fur

finds its complete expression here. The richness of Altman furs is an admirable foil for the fitted lines, deft detail and superb suppleness that a mode, newly subtle and lavish, demands. Choice pelts are available for individual selection to be fashioned to order by Altman furriers to whom the intricate new models in fur coats and wraps are a joyous inspiration.

FUR SALON—THIRD FLOOR

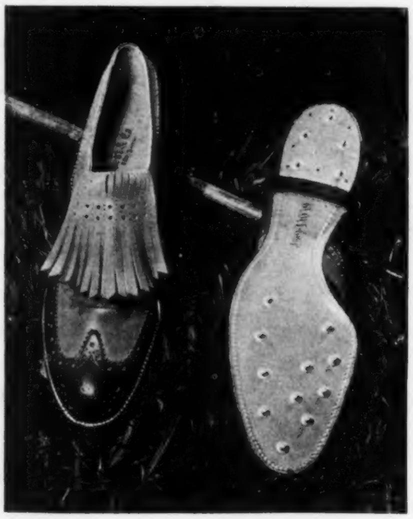
For better golf And greater comfort

THE ARNOLD GLOVE GRIP GOLF SHOE

WITH THE NEW DAREX NON-SKID SOLE

Exclusive with Best's Women's sizes 12.50

The Arnoldeagle is recommended for Autumn golf in brown elkskin type leather. Or in brown and tan, or white with brown or black. Darex or spiked soles. Sizes 3 to 8½, AA to C. 12.50



The Arnoldoon is the authentic brogue, with kiltie tongue. Imported calfskin in brown, or brown and tan. Leather soles with riveted-in spikes, or Darex non-skid smooth soles. Sizes 3 to 8½, AA to C. 12.50

THIS is the golf shoe that ranks as one of America's most important contributions to the game. It is the shoe that is known to every golfer of note in the country, the shoe that most of them wear. It outnumbers every other shoe worn in tournament play. It is the smartest because so absolutely fitted to its purpose. It is the most comfortable because of its unique construction and many exclusive features—the patented glove grip arch raises and gently supports the arch, allowing the foot muscles to flex normally; the Darex soles, though smooth, are permanently non-skid, waterproof, lighter than leather, and longer wearing. Shoes are the only part of a golfer's costume that affect his game—Arnold glove grip golf shoes cannot help but improve your game.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Westchester
at Mamaroneck

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

New Jersey at East Orange

Long Island
at Garden City

Entire Contents Copyrighted by Best & Co., Inc., 1930

A "Best Twin" Fashion

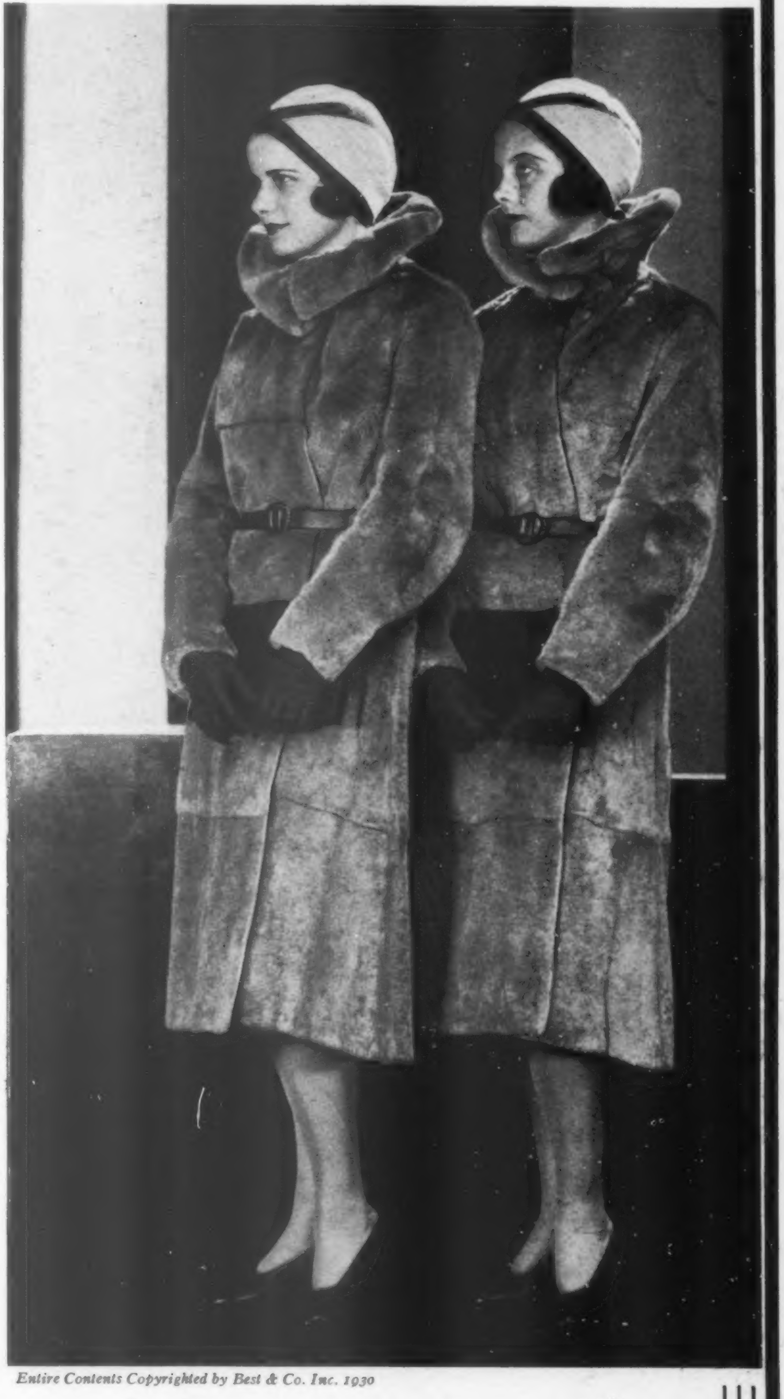
THE NADA LAPIN COAT

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

WITH THE COSSACK SILHOUETTE.

$165

The Best Twins, those two very smart young things, have a very workable philosophy of clothes. They know that chic is much more a matter of knowledge than it is of money and they find that their "allowance" accomplishes wonders at Best's. They are shown here in their new Nada lapin coats, longer than last year's, fuller than last year's, and belted in the new Russian Cossack manner.



Entire Contents Copyrighted by Best & Co. Inc. 1930

The Nada lapin coat is an exclusive Best fashion. Rose-beige or beaver color with cloth or satin lining. Black with satin lining. Sizes 14x to 20.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE

Suburban Stores

WESTCHESTER, Mamaroneck

LONG ISLAND, Garden City

NEW JERSEY, East Orange

AN UNCARED-FOR SKIN IS THE EASY PREY OF WRINKLES

SHE had a pretty face, but such a heedless young head! She gave her skin the most haphazard care. She wouldn't spend five minutes a day to keep her youth. Soon there came fine little lines at the corners of her eyes and mouth. And while she was beginning to think that perhaps she might do something about them —some day—those little lines swiftly spread and deepened into ugly wrinkles, obstinate wrinkles that made her look old.

That is what always happens if you neglect your skin. Wrinkles have no respect for youth. They snatch away beauty whenever they find it unguarded. Wrinkles are not caused by time alone. You can keep your face smooth and lineless despite the passing years, if you will only give your skin a little daily care.

Dorothy Gray evolved scientific preparations that ward off the ageing wrinkles. These preparations have proved successful in actual treatment in the Dorothy Gray salons. So that you may readily use them at home, these same preparations are sold at leading shops everywhere. Ask or write for the Dorothy Gray booklet on scientific home care of the skin. And begin, tonight, using: *Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream, Dorothy Gray Special Mixture* (if your skin is normal or dry), or *Tissue Cream* (if your skin is oily or your face plump), or *Special Skin Cream* (if your face and throat are thin), *the Dorothy Gray Patter, Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion.*

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building
683 Fifth Avenue, New York

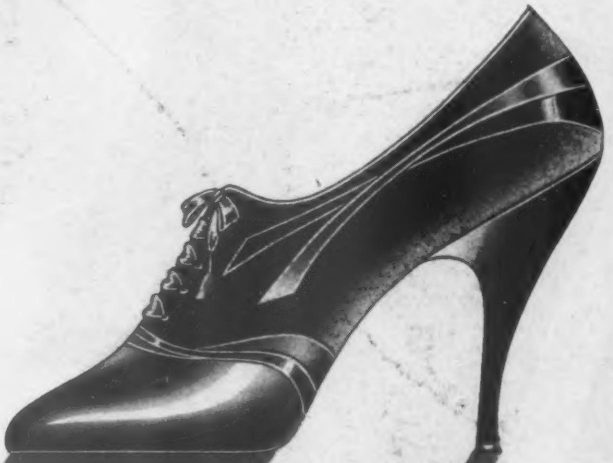
© 1930, D. G.

PARIS CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

I. MILLER

INSTITUTION
INTERNATIONALE

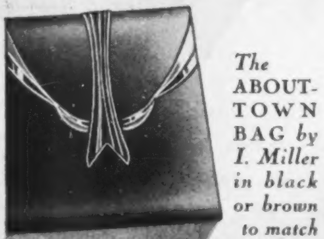
Beautiful Shoes



The ABOUT-TOWN OXFORD IN VELVETTA SUEDE *and* KIDSKIN

has a swagger all its own!

Swanky, yet not at all pert ... tailored, yet not a bit pompous — — this charming new I. Miller oxford expresses precisely the casual formality in the tailored mode of today...meeting superbly the fashion trend of combining Suede with Kidskin...proving its I. Miller originality in a four-tone black, and a three-tone brown, that are—impossible though it seem—Harmony and Contrast in one!



The ABOUT-TOWN BAG *by I. Miller in black or brown to match the shoe*

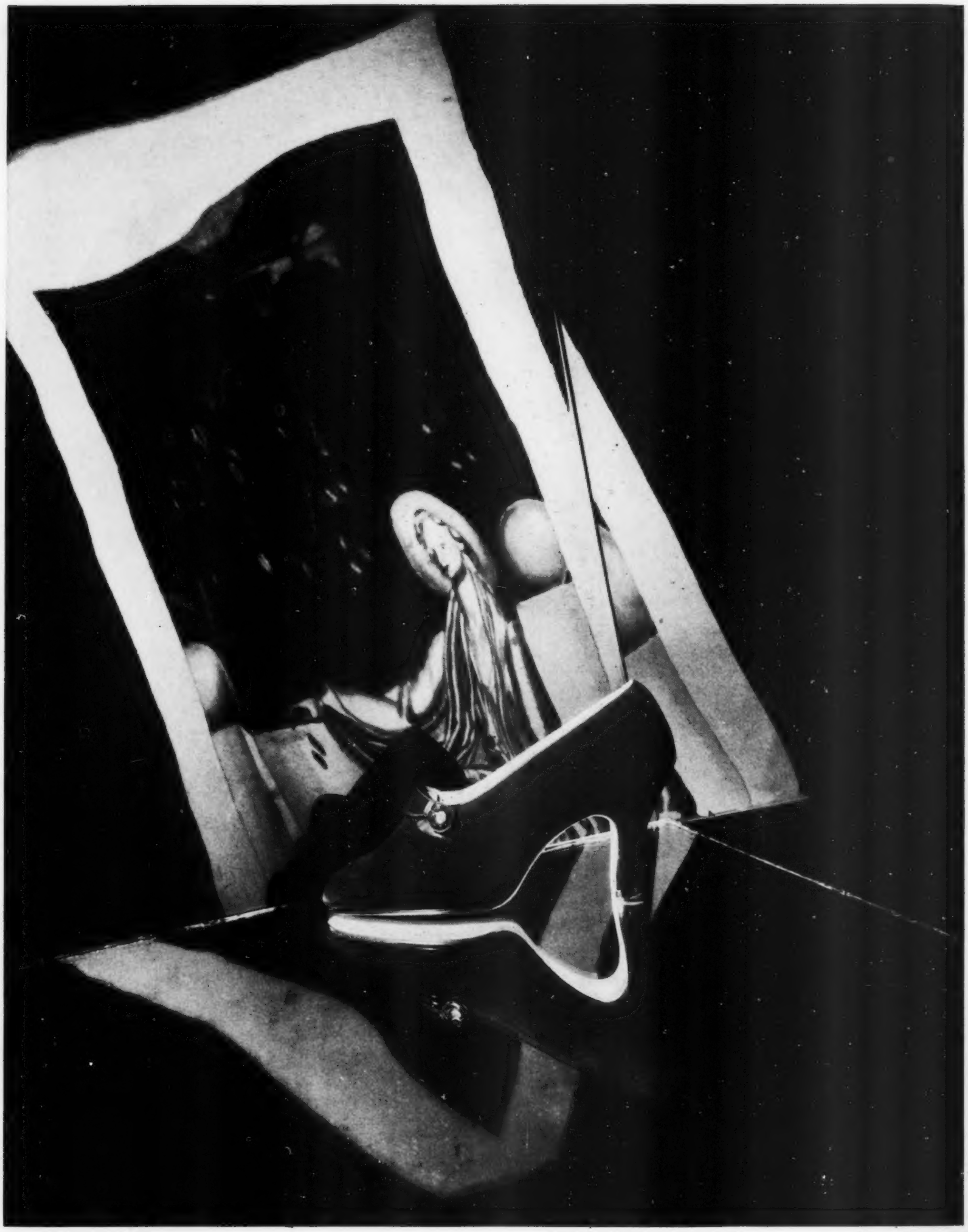
IN BLACK...*Black Kidskin vamp and heel; Black Velvetta Suede quarter; Patent Leather and Gunmetal Silk Kid appliqués.*

DUBBL-DULL HOSIERY *by I. Miller ... in* SIERRA, *a novel off-brown, newly smart with black.*

IN BROWN ... *Brown Kidskin vamp and heel; Brown Velvetta Suede quarter; Brown Kid and Brown Silk Kid appliqués.*

PARDEAU... *a perfect brown-tone blend in* DUBBL-DULL HOSIERY *for the About-Town oxford in brown.*

SHOPS AND AGENCIES
IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

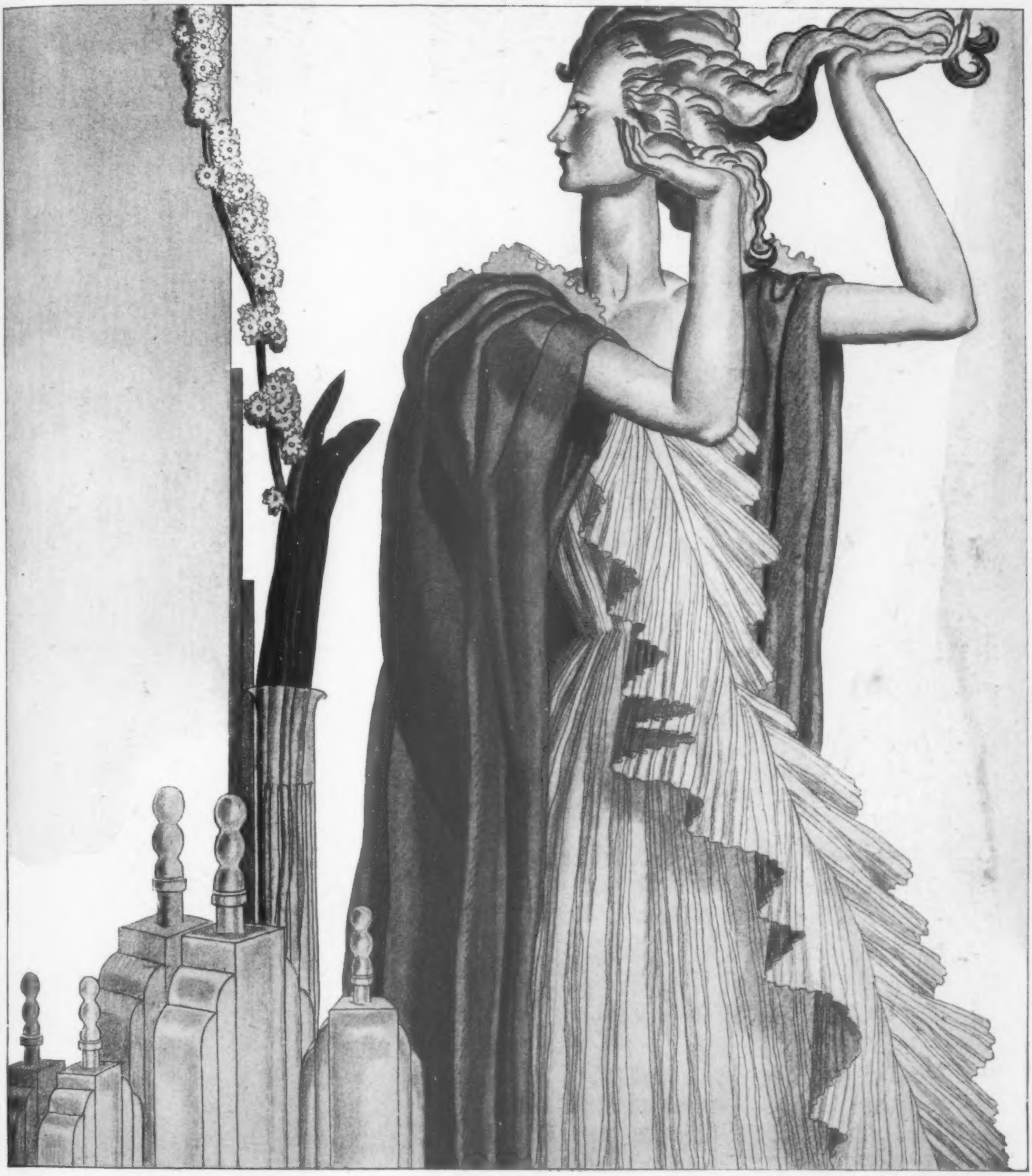


Henry Waxman

The Chic of Colour . . .

There are a few colours that cannot be other than smart . . . their chic lies in their tone . . . not in the whim of the mode . . . the deep nut-brown of this new opera complements the smart fashions of the season. Also in black suede or dull kid . . . 15.50.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO

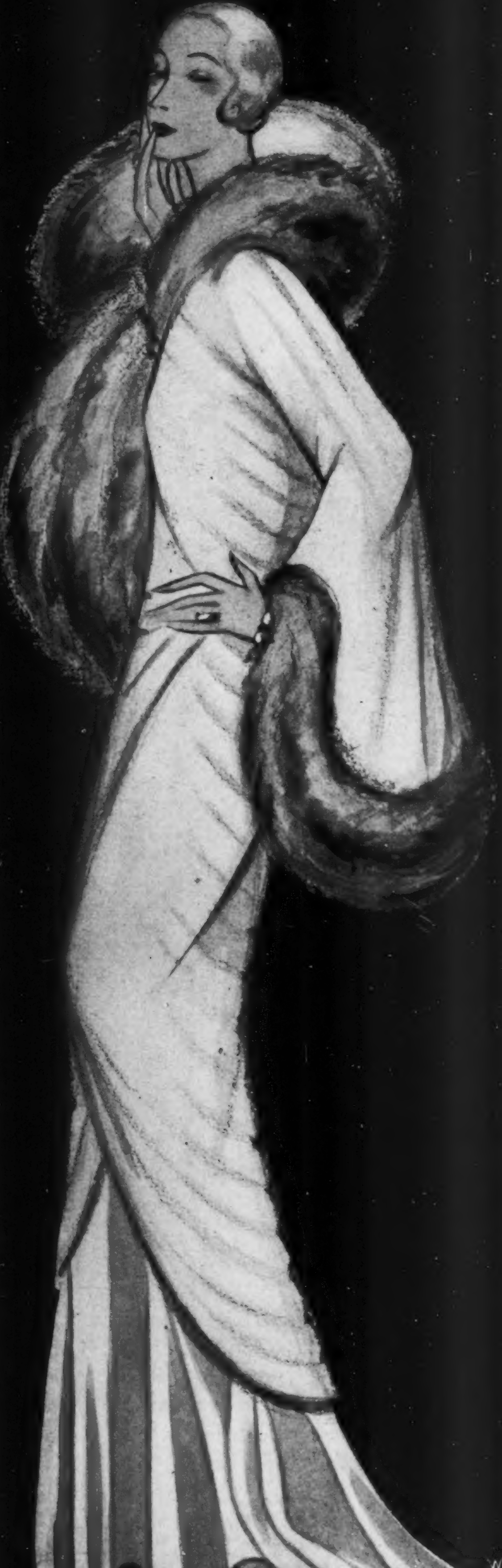


Our Large Collection of Small Collections . . .

We have been especially meticulous in assembling our Paris clothes this year . . . just a few from each house . . . only the smartest clothes from the smartest collections . . . But there are so many, all told . . . so many, of which each one is a masterpiece of chic . . . an ultimatum.

Fifth Floor Fashions

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CHICAGO



JAECKEL FUR FASHIONS

Individual—Because they combine Paris inspiration with the creative genius of a great designer.

Exquisite—because the Jaeckel method of treating furs makes them incredibly light and soft.

Practically priced—because we have devoted ourselves exclusively to furs since 1863 and naturally buy our raw pelts under the most favorable conditions.

H. JAECKEL & SONS
FIFTH AVENUE at 45th STREET

JAECKEL FURS ARE OBTAINABLE IN CHICAGO AT THE STANLEY KORSHAK BLACKSTONE SHOP EXCLUSIVELY

LELONG—MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, WHOLESALE

LELONG CREATES A SEAMLESS GLOVE OF ALLURING SLENDERNESS!*

M. Lelong with his estimable flair for line, saw the slenderizing possibilities of a glove without side seams . . . realized that the soft grain of fine French kidskin drawn smoothly around the hand would give a subtle, unbroken contour . . . a new, alluring glove silhouette.

"Made in the Heart of Paris," these Seamless Alexandre Gloves, designed by Lucien Lelong, now occupy a place of prominence wherever smart accessories are offered . . . In all the new fall colors . . . in four, six, eight, and sixteen button lengths.

GLOVES BY

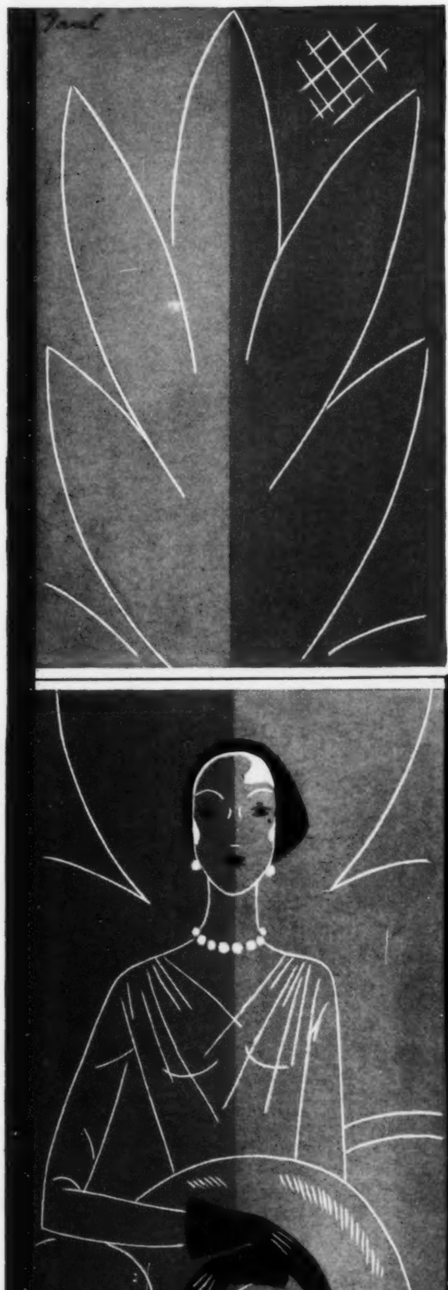
ALEXANDRE

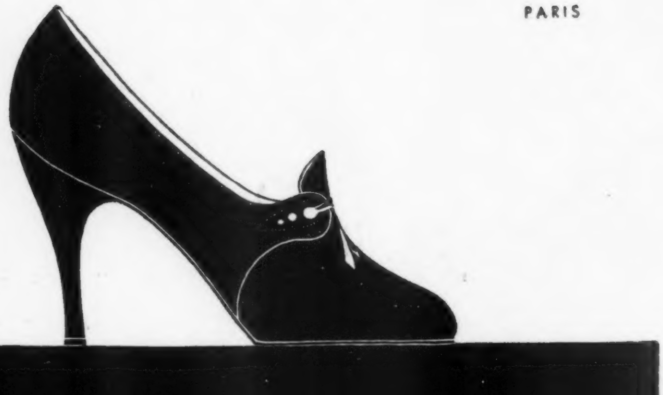
---

* This seamless cut is exclusive in Alexandre Gloves and is protected from duplication with application for patent made by Marshall Field & Company, Wholesale, Chicago and New York, sole distributers in this country of Alexandre Gloves.

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56TH STREET
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PARIS LONDON





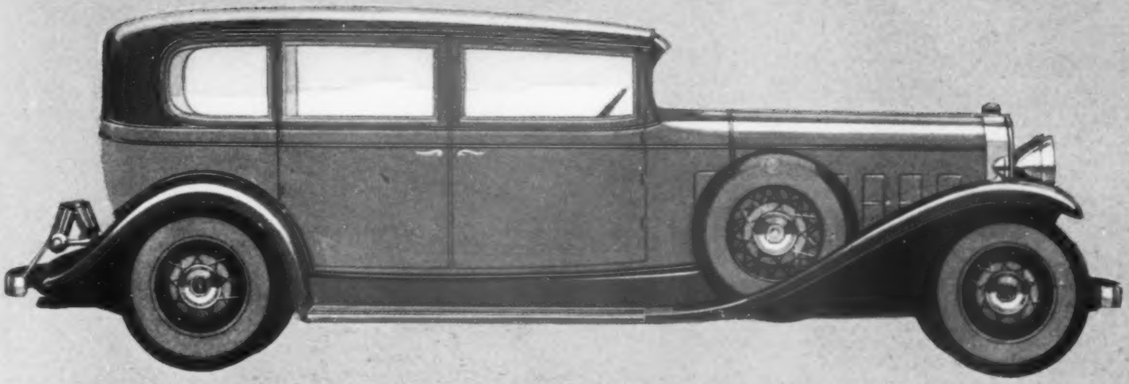
SHOES

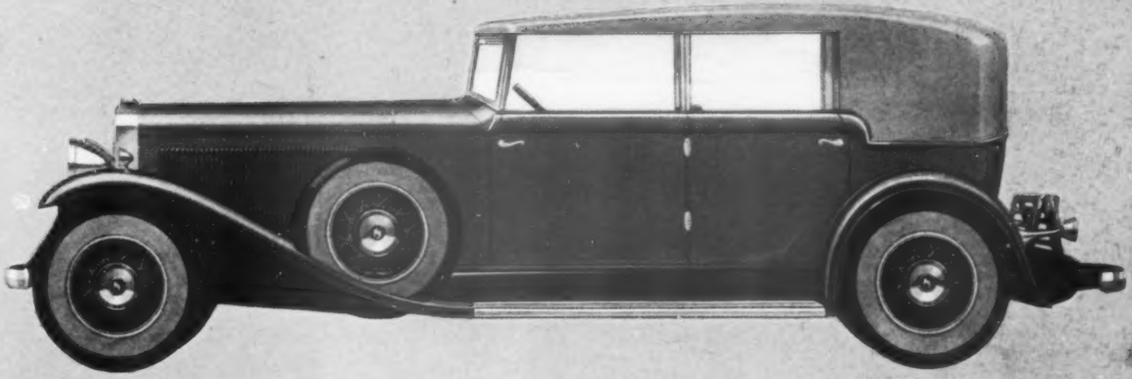
KANGOLA

Kangola (a fine dull leather) is the smart leather for Avenue shoes. Bonwit Teller sponsors it in their new shoe salon, where every shoe is created to have a definite relation to the fashions and the fabrics of the season.

Illustrated is a modified tongue pump in black Kangola with a chic touch of white . . . created to complete the important daytime vogue of black and white . . 18.50

SHOES . . . Second Floor





The New CADILLACS – The New LA SALLES

Out of an experience which produced the Cadillac V-16 and which has built more than 600,000 fine cars come these new Cadillac and La Salle V-Eights, fruit of the greatest manufacturing program in Cadillac's history

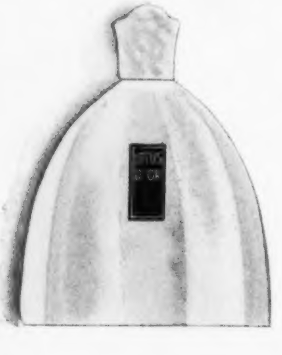
PRICES RANGING FROM $2195 TO $3795 F. O. B. DETROIT

Prices Lowered from $245 to $900

Bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood

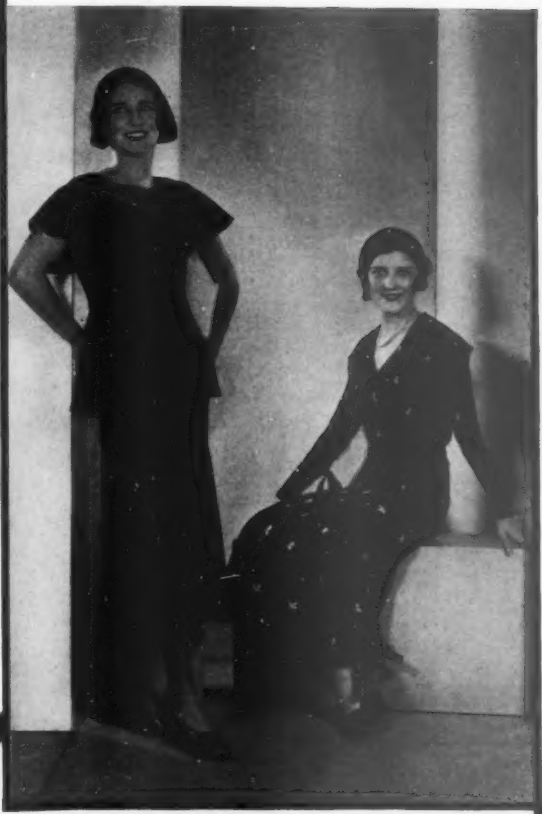
The Cadillac complete line will consist of La Salle V-8, Cadillac V-8, Cadillac V-12, Cadillac V-16, ranging in price from $2195 to $15,000, f. o. b. Detroit. The G. M. A. C. Deferred Payment Plan is recommended to the purchasers of any of these cars

She is the cynosure of fashion. About her lingers the very elusiveness of style .. the impalpable bouquet of Lotus d'Or .. veiling her in mystery, while the smart world wonders.



Lenthéric PARIS
Ses Parfums

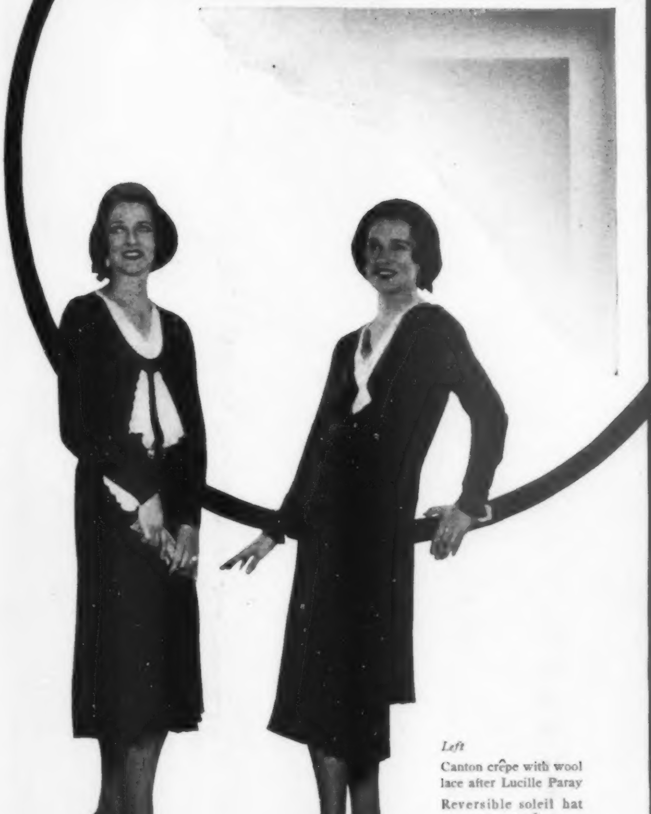
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ · PARIS · FRANCE THE LENTHÉRIC SALON AT FIFTH AVENUE & 58th STREET NEW YORK ALSO AT ALL HOUSES OF FASHION



Déjà

Six new Déjà's at once? Even a faithful budgeteer would be tempted with such a six to choose!...The colors are mellow for crisp Autumn weather. Ingenious trimming on hats and frocks accent the newness of each adaptation ...and every model is featured in black because of its heightening importance this season.

Déjà hats from $12.50. Déjà dresses $39.50



Left

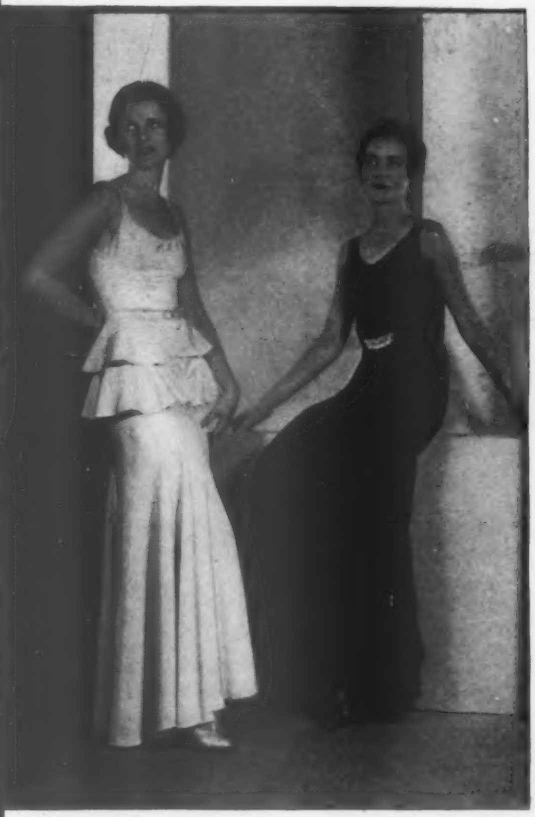
Canton crêpe with wool lace after Lucille Paray

Reversible soleil hat after Agnès

Right

Canton crêpe with wool lace after Patou

Patou inspired hat in fur felt



Top, left to right

Flat crêpe after Lanvin

Velvet hat after Mado

Embroidered canton crêpe after Augustabernard. Handcrocheted chenille hat after Alphonsine

Left

Flat crêpe evening gown after Chanel

Right

Satin evening gown after Augustabernard

Photography by Ritter

Address A. J. Sanville, Déjà, 550 Seventh Ave., N. Y. ✦ Déjà, Sommer Bldg., Montreal, Canada ✦ Sitôt, 4 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1., England

New
low prices
on

ORCHID

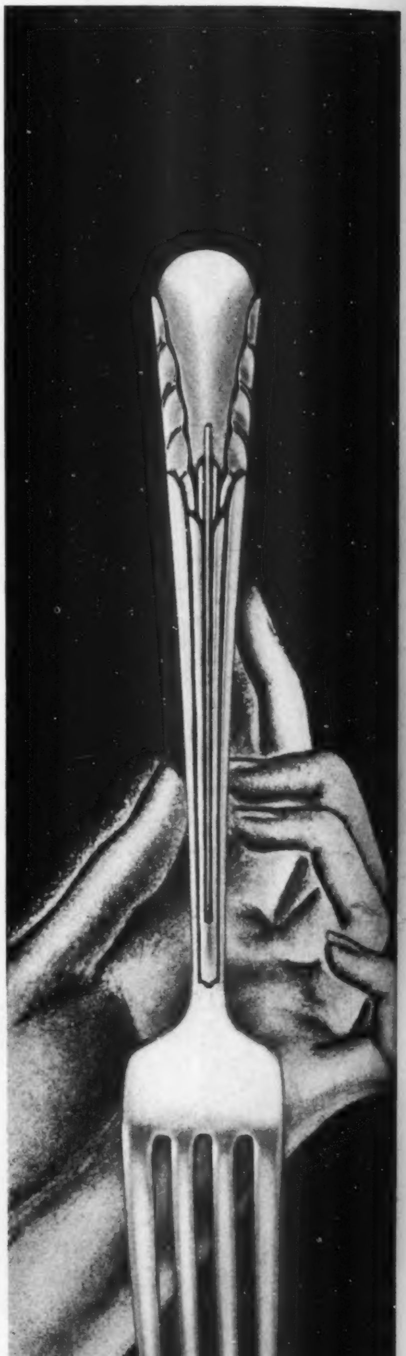
loveliest
of new
sterling patterns

STERLING SILVER . . . . every woman with good taste wants it, and should have it in her home. And now—it can be had so easily! *The new low prices* of Orchid flatware bring this loveliest of new patterns well within the means of everyone who truly appreciates sterling silver.

For example, at the lower prices, you can purchase enough Orchid silver to serve four courses to four people—26 pieces—for only $72! Or you can have a correct, formal service for eight—89 beautiful pieces of Orchid—at the new low cost of $237! Or 6 salad forks for $17—6 teaspoons for $10.

Call at your jeweler's to-day—or send your name and address and fifteen cents to Dept. H. B. 10-30, and we will mail you the Book of Orchid, a beautifully illustrated brochure.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Orchid tea and coffee services, plates, goblets, and other lovely pieces of hollowware.



INTERNATIONAL STERLING

Fine Arts Division
Wallingford . . Conn.
INTERNATIONAL [illegible]

SMART NEW DULL PATINA

In the New DARKER Shades for Fall

Windsor

SUPRE • TWIST

FINE HOSIERY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPYRIGHT, 1930, WINDSOR MILLS, INC.

● This Fall . . Smart Legs are Definitely Dull . . but Dullness for Dullness' Sake often falls flat . . steer clear of Deadly, Flat, Toneless Stockings . . they register zero on every appraising eye.

● Seek the Dull Patina to be found in Windsor Supretwist. It's Dull in that Highlights are eliminated . . but Alluringly Alive in the Aura of Charm it imparts to your skin . . In fact, we were told by a famous Painter of Portraits that the Dull Patina of Windsors is equalled only by the smooth, clear tone of a perfect complexion.

● Clearer . . Sheerer . . Smoother . . one experiences a new pleasure in wearing fine things when putting on Windsors for the first time.

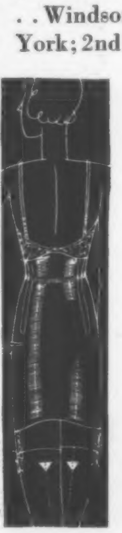
● Paradoxically—Windsors are Sheerer because Stronger . . The Supretwist Process greatly increases the strength of the Silk Thread and at the same time banishes the natural fuzzy ends of silk. By Actual Test Windsors are 11.2% Stronger . . meaning many days additional wear . . doubly desirable when laundering. After each tubbing Windsors really seem fresher and livelier.

● These Irresistible Stockings have yet another virtue to recommend them . . to be found in the Sheer Chiffon Numbers (known in the Stores as No. 48 and No. 45) . . Along the Seam and next to the Hem is an innocent-looking little reinforcement that diffuses the Stress and Strain every time you stretch, run, sit, leap, dance or whatever you do that makes ordinary stockings break out where the Hem joins the Seam.

● This idea is our own little invention . . the patent is applied for . . it's called the "Loquet" . . and you can only get it in Windsor Supretwist Stockings —but you can get them at the smarter Shops and Stores everywhere at amazingly reasonable prices . . Windsor Mills, Inc., 389 Fifth Avenue, New York; 2nd and Westmoreland Sts., Philadelphia.

SOME OF THE SMART SHOPS AND STORES SHOWING WINDSOR SUPRETWIST

- Akron, Ohio
  - *M. O'Neil Co.*
- Appleton, Wis.
  - *Pettibone Peabody Co.*
- Ashland, Ky.
  - *C. H. Parsons Dept. Store*
- Baltimore, Md.
  - *Hochschild Kohn & Co.*
- Bloomington, Ill.
  - *C. W. Klemm, Inc.*
- Boston, Mass.
  - *R. H. Stearns Co.*
  - *Chandler & Co.*
  - *C. F. Hovey Co.*
  - *Jordan Marsh Co.*
- Bridgeport, Conn.
  - *Howland D. G. Co.*
- Burlington, Iowa
  - *J. S. Schramm Co.*
- Canton, Ohio
  - *Stern & Mann Co.*
- Cedar Rapids, Iowa
  - *Bailey Boot Shop*
- Charleston, S. C.
  - *M. Furchgott & Sons*
- Chicago, Ill.
  - *Carson, Pirie, Scott*
- Cincinnati, Ohio
  - *John Shillito Co.*
  - *Mabley & Carew Co.*
  - *McAlpin Company*
- Columbus, Ga.
  - *J. A. Kirven Company*
- Columbus, Ohio
  - *H. McCann Co.*
  - *F. & R. Lazarus Co.*
- Dallas, Texas
  - *W. A. Green Co.*
- Davenport, Iowa
  - *H. E. Scharff*
- Decatur, Ill.
  - *Linn & Scruggs*
- Denver, Colo.
  - *Daniels & Fisher*
- Des Moines, Iowa
  - *Younker Bros.*
- Duluth, Minn.
  - *Oriental Shop*
- Easton, Penna.
  - *Wm. Laubach & Son*
- Fall River, Mass.
  - *R. A. McWhirr Co.*
- Fitchburg, Mass.
  - *Nichols & Frost*
- Ft. Worth, Texas
  - *Wm. Monnig*
- Galesburg, Ill.
  - *Kellogg-Drake Co.*
- Glendale, Calif.
  - *H. S. Webb & Co.*
- Grand Rapids, Mich.
  - *Yagers Bootery*
- Green Bay, Wis.
  - *Jorgensen Blesch Co.*
- Harrisburg, Pa.
  - *Bowman, Co.*
- Hartford, Conn.
  - *Brown, Thomson & Co.*
- Jacksonville, Fla.
  - *Kohn Furchgott & Co.*
- Kans. City, Kans.
  - *Vogue Hosiery Shop*
- Kansas City, Mo.
  - *Harzfelds*
- Lewistown, Me.
  - *Senter, Giroux Canniff*
- Lincoln, Nebr.
  - *Gold & Co.*
- Los Angeles, Calif.
  - *May Company*
- McKeesport, Penna.
  - *Will J. Cox Co.*
- Minneapolis, Minn.
  - *Dayton Co.*
- Monmouth, Ill.
  - *J. C. Allen Co.*
- Montreal, Canada
  - *Henry Morgan & Co.*
- New Kensington, Pa.
  - *Wainwrights*
- New Orleans, La.
  - *The Kreeger Store*
- New York
  - *Monte Shop*
- Oakland, Cal. *Sullivan, Capwell & Furth*
- Okla. City, Okla.
  - *Rorabaugh D. G. Co.*
  - *Al Rosenthals*
- Omaha, Nebr.
  - *Thos. Kilpatrick Co.*
- Pittsburgh, Penna.
  - *Gimbel Bros.*
  - *Boggs & Buhl*
- Portland, Ore.
  - *Chas. F. Berg*
- Portsmouth, Ohio
  - *Marting Bros. Co.*
- Providence, R. I.
  - *Shepard Co. Inc.*
- Quincy, Ill.
  - *Halbach Schroeder Co.*
- Rochester, N. Y.
  - *Meng & Shafer*
- Sacramento, Calif.
  - *Weinstock Lubin Co.*
- St. Joseph, Mo.
  - *Townsend, Wyatt & Wall*
- St. Louis, Mo.
  - *Thos. W. Garland, Inc.*
  - *Famous & Barr, Inc.*
  - *Stix, Baer & Fuller*
- Salt Lake City, Utah
  - *Hunter-Thompson Co.*
- San Francisco, Calif.
  - *O'Connor, Moffatt Co.*
  - *Frank Werner Co.*
- Seattle, Wash.
  - *Seattle D. D. Co.*
- Shreveport, La.
  - *Hearne D. C. Co.*
- Sioux Falls, South Dakota
  - *Shriver Johnson*
- Spokane, Wash.
  - *Davenport Hotel Sp. Sh.*
- Springfield, Ill.
  - *John Bressmer & Co.*
- Springfield, Mo.
  - *Vogue Hosiery Shop*
- Tampa, Fla.
  - *Maas Bros.*
- Toledo, Ohio
  - *The Lamson Bros. Co.*
- Topeka, Kansas
  - *Pelletier Stores Co.*
- Tulsa, Okla.
  - *Brown Dunkin Co.*
- Ventura, Calif.
  - *J. E. Rains Shoe Co.*
- Washington, D. C.
  - *S. Kann Sons Co.*
- Waterbury, Conn.
  - *Howland Hughes & Co.*
- Wausau, Wis.
  - *Winkelmans Dept. Store*
- Wichita Falls, Texas.
  - *W. B. McClurkman & Co.*
- Youngstown, Ohio
  - *B. McManus Company*
  - *Strouss Hirshberg*



▼

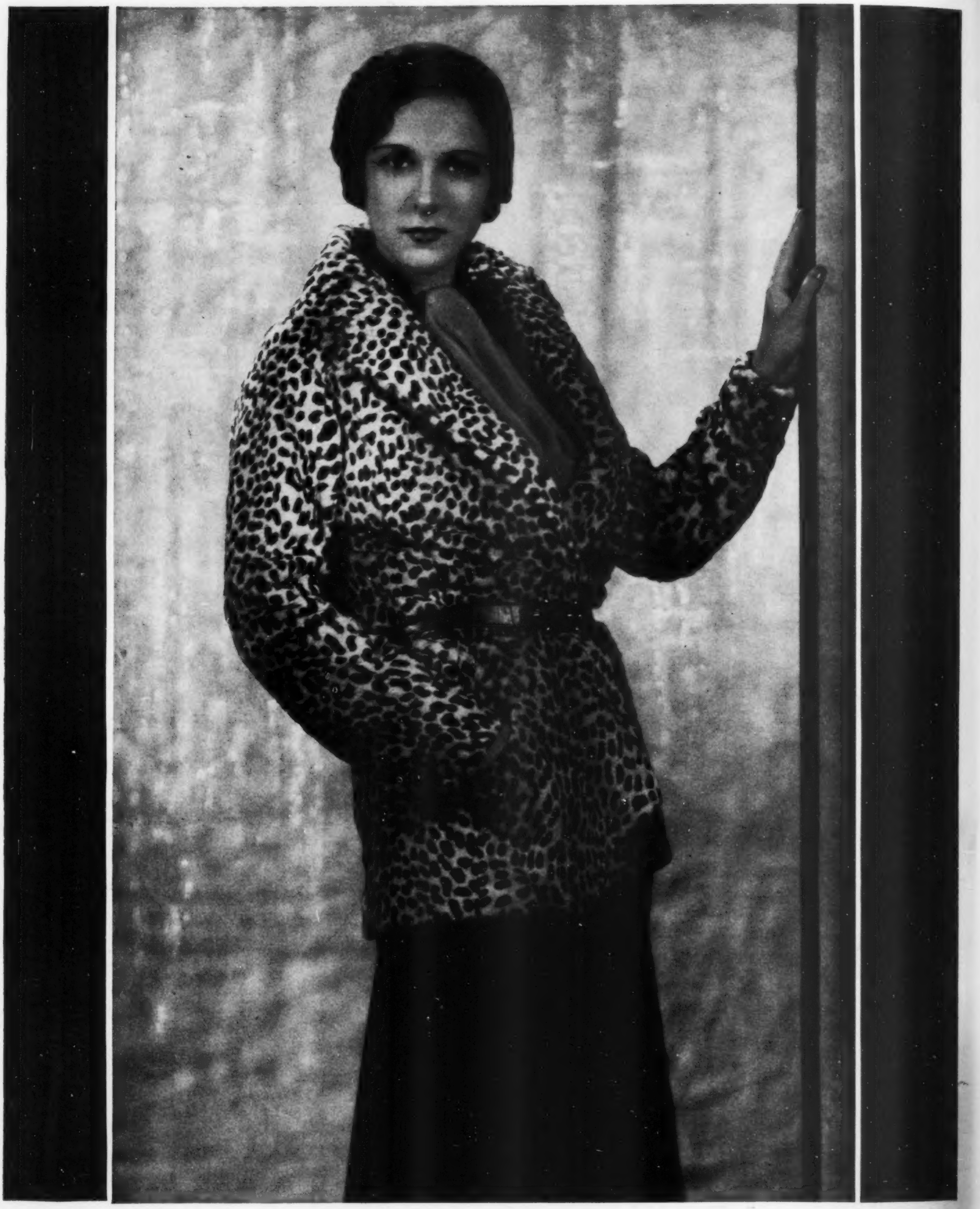
Look for the

LOQUET

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

● *The Windsor "Loquet" eliminates the prevalent fabric breaks at the most vulnerable part of a Chiffon Stocking—where the Seam joins the Hem. You can see the benefit of the Loquet at a glance.*

PATENT APPLIED FOR



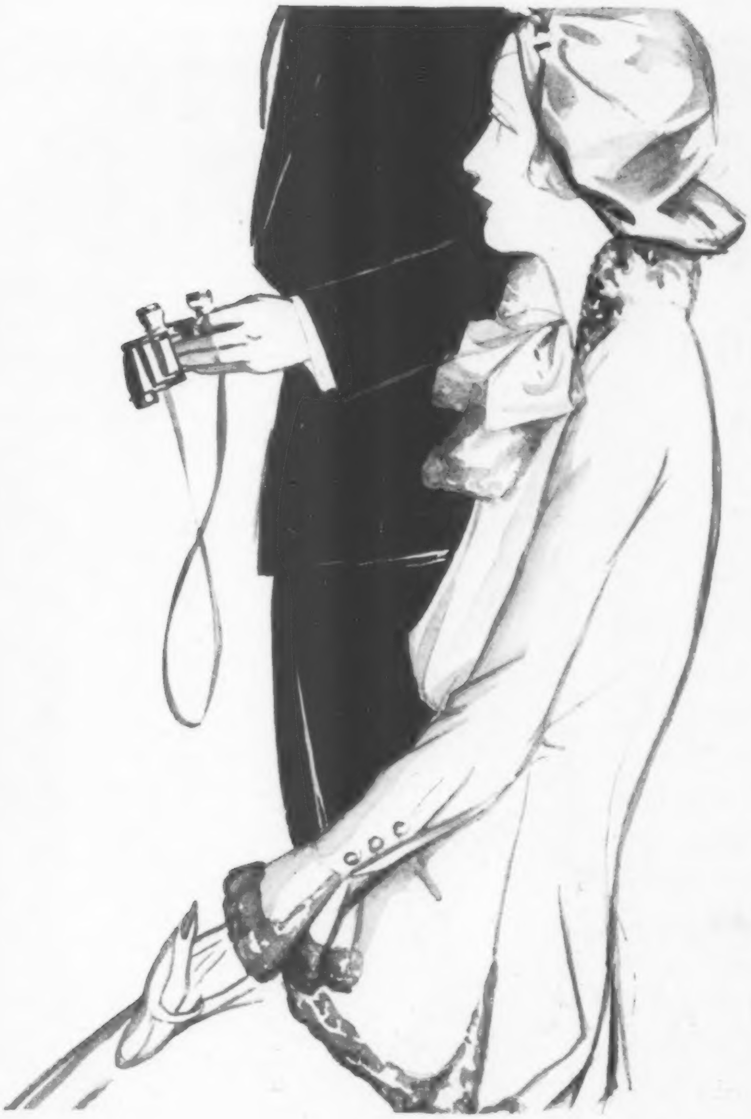
Count De Miro

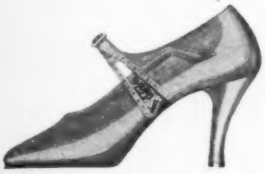
The little belted coat of leopard-lapin is worn bloused and "tipped back" over the well-cut cloth dress that accompanies it. A new type of suit with great chic, both for town and country . . 275.00

The same suit with jacket of imported lapin in plain color . . 195.00

Jay-Thorpe

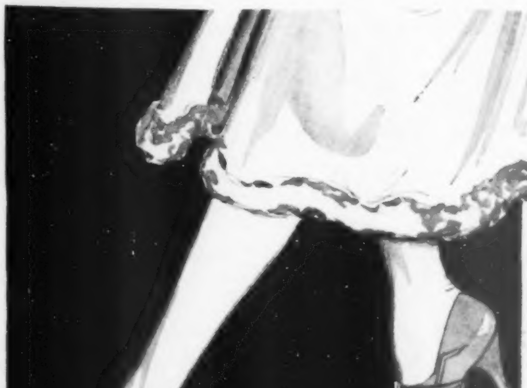
FIFTY-SEVENTH AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREETS WEST, NEW YORK





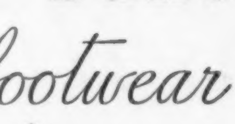
Fashion's footsteps
turn to the modern

The smartest and newest collections of chic shoes at the better shops are assembled this fall, as always, from the important creations by Laird, Schober and Company. ¶ Authentic interpretations of the coming mode, faultless workmanship and luxurious materials distinguish these new models by America's leading designers and producers of exclusive footwear. ¶ Shoes for every occasion with the smart new modernist note or in the classic manner. ¶ The name Laird, Schober and Company is the hall mark for fine shoes.



TRADE MARK
Laird Schober & Co
Philadelphia

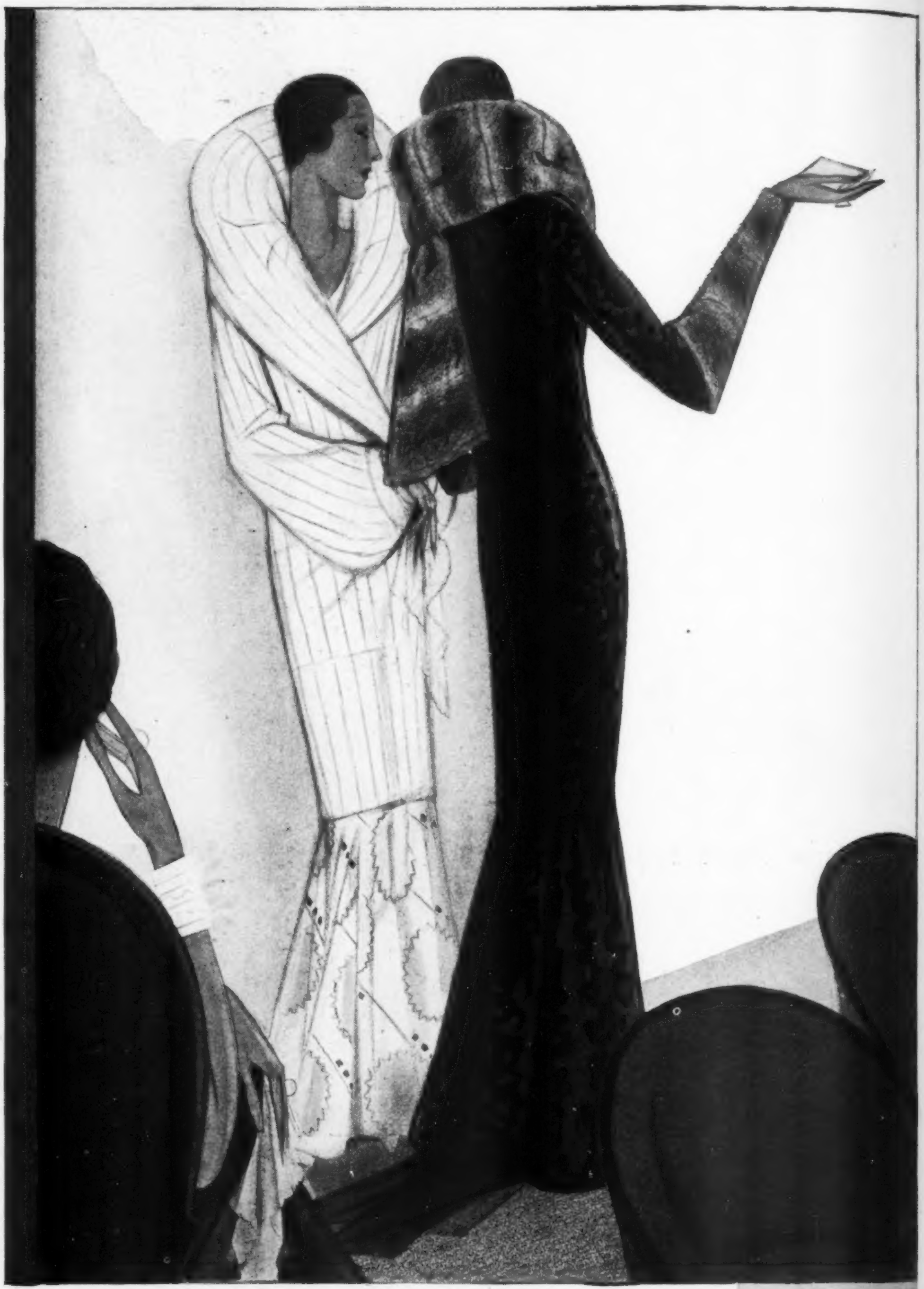
LAIRD SCHOBER
footwear



Revillon Frères evening wraps

■

When Madame dons Evening Wrap, the high, soft luxury of its collar must give exquisite setting for her lovely eyes and throat... the long, quick sweep of line must accent her slender grace and poise... the rich, fine texture of its fur must be its first and final note of elegance » » » Only the finest pelts, carefully selected at Revillon Frères' own Far North trading posts are worthy to be used in Revillon Frères creations . . . fashioned and manufactured in our own Fifth Avenue establishment » » » Every Revillon Frères creation is shown in our new Chicago Salon simultaneously with our New York display.



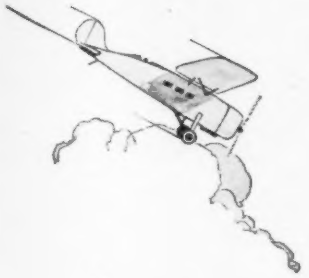
■

Three-quarter length Russian Ermine Evening Wrap featuring "bouffant" sleeve . . . a Revillon Frères creation » » » Full length broadtail Evening Wrap, trimmed with Chinchilla . . . with scarf effect and tight sleeves . . . copy of original model from our Paris Salon.

Revillon Frères

FIFTH AVENUE AT 54th STREET, NEW YORK

Paris ***Chicago, 919 North Michigan Avenue*** ***London***



from
TOPAZ MISTS
to **WARM**
BROWN EARTH

You may have fleeting glimpses of Humming Bird's new autumn colors during a misty, sunset flight—in the trailing clouds turned dusky plum, skies of dulled rose bronze, yellow fields softened to beige, reaches of honest earth, warm and brown.

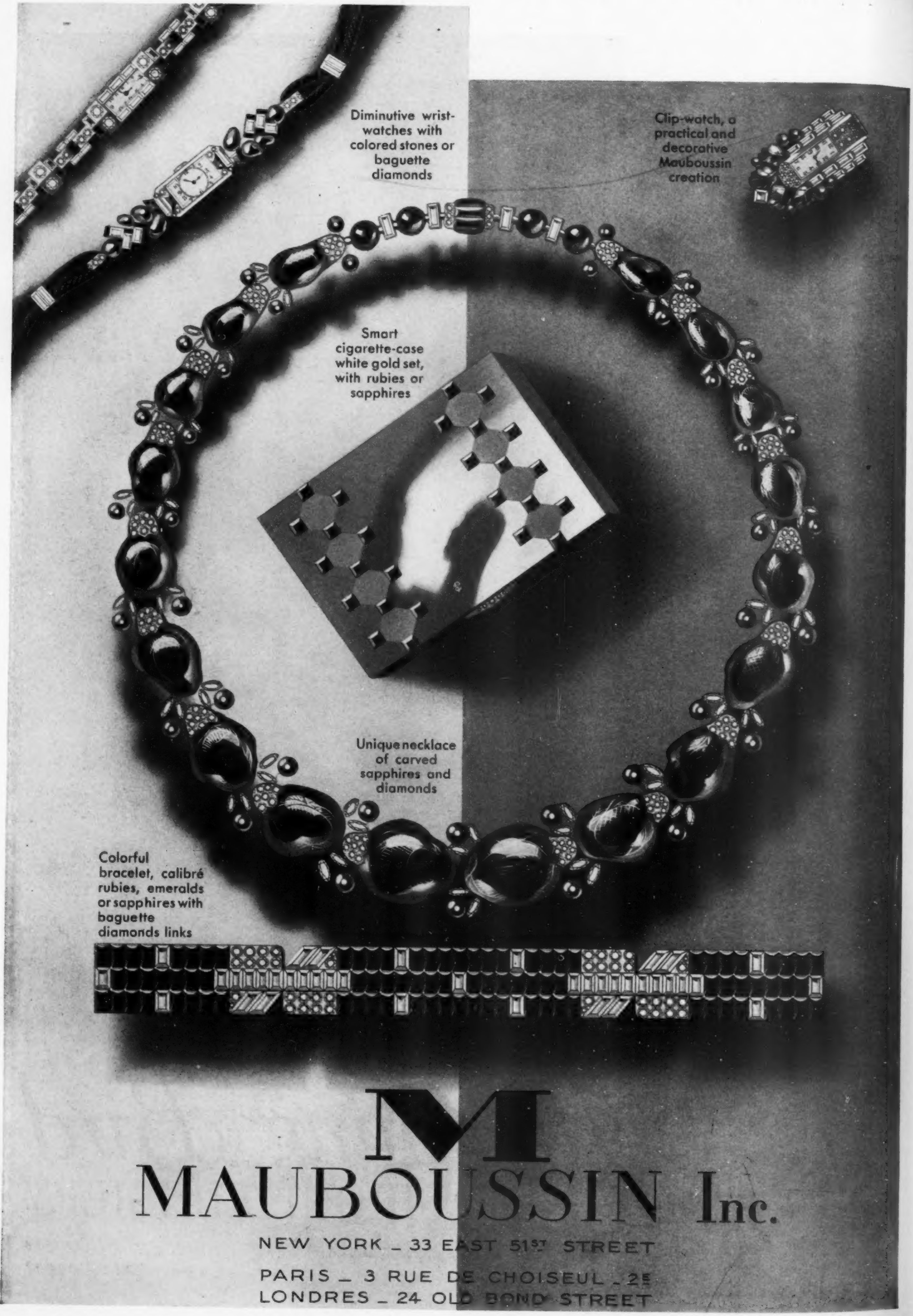
But it is better still to see these winsome shades held captive in the beautiful fabrics of Humming Bird Hose, themselves, with their stitches so closely knit that the texture is veil-like; with their threads so tightly twisted that only the ghost of a lustre persists.

Styles, weights and colors for all occasions. Sold in stores of the better class everywhere.

Picot Edges and Tailored Hems
—French and Pointed Heels,
self-colored and Black—Chiffon,
Service Sheer, Service Weights.

Humming Bird
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., Chattanooga, Tennessee
NEW YORK OFFICE . . . . . 385 Fifth Avenue



Diminutive wrist-watches with colored stones or baguette diamonds

Clip-watch, a practical and decorative Mauboussin creation

Smart cigarette-case white gold set, with rubies or sapphires

Unique necklace of carved sapphires and diamonds

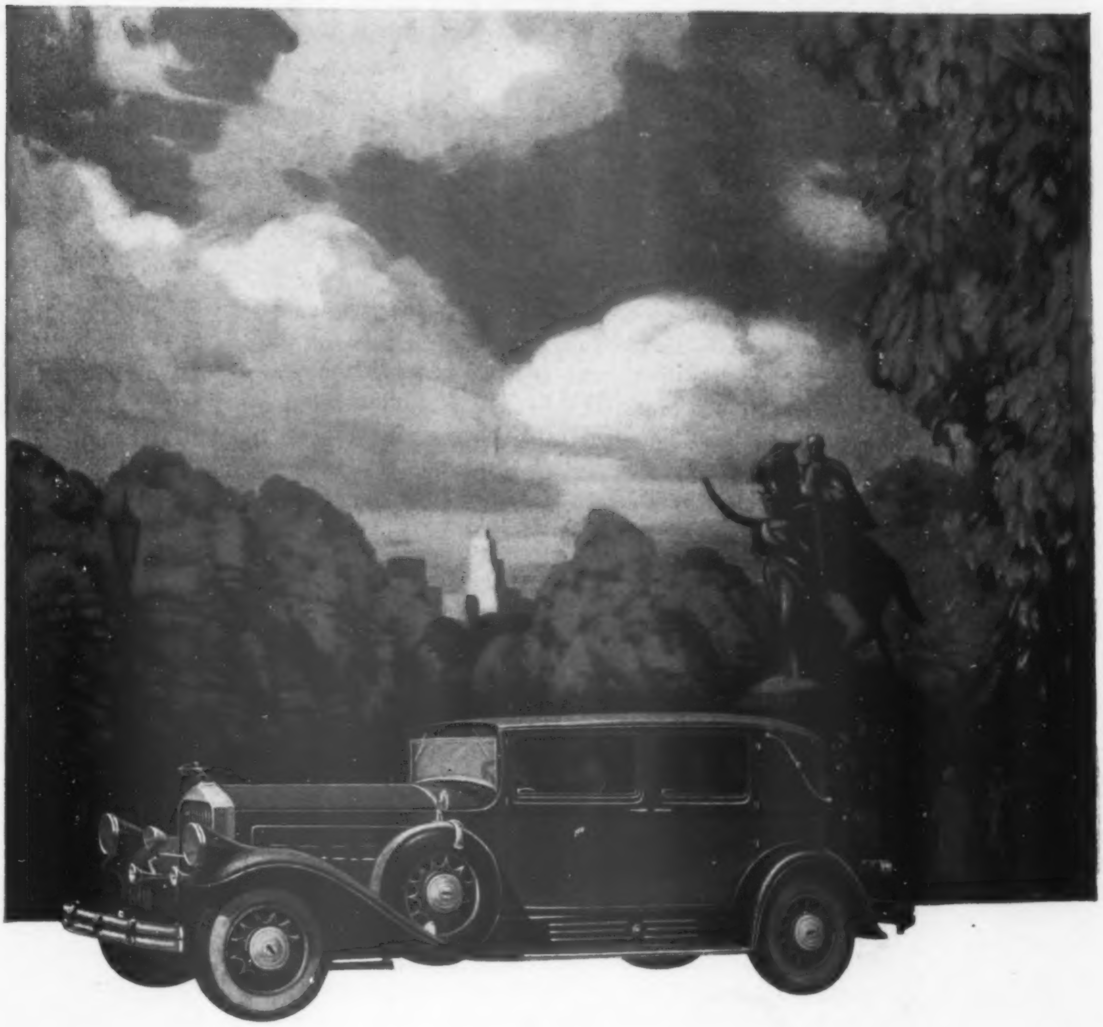
Colorful bracelet, calibré rubies, emeralds or sapphires with baguette diamonds links

M

MAUBOUSSIN Inc.

NEW YORK — 33 EAST 51ST STREET

PARIS — 3 RUE DE CHOISEUL — 2E
LONDRES — 24 OLD BOND STREET



A new Pierce-Arrow Salon Model . . . the Club Sedan . . . and, below, a distinguished predecessor

PIERCE-ARROW PRESENTS

A NEW LINE OF EXQUISITELY APPOINTED

Salon Models

ADVANCE CUSTOM MODES FOR 1931

The Pierce Arrow

America's Finest Motor Car of 1908

Twenty-two years have wrought remarkable development in automobiles of quality, as evidenced by the two Pierce-Arrow portraits on this page. But scarcely less striking is the contrast between Pierce-Arrow's new Salon creations and even modern-day conceptions of beauty and elegance and distinction in fine motor cars.

Pierce-Arrow has anticipated, in these new models, the ultra-modern demand for a certain studied elegance — with interiors so richly appointed as to suggest distinguished drawing rooms — with colorings and equipment in the custom manner of tomorrow.

And beyond these lovely externals is the performance that is so reassuringly Pierce-Arrow — expressing, as always, every latest engineering development proved worthy of adoption by America's finest motor car.

PIERCE-ARROW

THREE NEW GROUPS OF STRAIGHT EIGHTS . . 132 TO 144-INCH WHEELBASES . . $2695 TO $6250 AT BUFFALO

(*Custom-built Models up to $10,000*)

"Make your Gaytees a

say *Jenny* ... *Le Monnier*...

In Paris today, "ensemble" is the one all-important fashion.

Your ensemble—that is, your coat, hat, frock, and *all* your accessories—must either match or blend in perfect harmony.

This rule applies to stormy days *quite* as rigidly as to sunny ones. So even your galoshes must be chosen with care—as an essential part of your ensemble.

Jenny, designer of some of the most unusual and becoming Paris frocks, said, when she saw the 1931 Gaytees, "The whole effect of a dress depends on the correct choice of its accessories. When Gaytees are carefully chosen in the right colors, they are an effective accessory for even the smartest costumes."

Le Monnier, perhaps the leading Parisian milliner, enthusiastically approves these new Gaytees styles. "Every woman today should give the greatest care to all the details of her costume," she says. "Gaytees are a very necessary part of your ensemble and should be chosen carefully. They should either match or harmonize with the shade of your coat and hat."

Mary Nowitzky, who makes the most delightful sports clothes of two continents, says, "Although styles have changed this year, the ensemble is still most important. Accessories have changed with the new styles and the new 1931 Gaytees have been designed to go smartly with the new costume lines."

Gaytees

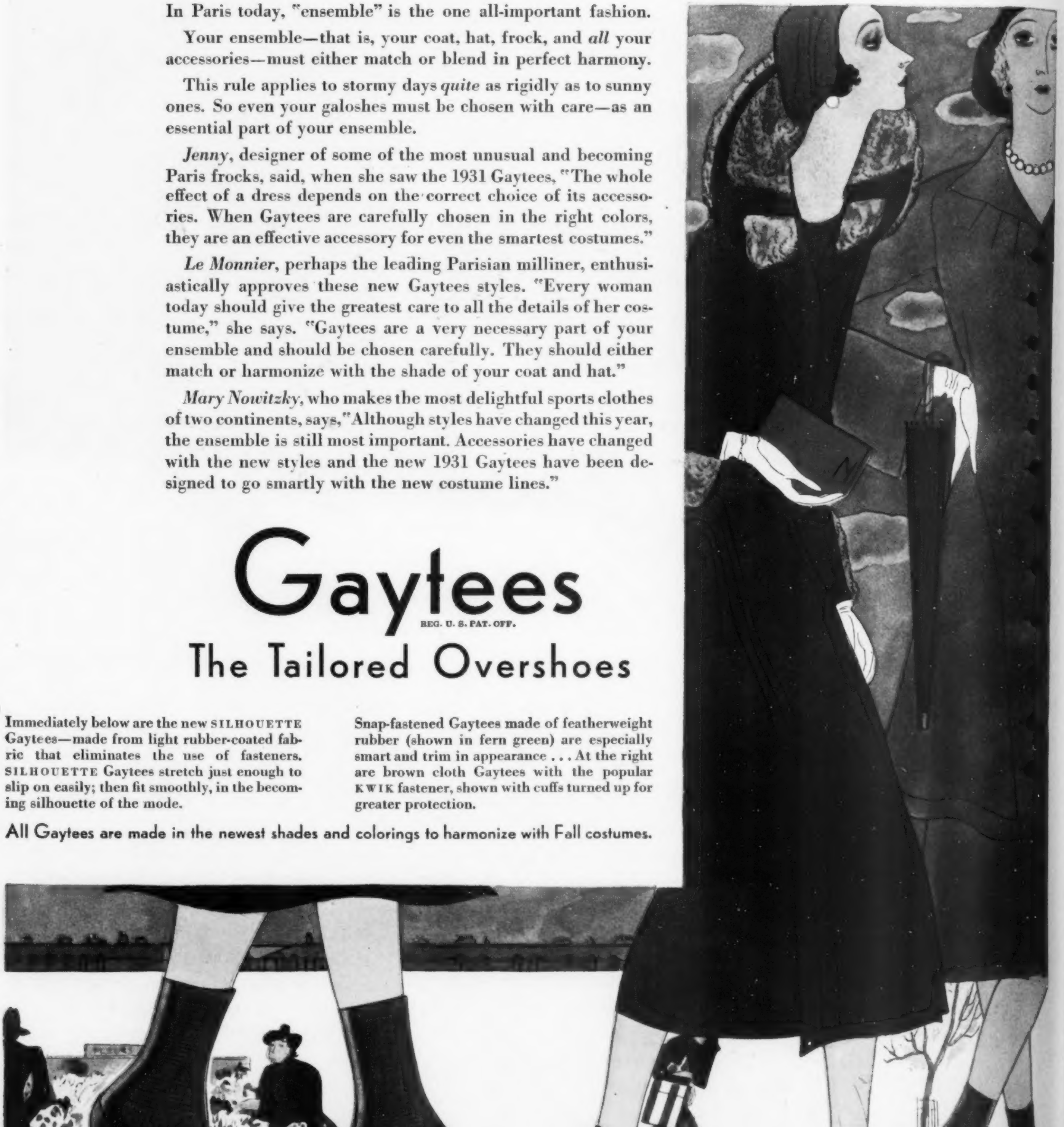
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Tailored Overshoes

Immediately below are the new SILHOUETTE Gaytees—made from light rubber-coated fabric that eliminates the use of fasteners. SILHOUETTE Gaytees stretch just enough to slip on easily; then fit smoothly, in the becoming silhouette of the mode.

Snap-fastened Gaytees made of featherweight rubber (shown in fern green) are especially smart and trim in appearance . . . At the right are brown cloth Gaytees with the popular KWIK fastener, shown with cuffs turned up for greater protection.

All Gaytees are made in the newest shades and colorings to harmonize with Fall costumes.



part of your ensemble"

...Mary Nowitzky

Don't wait for Fall rains and snowstorms before you choose your new Gaytees. Such days are emergencies. Popular toe-shapes and sizes, fashionable shades and heel-heights, vanish in a few hours from even the best-stocked shoe stores.

To avoid inconvenience and possible disappointment, do as Paris dressmakers advise. Take a little extra time when you buy your new Fall shoes. Ask to be fitted with Gaytees that either match or harmonize with your new Fall clothes.

Then your whole costume—even on stormiest days—will be the perfect ensemble which, to Paris, is the secret of smartness.

Gaytees are designed in the toe-shapes and heel-heights of your new Fall shoes and in shades that either match or harmonize with the new Fall costume-colors and weaves.

Gaytees styles vary delightfully—from featherweight rubber oxfords, to tweed galoshes and the new Silhouette★ Gaytees. All these new 1931 Gaytees sailed to Paris this summer and won enthusiastic approval from the great French couturiers.

You'll be especially interested in the New Silhouette Gaytees, we think. They're made of a new fabric—specially knitted jersey lightly coated with rubber—that stretches just enough to let you pull them on easily and then fits closely and smartly over your instep and at your ankle, just as if they were made especially for *you.* And there are no snaps or buckles or fasteners. Ask to see these new Silhouette Gaytees.

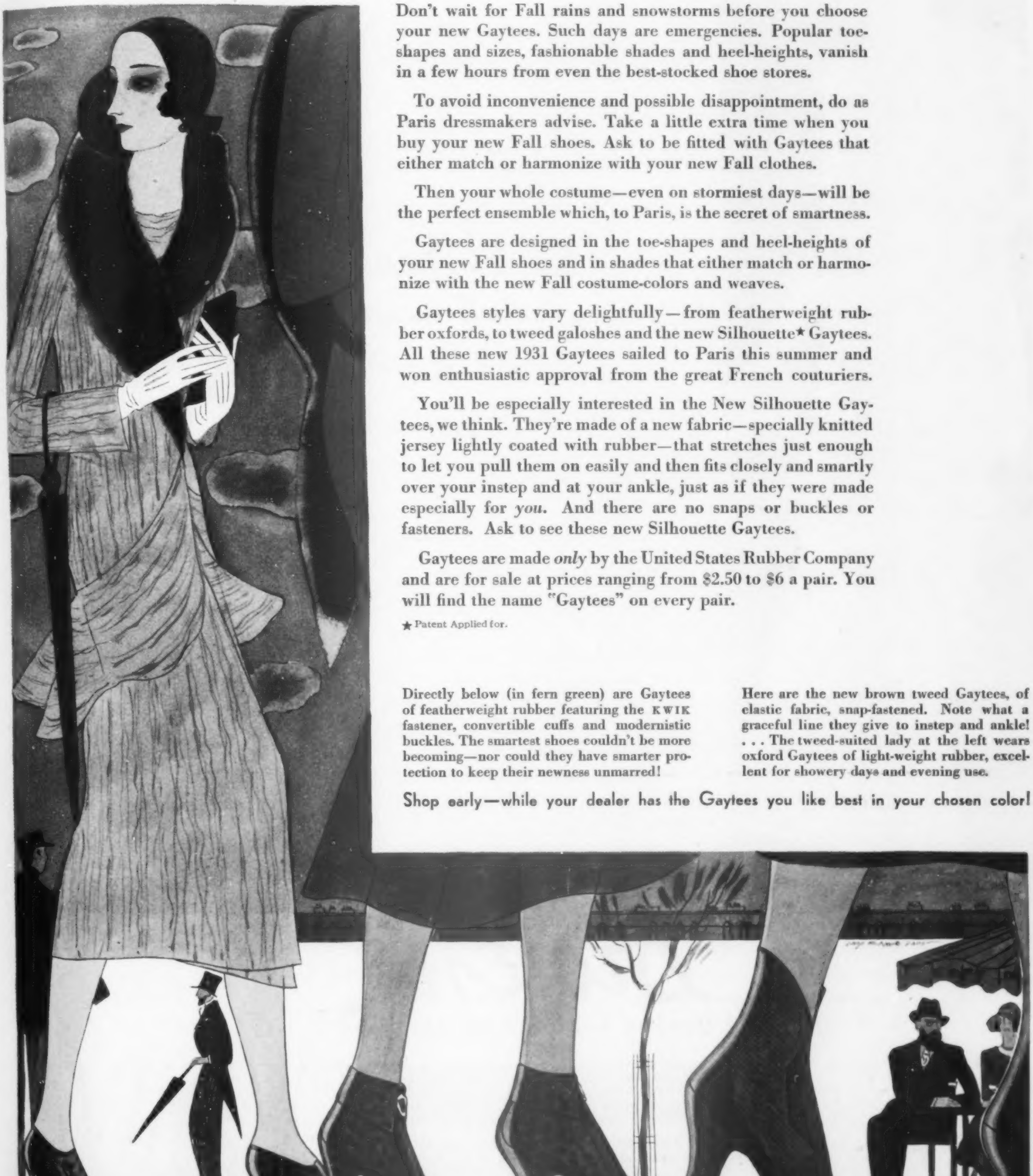
Gaytees are made *only* by the United States Rubber Company and are for sale at prices ranging from $2.50 to $6 a pair. You will find the name "Gaytees" on every pair.

★ Patent Applied for.

Directly below (in fern green) are Gaytees of featherweight rubber featuring the KWIK fastener, convertible cuffs and modernistic buckles. The smartest shoes couldn't be more becoming—nor could they have smarter protection to keep their newness unmarred!

Here are the new brown tweed Gaytees, of elastic fabric, snap-fastened. Note what a graceful line they give to instep and ankle! . . . The tweed-suited lady at the left wears oxford Gaytees of light-weight rubber, excellent for showery days and evening use.

Shop early—while your dealer has the Gaytees you like best in your chosen color!



The Finest Specially Processed Cotton

. . . is soft,
dull-lustred
DURENE

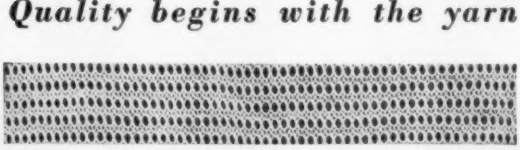
LOUNGING luxuriously in pajamas of durene jacquard broadcloth, one recalls that the fabric is woven from the very finest selected cotton specially processed to give it lasting lustre and exceptional durability... Durene in novelty mesh makes the good-looking shorts and brassiere at the right. These garments launder beautifully, keep their tailored trimness, and outwear ordinary cotton things many times over.

Stockings of soft durene are particularly appropriate with wool suits and dresses, while silk stockings with durene tops and feet are smart and practical with frocks of silk... When you shop, ask to see hosiery and underthings of durene.

Durene Association of America
250 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Durene

Quality begins with the yarn



Magnified section of durene novelty mesh that makes the shorts and brassiere shown at the right, above.

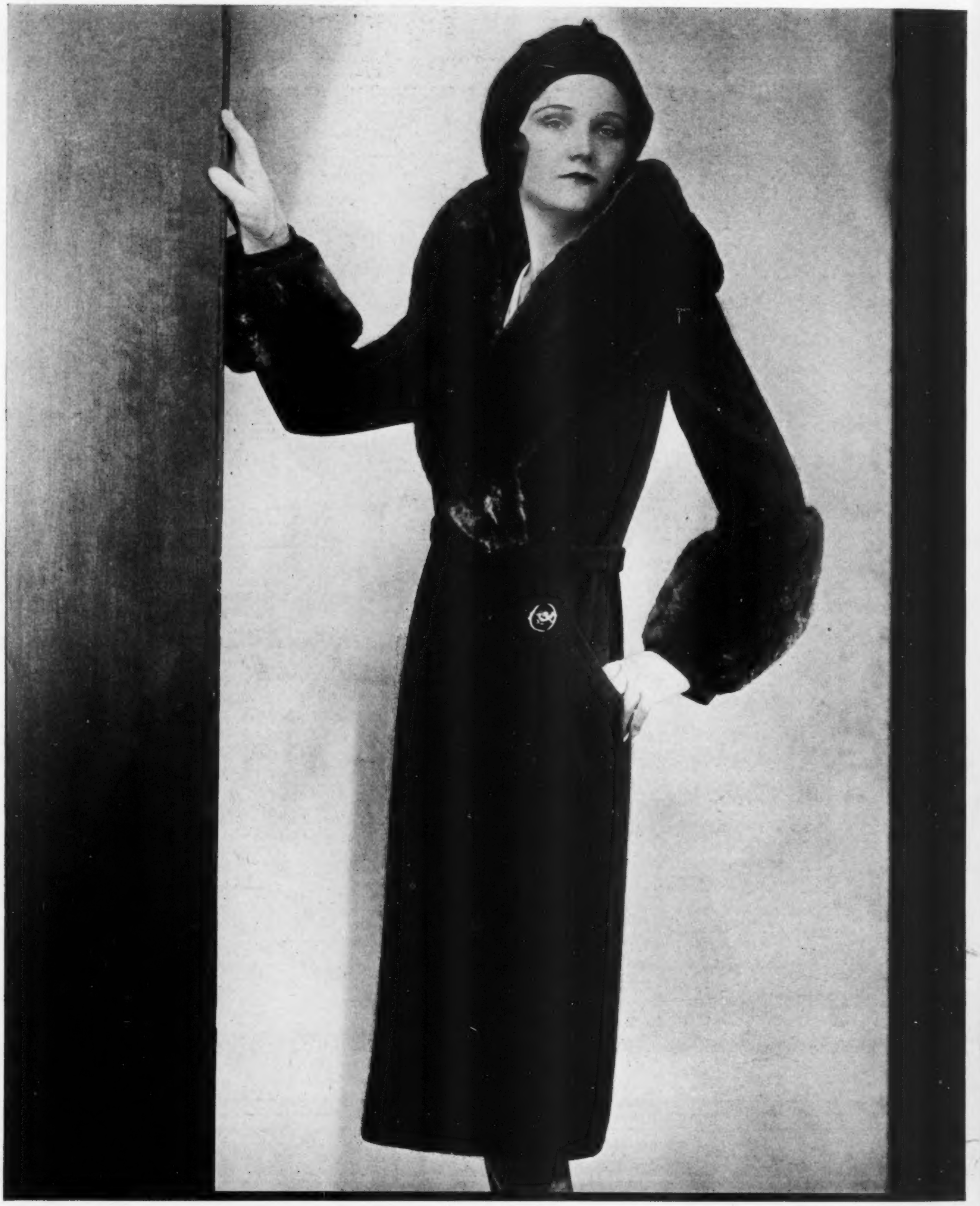
MRS. DAMON de BLOIS WACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Crawford Belcher, appears in a lovely evening costume of stiff black silk velvet and ermine — a quite magnificent expression of the romantic mode, by Sally **Milgrim**. . .The fabulously full-skirted gown, with brief bodice and rhinestone straps, is worn with the demurest kind of short evening wrap . . . Fall Collections of original Milgrim Gowns, Wraps and Suits are now complete.

MILGRIM

6 WEST 57TH STREET · NEW YORK

Chicago Cleveland Detroit Miami Beach

SALYMIL » Exquisite perfume accompaniment of Smart Fashions by Sally Milgrim



INEXPENSIVE LUXURY

"SHAGMOOR" Topcoats are delicately attuned to the exacting requirements of the modern, fashionable woman of limited or unlimited income... If you want chic, elegance and luxury, you will find them in a "Shagmoor." Likewise, if you want utility, enduring wear and extreme economy, you can secure them in a "Shagmoor"... Obtainable at the most discriminating Stores in all parts of the United States and Canada... For Photographic Booklet, address The House of Shagmoor (Linder Bros., Inc.), 498 Seventh Ave., New York... in Canada: 2050 Bleury St., Montreal.

Onlooker Footwear

MENTONE, the model illustrated, combines the high, all-leather heel, so essential to spectator smartness, with subtle grace and featherweight construction. Each Delman shoe, entirely hand-made by master craftsmen, retains its beauty of line as long as the shoe endures. Mentone, in an appropriate monotone combination of calf and suède, is available in black, brown, green, wine or blue. **$22.50.**

A Delman custom-made bag of suède and calf to complement the Mentone. **$15.00**

Delman Shoe Salon

558 MADISON AVENUE . . . NEW YORK

WASHINGTON SOUTHAMPTON PALM BEACH MIAMI BEACH

San Francisco, Ransohoffs
Omaha, Napier's Booterie
Nashville, Loveman's

Chicago, The Blackstone Shop
Columbus, C. C. Winans Co.
Memphis, Levy's

Los Angeles, Bullock's-Wilshire
Cincinnati, The Smith-Kasson Co.
Minneapolis, Napier's Booterie

Boston, L. P. Hollander Co.
Atlanta, J. P. Allen & Co.
St. Louis, Famous-Barr Co.

Shoe Design Patent Pending

© 1930, Delman, Inc., N. Y.

SHAYNE

It is always a refreshing experience to women sophisticated in the purchase of very fashionable apparel, to find that any creation by Shayne may be selected—immediately upon its presentation—with the certainty that its price includes no margin for possible reduction later in the season. Shayne's original prices are invariably much too low to permit reduction for the purpose of so-called "sales".

MADGE KENNEDY . . . . Photo by Mitchell

C. C. SHAYNE & CO.

STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS

126 WEST 42ND STREET - NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1865 - STILL UNDER SAME OWNERSHIP

BLACK Gloves ARE VERY IMPORTANT

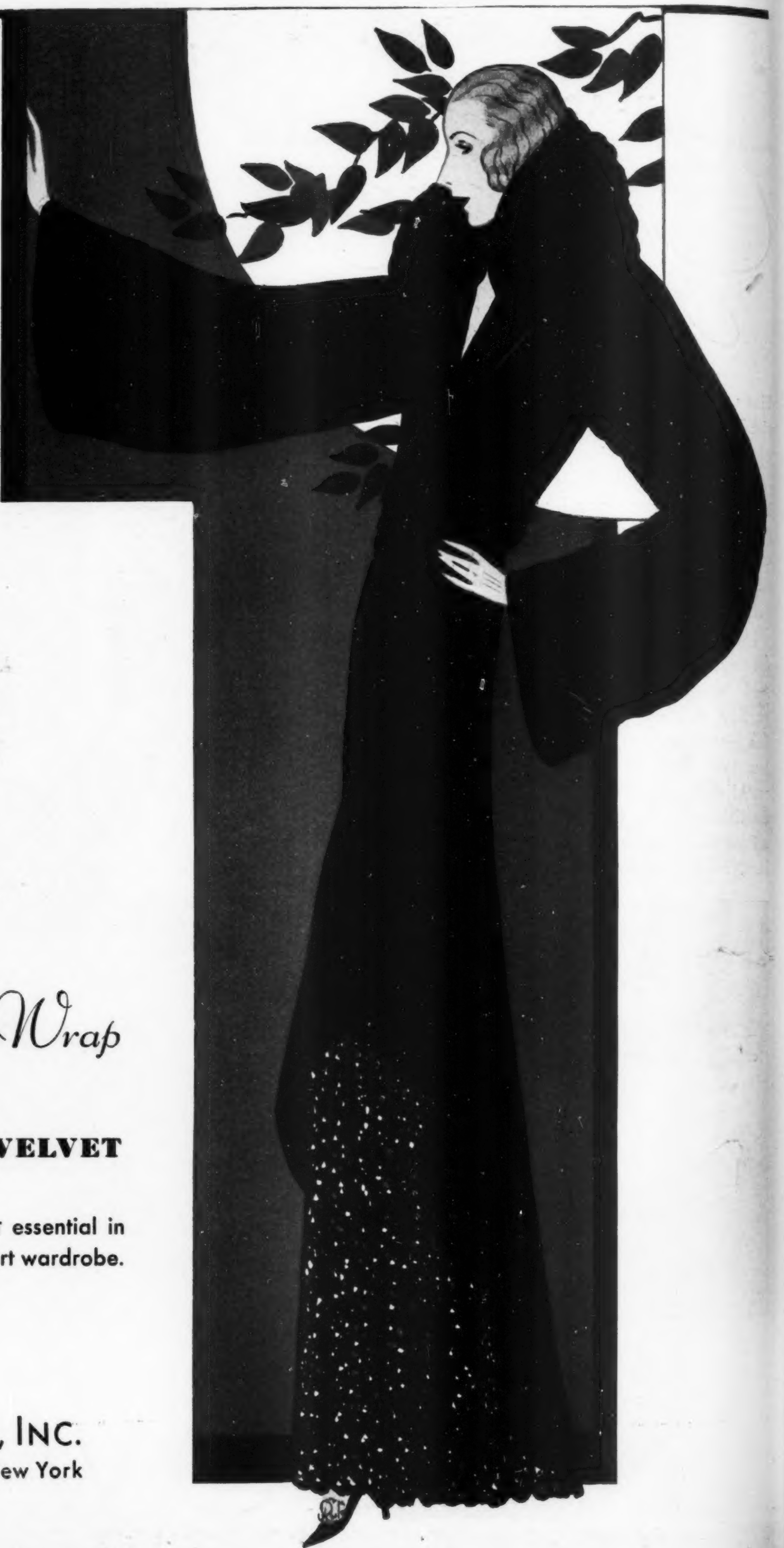
HERE, and abroad, it is a season of black gloves. And to walk down the Rue de la Paix in Paris is to wonder, almost, if there *aren't* any gloves but black ones.

We are not surprised. Even last year, when the first of these long black gloves were worn by two or three of the "Famous Forty" and by a chic young English actress playing on Broadway, Fownes was showing them. This year, thousands of women are wearing them . . . supple, pliant black gloves . . . short or long or crushed below the elbow.

In eight- or twelve- or sixteen-button lengths, Biarritz or Mousquetaire, these are the gloves which fashion will approve. And because they are Fownes, there is no question of their quality. All Fownes Gloves are made with an appreciation of the fine fabrics they will complement. The choicest skins that can be found are used. The workmanship is perfect . . . for the traditions established when we made the first pair of Fownes Gloves for English royalty a century and a half ago obtain today. And if it's a Fownes, that's all you need to know. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., Paris; London; and 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Paris sponsors the light suit with dark fur, completed by bag and eight-button Biarritz gloves of soft black suede (left). For afternoon, with the new sheer woolens, wear Fownes' twelve-button Mousquetaire of fine black glacé (above). For restaurant dining, the tiny black lace hat and the sixteen-button Mousquetaire in black glacé, worn with a simple dark frock, are considered very smart (above, right).

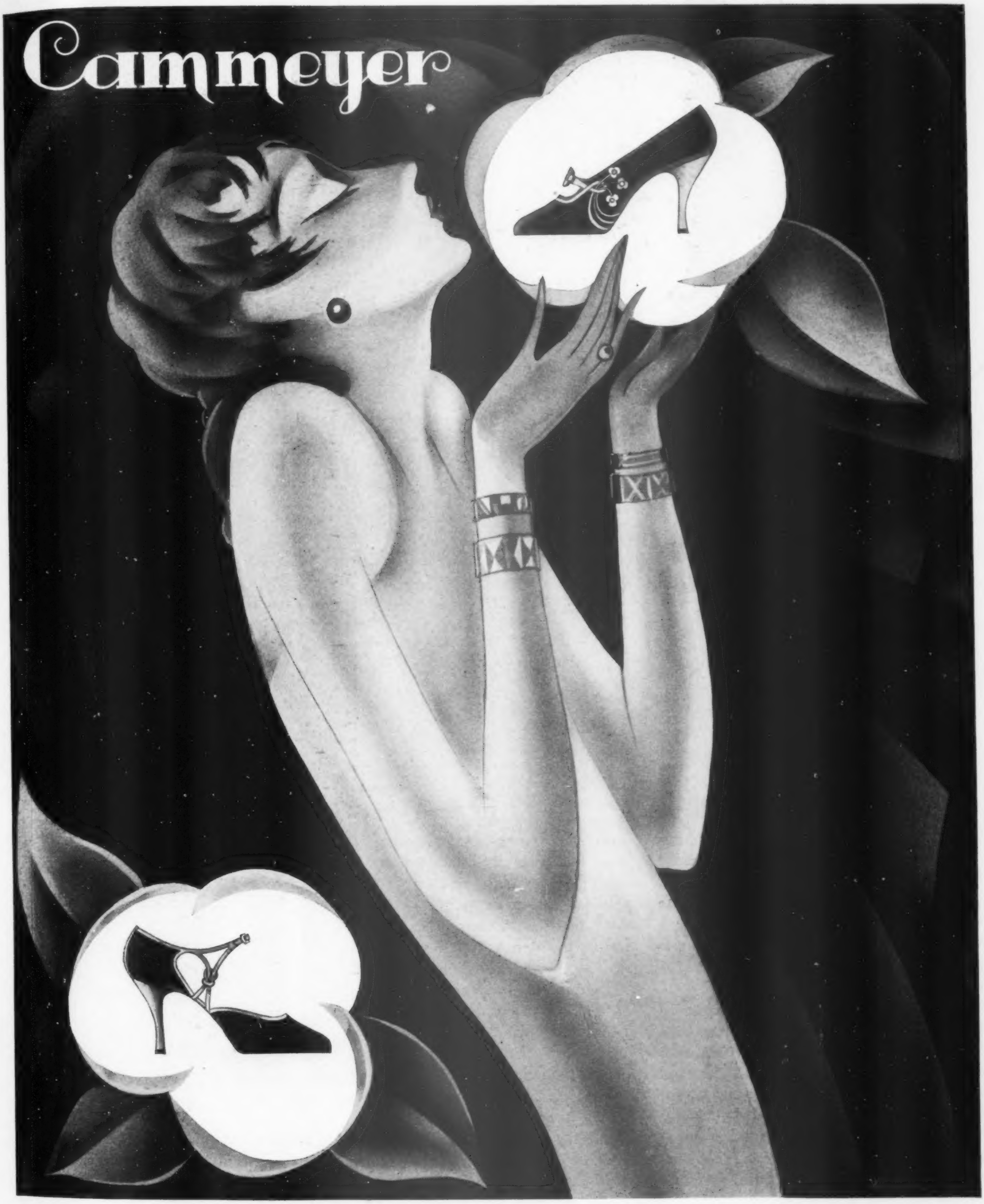
FOWNES



An Evening Wrap
of
TRANSPARENT VELVET

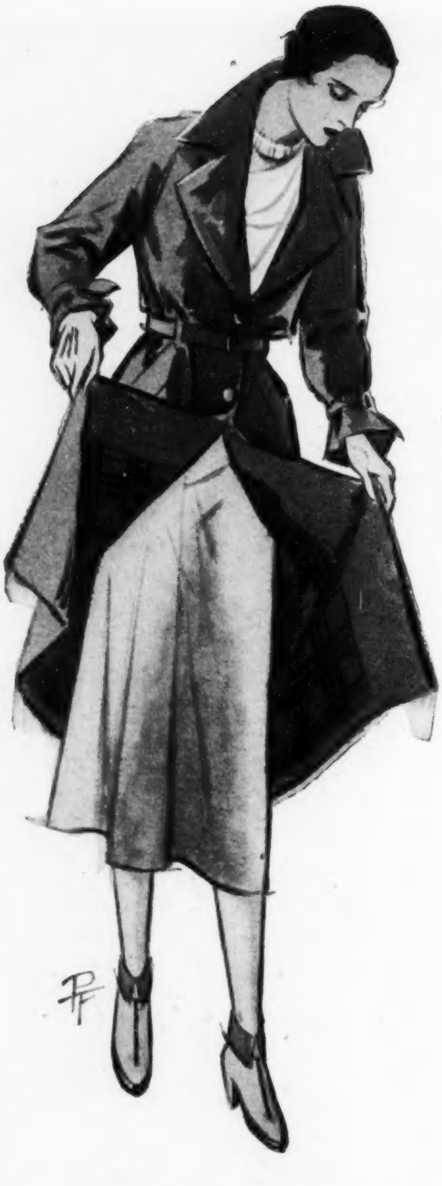
A CORRECT essential in every smart wardrobe.

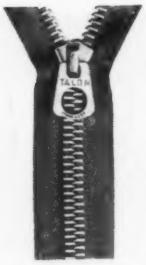
HENRI BENDEL, INC.
10 West 57th Street, New York



» » » *Ornamentation of delicate grace is a characteristic achieved by Cammeyer in models created for the new season.*

SALON de LUXE FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY THIRD NEW YORK





"MARY ELIZABETH WRAINDON! —JUST LOOK AT YOUR DRESS!"

The TALON-fastened raincoat at left *is of novelty silk in tweed effect. Sold in New York by Franklin Simon & Co., Best & Company and others, and by representative stores elsewhere . . . The smart TALON-fastened raincoat at* right *is of fine crepe de chine with a beret to match. It can be bought at Lord & Taylor and B. Altman & Co., New York, and other representative stores there and elsewhere.*

WE admit that a young lady's raincoat should serve from the waist down as faithfully as it does from the waist up. But often it doesn't!... which accounts for the tragedy depicted above.

It also accounts for the entirely new vogue in women's wet-weather coats... shown at the right.

On these newer (and *so* much more trustworthy!) rain-defying creations, there are no flaps to flick open and let the rain in—a Talon Slide Fastener guards the entire front. There's not a single place where wind or water can enter. And they are quite the very smartest coats that ever foiled a raindrop! Quite the most sensible, too . . . and certainly the most convenient.

Slip into one, pull up the pull-tab, and you're smartly-clad for rain in just one instant! You can slip out of one with the same ease and dispatch. You can wear it fastened tight from hem to chin, or — if you choose — open or partly open. And there is neither clasp nor button to catch or tear.

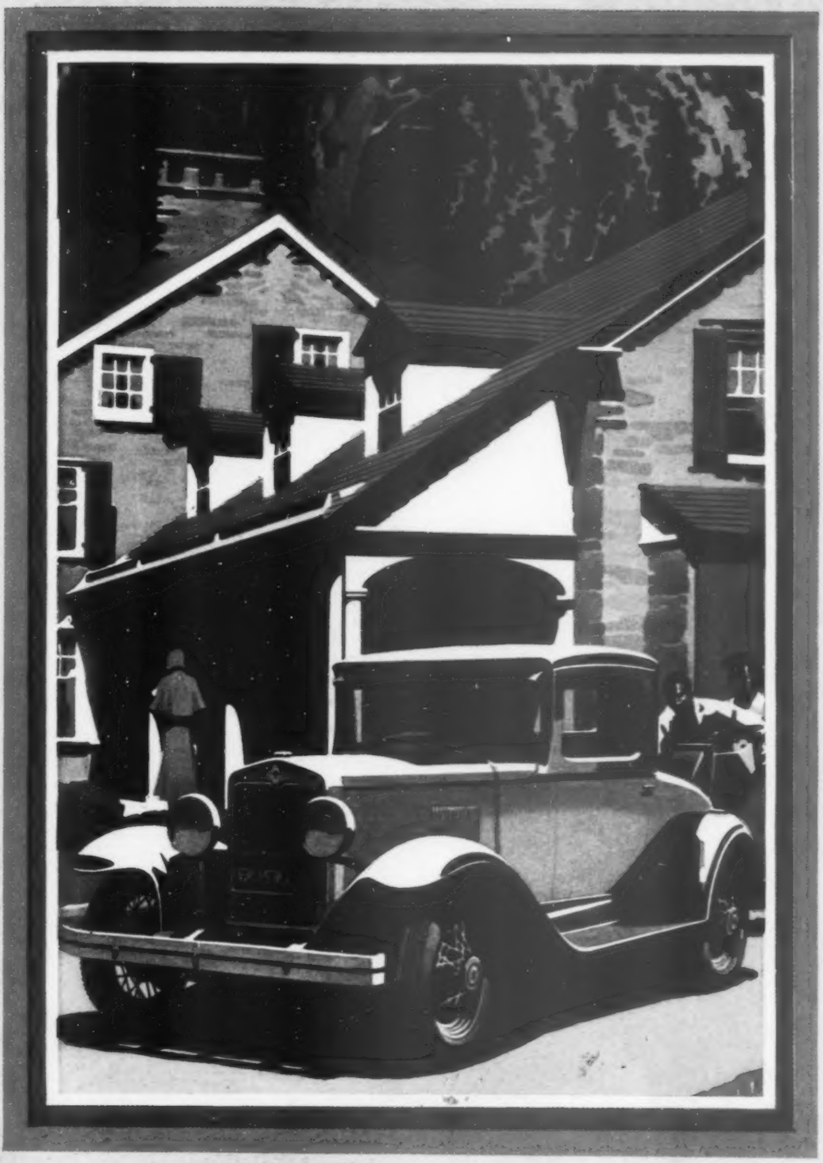
Talon Slide Fasteners are not only immune to water and weather, but they simply *can't* rust. They won't jam, stick or pull apart — no matter how roughly they're treated. In fact—and surprising as it may seem — Talon Slide Fasteners actually get better and better with use! You'll find them on the newer raincoats in up-to-the-minute shops. But (warning!) be sure that you get the genuine Talon Fastener. It has TALON on the pull-tab . . . in tiny letters, but large enough to guide you!

TALON

REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

THE SLIDE FASTENER
THAT ALWAYS WORKS

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY · MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · SAN FRANCISCO · SEATTLE



for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO
CHOOSE A SIX

You can be proud of the

CHEVROLET SIX

because it is thoroughly modern

Women know *style.* And so their eyes instantly approve the Chevrolet Six, with its modishly smart Bodies by Fisher, harmonious in every detail. Each model is gracefully long and low —as a modern car must be—to inspire pride when you ride, or call for friends, or park before your home.

You will be fully as proud of what you can *do* with a Chevrolet Six, because of its thoroughly modern six-cylinder design. Nothing less can permit such smooth, easy, capable handling, with such gratifying peace-of-mind in every situation.

Once you feel modern six-cylinder advantages, you will insist that it's wise to choose a Six—especially since there is no premium to pay for all the extra performance, comfort, style and pride assured by the Chevrolet Six.

Roadster or Phaeton	*$495*
Sport Roadster	*$515*
Coach or Coupe	*$565*
Sport Coupe	*$615*
Club Sedan	*$625*
Sedan	*$675*
Special Sedan	*$685*

(6 wire wheels standard)
Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

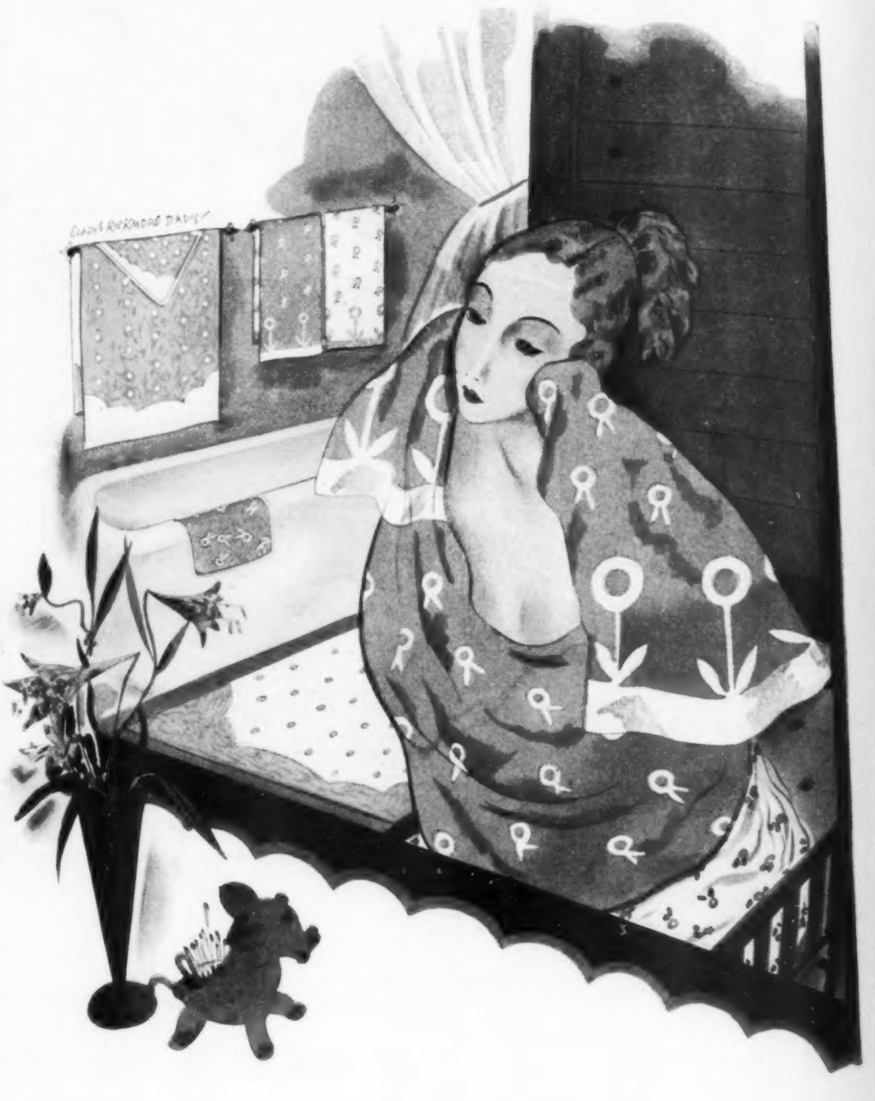
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

NOW IT'S BLOSSOM TIME . . . INDOORS

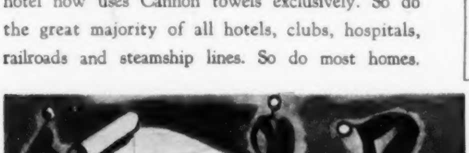
When your garden droops with the first sharp frost and nature shows signs of fainting dead away—fair lady, come indoors . . . and go to work. Bring in with you the fair, pure tones of your flower favorites—daffodil, iris, snapdragon, forget-me-not. Keep the last rose of summer blooming all year. ✱ The *bathroom* is *so* easy. A small sum well spent brings a lavish supply of color and charm and new chic. With matching towels, face cloths and bath mats in the late Cannon manner—all-color, all terry, all *right*—the effect is ecstatic! ✱ Here are the loveliest towels a girl ever met, yours for a long life at hard labor. Just feel their silky softness against your cheek . . . try their quick absorbency . . . test their endurance day by day. ✱ Cannon cotton has a finer, longer fiber. The weave is most precise. The quality has no equal in its price class. All Cannon towels are in step with the times—they have smartness for the deb and thrift for the dowager. ✱ To be sure of a bargain in beauty and service—any place, any day—look for the Cannon label before it's too late. . . . Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City. *Makers of* Cannon Lavenlawn, *the world's finest sheet—using long-staple Egyptian cotton.*

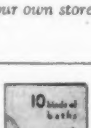
TO TEST ENDURANCE

A great hotel made its own careful towel tests before buying. Typical towels of all the well-known brands were sewed together into a great sheet and laundered a hundred times. Cannon towels showed far less wear than any of the others. On the basis of this strenuous test and on the basis of evident quality—this hotel now uses Cannon towels exclusively. So do the great majority of all hotels, clubs, hospitals, railroads and steamship lines. So do most homes.



These are the Cannon towels *that captivated Fifth Avenue. They come in all-over colors and modernized designs—with wash cloths and bath mats to match. They have two right sides, two bright sides—both equally decorative. New colors are maize, jade, orchid, peach, rose, turquoise—guaranteed fast. Typical Cannon values—59c and more for the bath towels—at your own store or shop. (Other Cannon styles—from 25c to $2.50.)*





HB-14

WRITE FOR THIS NEW BOOKLET. It helps make every bath a joy and a tonic!

CANNON MILLS, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City

Please send me your free booklet, "10 Kinds of Baths," containing the latest health ideas about bathing—and about towels. No obligation, of course.

Name ____________________ *Street* ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________________

CANNON TOWELS

That
INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

•

IN the rose, living within its loveliness, dwells the essence of its soul—a delightful, enthralling something that words cannot describe.

And in Schrafft's candies lies a captivating goodness equally beyond words. We are asked to describe their deliciousness—to paint word-pictures of their tempting tastiness. But this we cannot do.

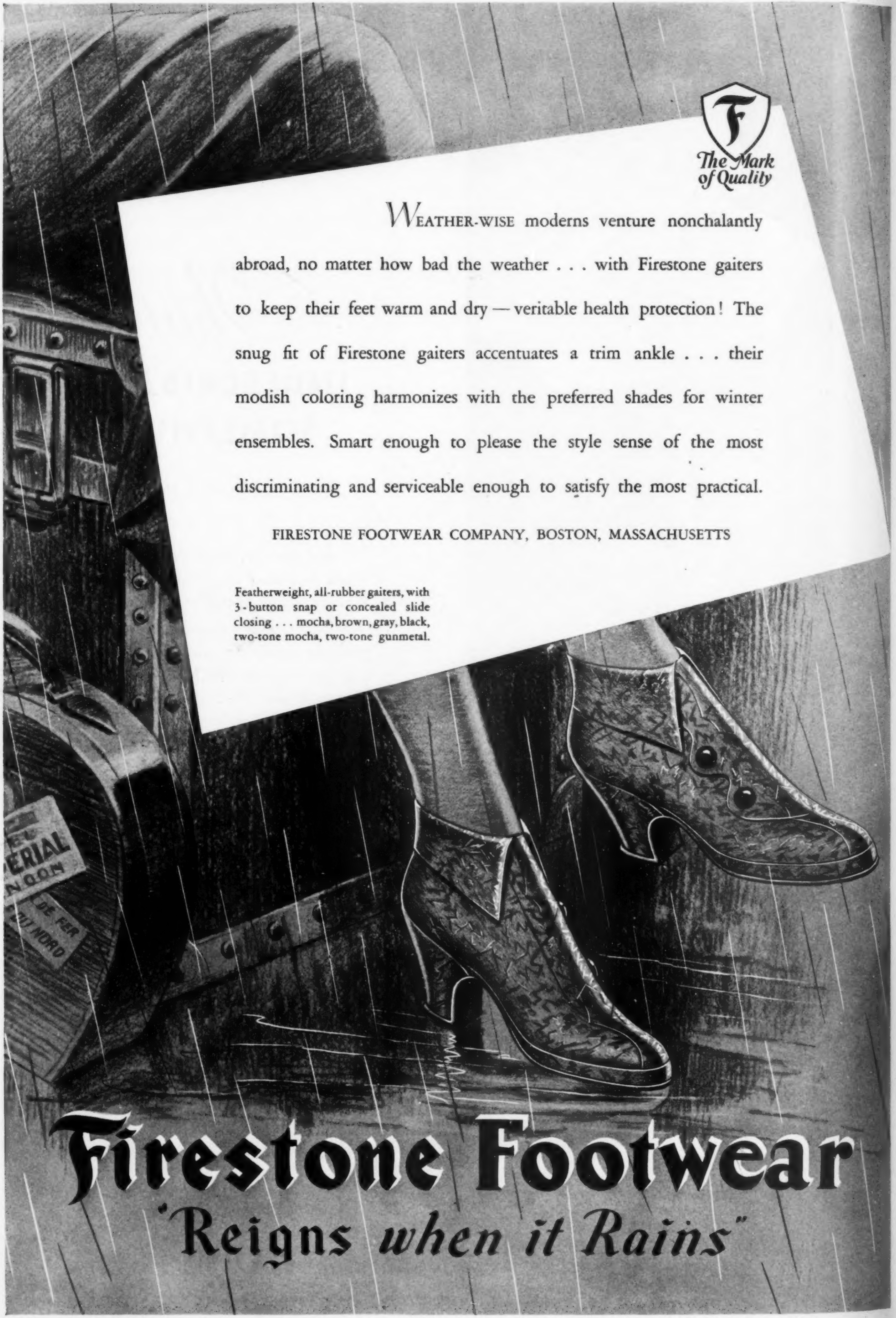
We can tell only that into them we blend the purest ingredients, with the artistry of skill and the patience of care. But their deliciousness, their incomparable goodness—this we cannot recreate in type. It is that *indescribable something* that is Schrafft's.

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY



WEATHER-WISE moderns venture nonchalantly abroad, no matter how bad the weather . . . with Firestone gaiters to keep their feet warm and dry — veritable health protection! The snug fit of Firestone gaiters accentuates a trim ankle . . . their modish coloring harmonizes with the preferred shades for winter ensembles. Smart enough to please the style sense of the most discriminating and serviceable enough to satisfy the most practical.

FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

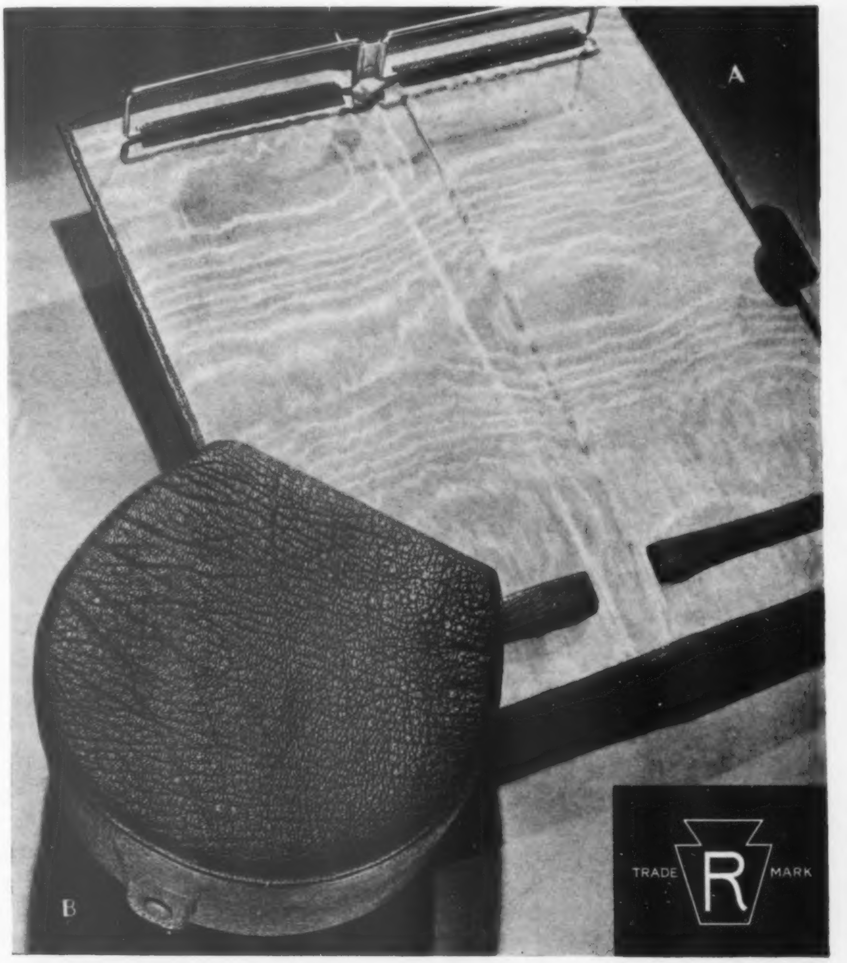
Featherweight, all-rubber gaiters, with 3-button snap or concealed slide closing . . . mocha, brown, gray, black, two-tone mocha, two-tone gunmetal.

Copyright 1930, Firestone Footwear Co.

Camel Hide

a rare new leather from India, of singular strength and beauty

ACROSS the desert, churning the hot sand, a caravan moves. Grumbling camels sway with their precious burdens, picking a way through the sharp stones of dried water-courses . . . loitering in the shade of the thornbush . . . halting at the shrill call of the leaders, to sink on calloused knees. • It is not generally known that the patient ship of the desert, so much a part of our conception of the Orient, supplies a hide remarkable both for toughness and for charm. Camel-hide is relatively scarce. Indeed, C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is the first, and it is believed the only, establishment to manufacture fine articles of this material, just as it was the first to introduce genuine ostrich leather. • And there is little possibility that the subtly grained, stubborn leather will come into common usage. The one source is much too restricted and uncertain. Yet to those who are fortunate enough to possess some article made of it, camel-hide promises generous years of service . . . a measure of delight and satisfaction far greater than one might ordinarily expect. • It will be a simple matter for you to identify articles of this new leather, or of any other leather made by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc. Upon each piece is to be found a tiny golden keystone R. That imprint is your infallible assurance, as it has been the assurance of people of taste and judgment for eighty years, that the gift is good. • C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, haberdashers, and stationers.



A . . . A necktie case, in brown camel-hide, ecru lined, with a hanger which is gold-plated over non-tarnishable metal. Though especially desirable for traveling, the case always is acceptable in a man's dresser.

B . . . A collar box, in brown camel-hide, with ecru silk lining.

C . . . A billfold, in brown camel-hide, with or without 14-carat gold corners. There is space for license and identification cards. The case comes also in a wide variety of leathers.

D . . . A cigarette case, in brown camel-hide, with or without 14-carat gold corners. The case also is available in a wide variety of leathers and colors.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

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INTERNATIONALE

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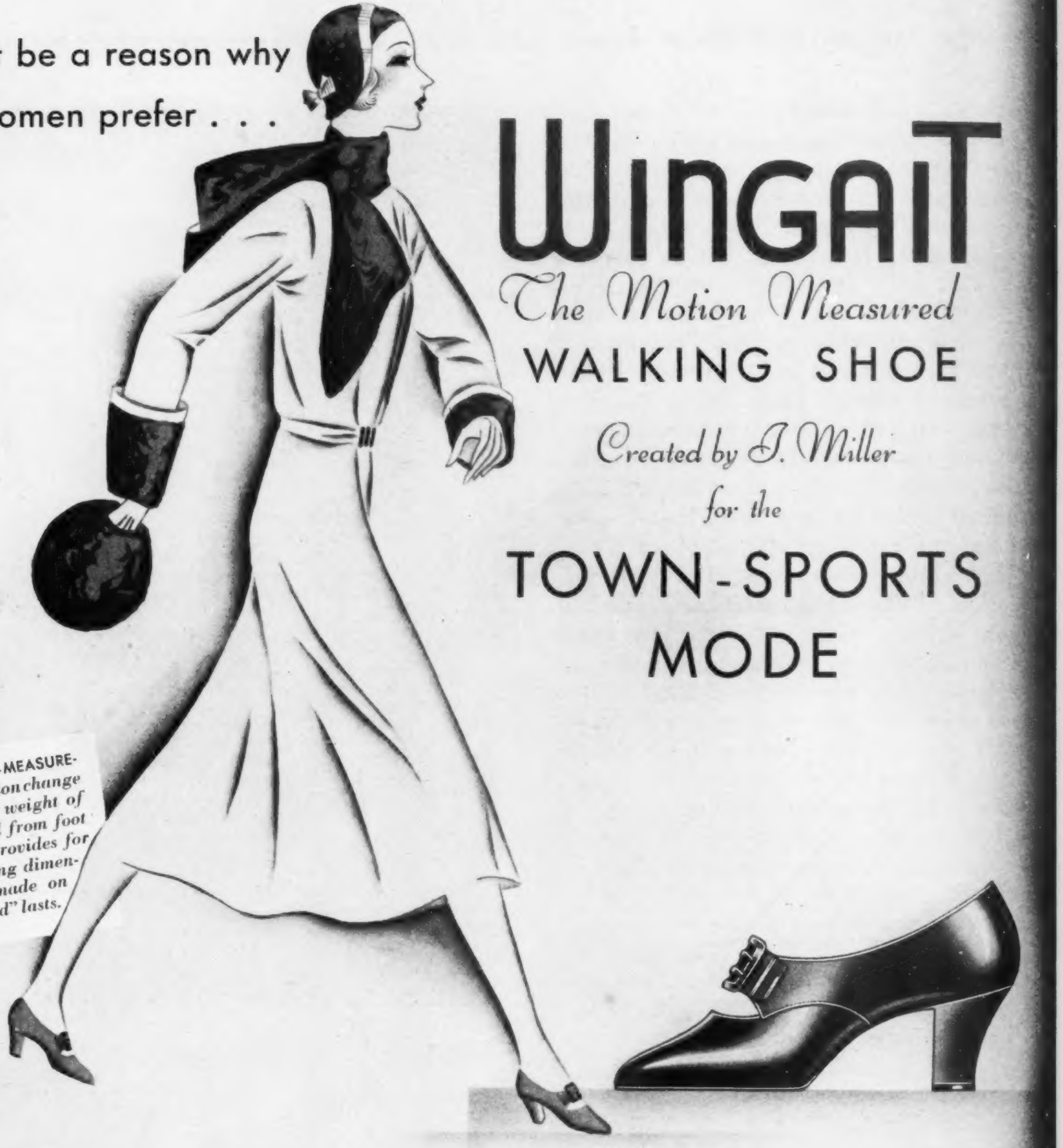
There must be a reason why youthful women prefer . . .



WINGAIT

The Motion Measured
WALKING SHOE

Created by I. Miller
for the

TOWN-SPORTS
MODE

WHAT ARE MOTION-MEASUREMENTS? *Feet in motion change dimensions as the weight of the body is shifted from foot to foot. Wingait provides for these ever-changing dimensions by being made on "motion-measured" lasts.*

For about-town wear, for sports, for business and for every active occasion of the day, wear Wingait — I. Miller's modish walking shoe . . . Subtly styled to meet the tailored mode in its current casual formality. *"Motion-Measured"* to keep active feet zestful throughout the day and eager for the evening's frolic!

KANGOLA LEATHER. Perfect leather for the walking shoe mode. Scientifically processed to allow the utmost in ventilation. Supple in texture, faithful in wear, loyal in retaining its shapeliness.

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MINK COATS
from $1950

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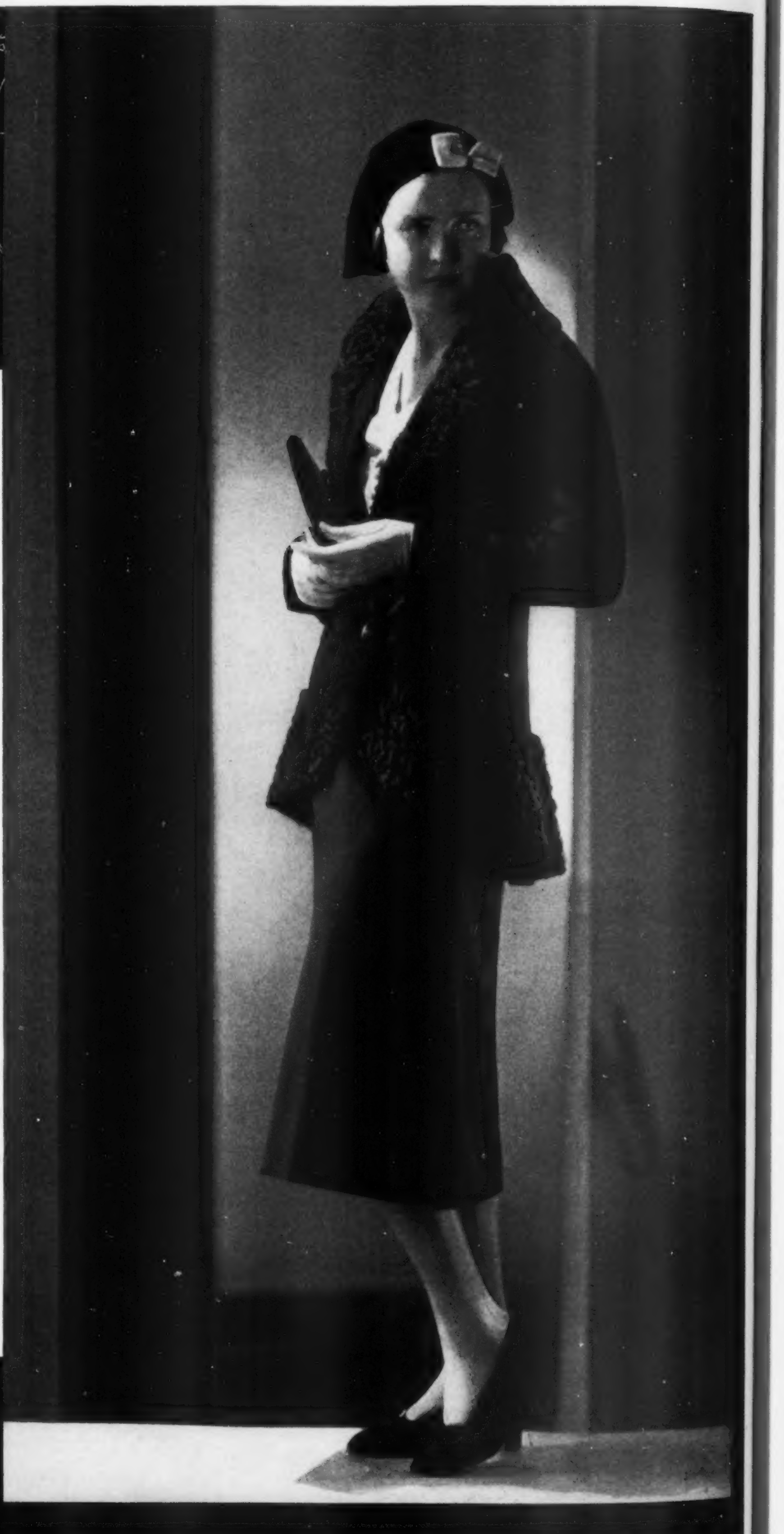
CREPE BROADCLOTH AND CARACUL IN THE FALL SUIT, WITH PEPLUM



All the graciousness of the tea hour is expressed in this three-piece suit of Botany "Imperata". The caracul shawl collar and flared peplum . . . the eggshell satin lining that matches the rich blouse . . . the luxurious texture of the fine crepe broadcloth . . . create a formal ensemble in the current mode for afternoon.

"Fabric by Botany" assures the garment's style.

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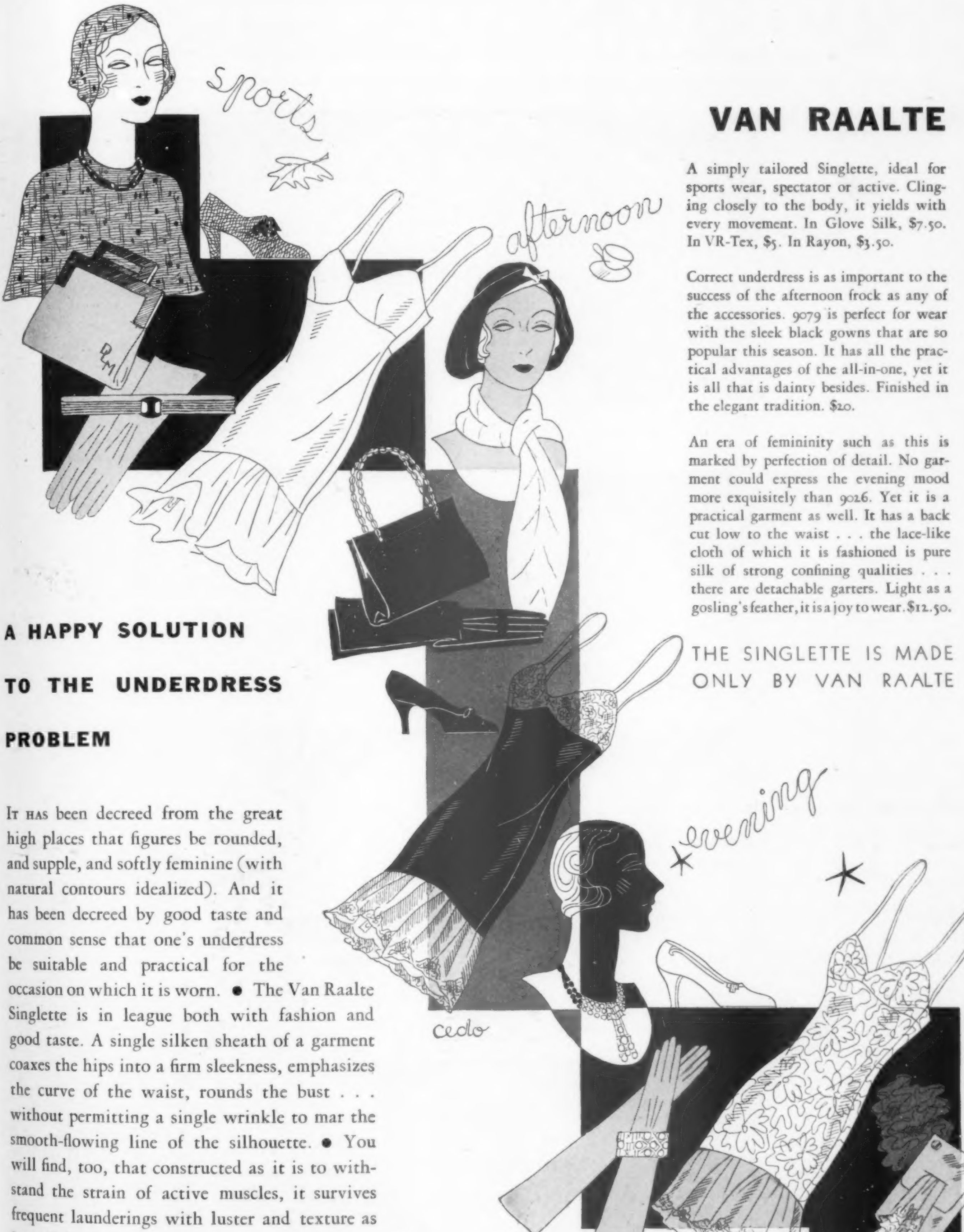
TWO HUNDRED FIFTH AVE.

THREE-PIECE SUIT AND ACCESSORIES BY COURTESY OF STERN BROTHERS



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It has been decreed from the great high places that figures be rounded, and supple, and softly feminine (with natural contours idealized). And it has been decreed by good taste and common sense that one's underdress be suitable and practical for the occasion on which it is worn. ● The Van Raalte Singlette is in league both with fashion and good taste. A single silken sheath of a garment coaxes the hips into a firm sleekness, emphasizes the curve of the waist, rounds the bust . . . without permitting a single wrinkle to mar the smooth-flowing line of the silhouette. ● You will find, too, that constructed as it is to withstand the strain of active muscles, it survives frequent launderings with luster and texture as beautiful as ever. There are many different singlettes . . . one for every purse and purpose.

VAN RAALTE

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Correct underdress is as important to the success of the afternoon frock as any of the accessories. 9079 is perfect for wear with the sleek black gowns that are so popular this season. It has all the practical advantages of the all-in-one, yet it is all that is dainty besides. Finished in the elegant tradition. $20.

An era of femininity such as this is marked by perfection of detail. No garment could express the evening mood more exquisitely than 9026. Yet it is a practical garment as well. It has a back cut low to the waist . . . the lace-like cloth of which it is fashioned is pure silk of strong confining qualities . . . there are detachable garters. Light as a gosling's feather, it is a joy to wear. $12.50.

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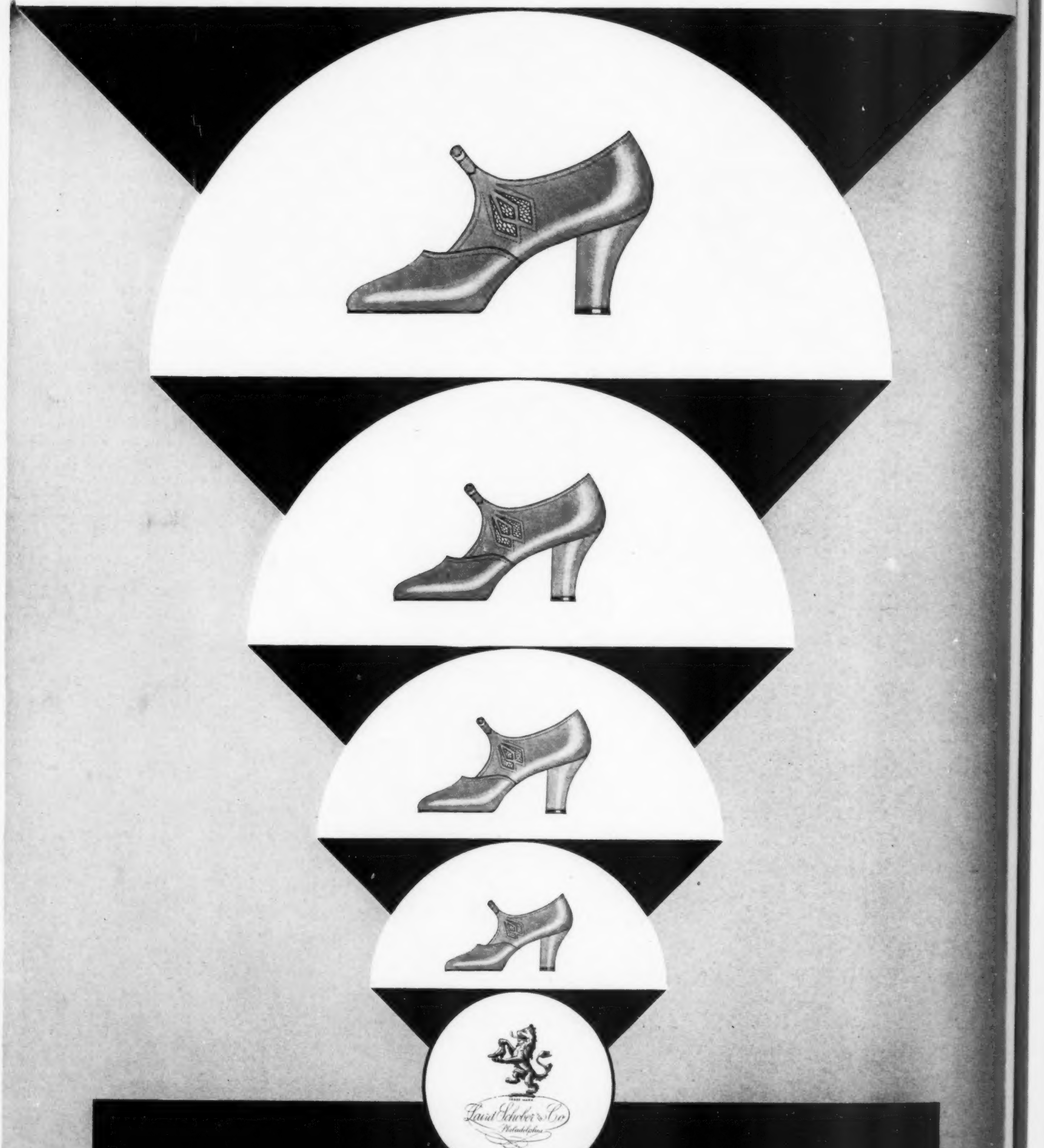
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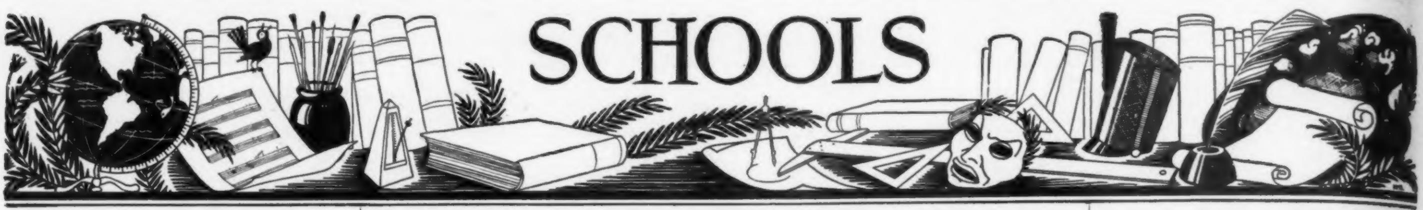

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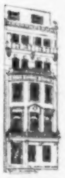

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If the selection seems perplexing, we will gladly help you. Simply write or telephone—Wickersham 2800.

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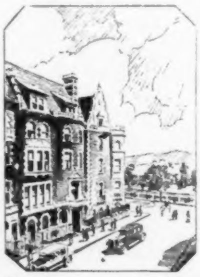

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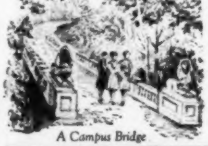
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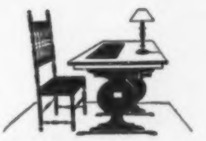

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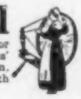

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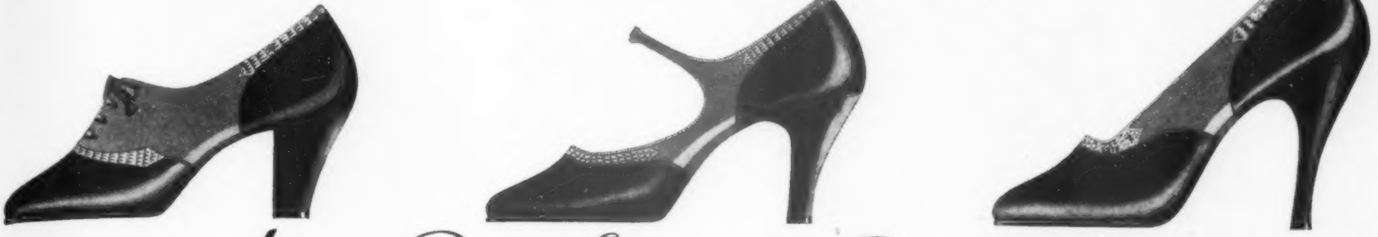

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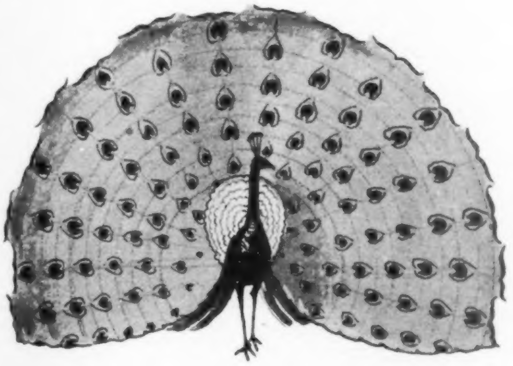

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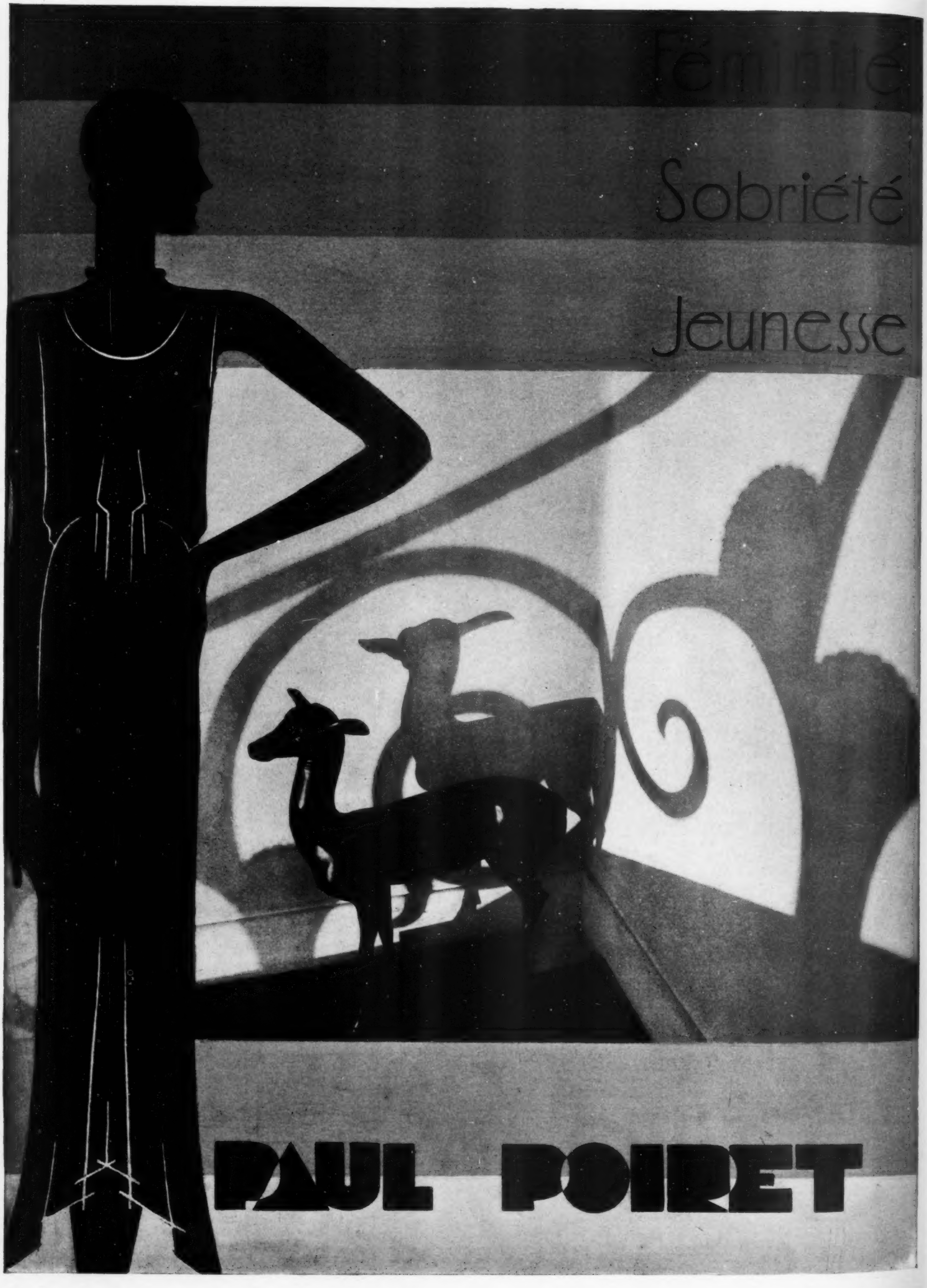
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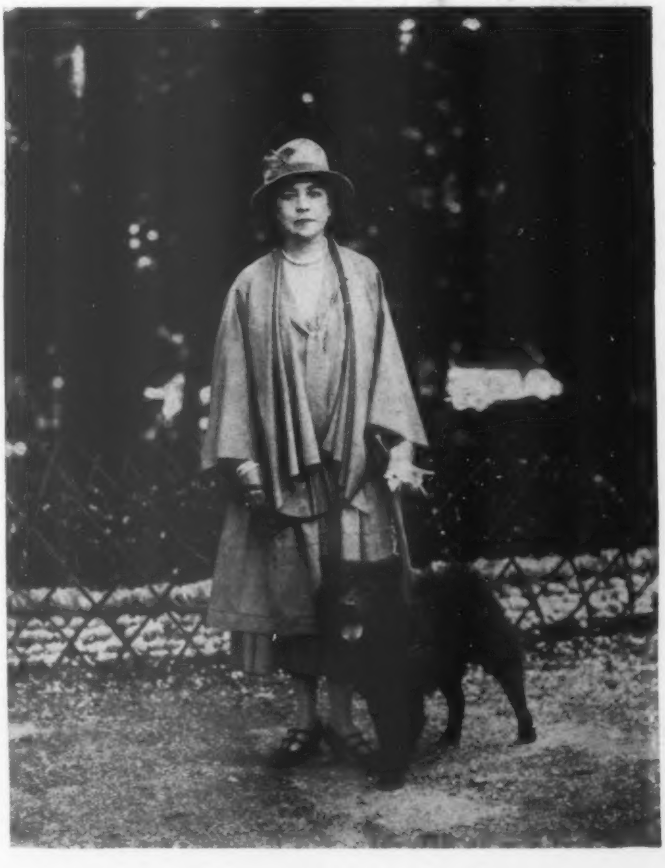

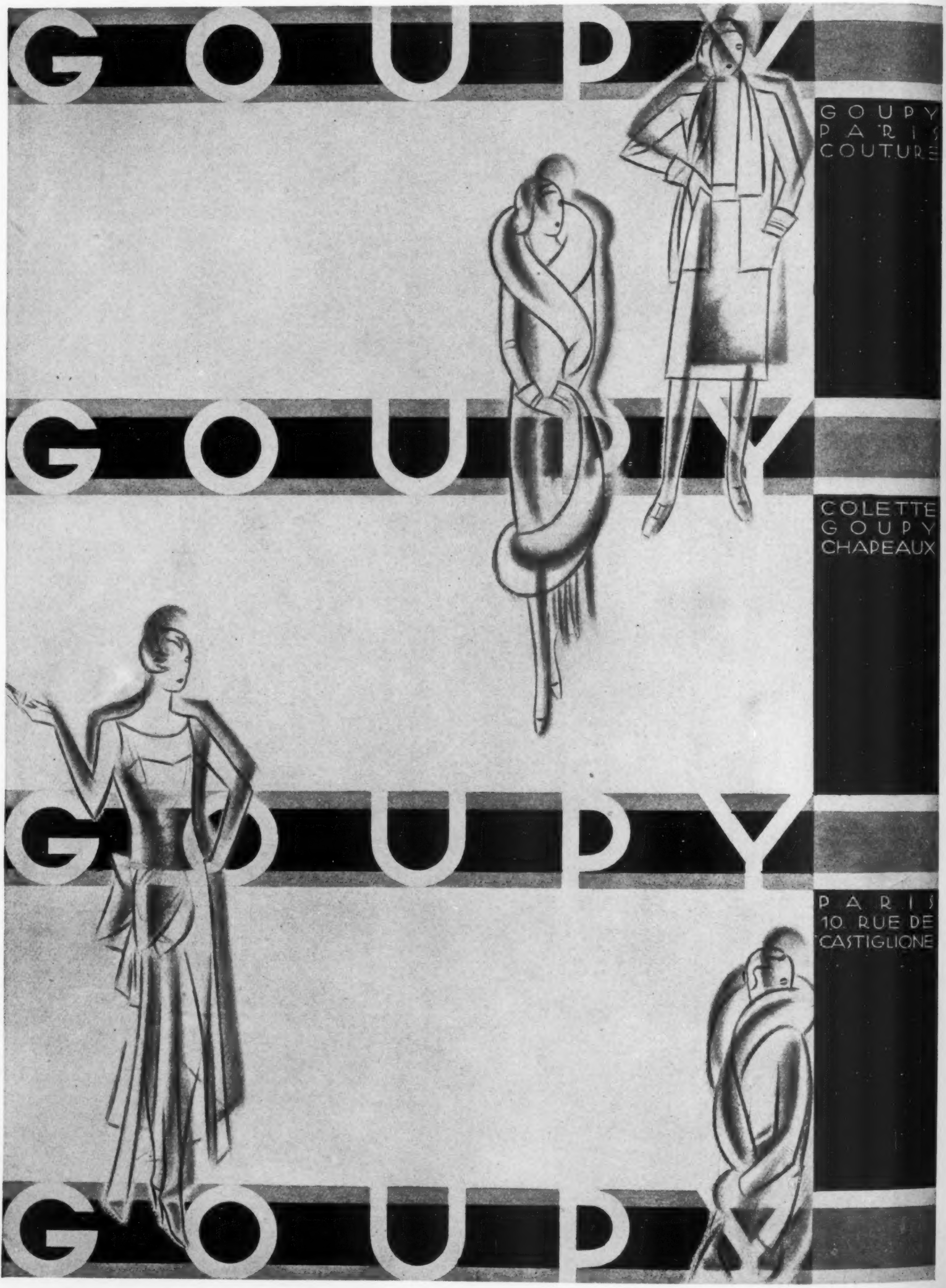

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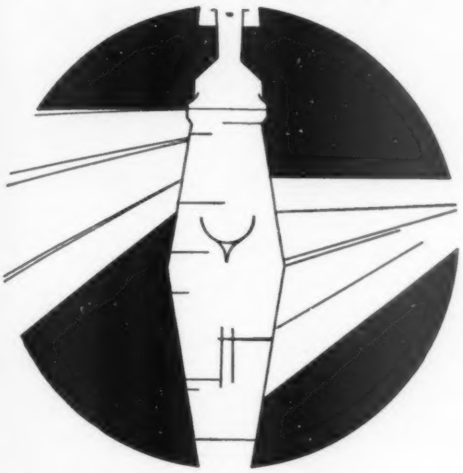

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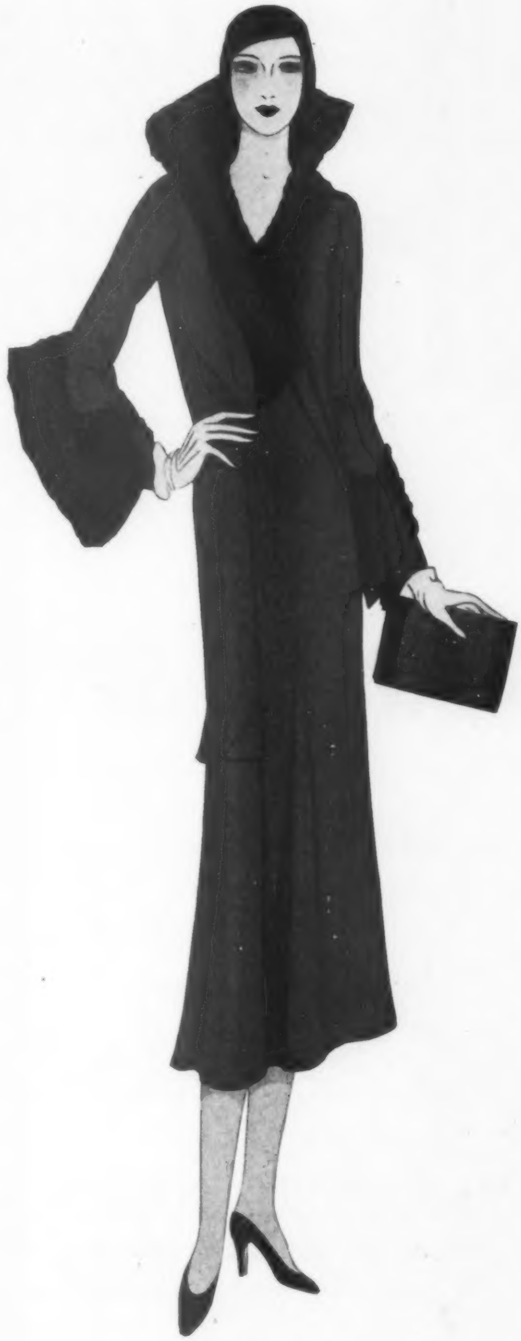

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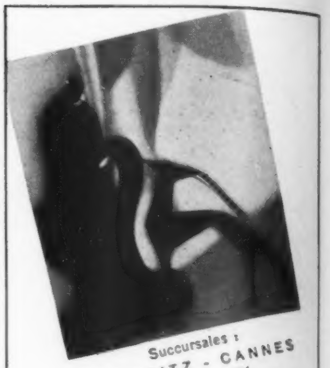

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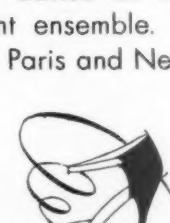

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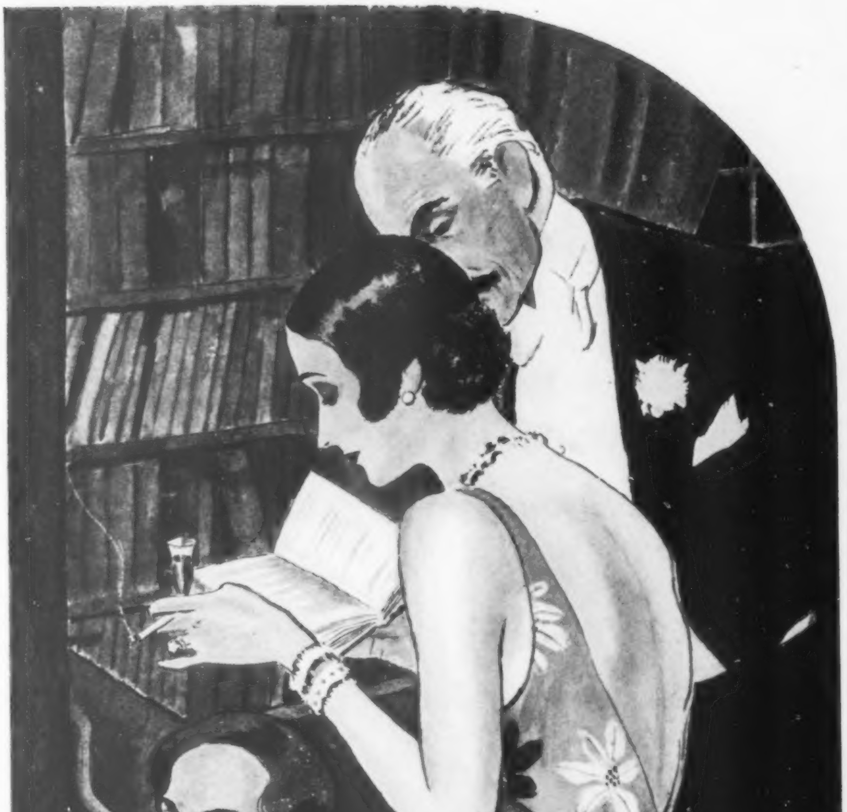
THEY CRADLED CRÊME DE MENTHE

... AND COOLER SMOKE



How much more pleasant is life because of these charming people ... these people who have discovered and fostered each new turn in enjoyment since enjoyment began. Thus, they were first to discover Spud and Spud's cooler smoke. They were first to recognize that cooler smoke cleared away the limitations on old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment ... that cooler smoke sustained constant moist-cool mouth comfort, no matter how late or gay the evening. Thus, they cradled Spud ... today's unquestioned freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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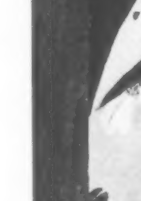

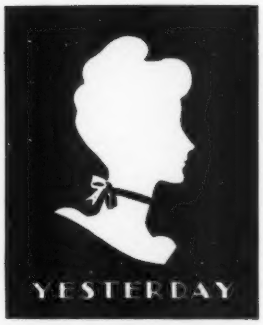

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This season—as in the past—Forstmann Fabrics are again creating the mode... in style... in quality... in correctness and charm of color

FOR THE FORMAL COAT ▬ Kashmirita, of finest cashmere in a captivating crepe weave . . . Kashmirplaza and Kashmirfina, its aristocratic companions . . . Oriola, with a velvet depth and suppleness . . . Ermina and Velmoussa, miraculous suede fabrics which have added to their supple beauty the charm of a crepe.

FOR THE CASUAL COAT ▬ or suit: Chonga, very important with its entirely new burled effect...Roya and Rega, monotone tweeds of the finest wool...Delna, a youthful material with a softly brushed surface and the inimitable fleck of black tipped cashmere hairs: and a group of "twin tweeds" for the four piece costume.

FOR THE WOOL DRESS ▬ (which weighs barely a pound in these famous fabrics): Marita and Orion, wool crepes that have already made style history . . . Vilma, a chiffon worsted for the town dress . . . Briona, gaily colored with a covert fleck of black . . . And the graceful new chiffon tweeds . . . Turana, Crysana, Barletta . . . These are but a few of the FORSTMANN FABRICS creating the mode this season.

THE SYMBOL OF SUPREME FORSTMANN ★ F&H ★ FABRICS QUALITY IN WOOLEN FABRICS

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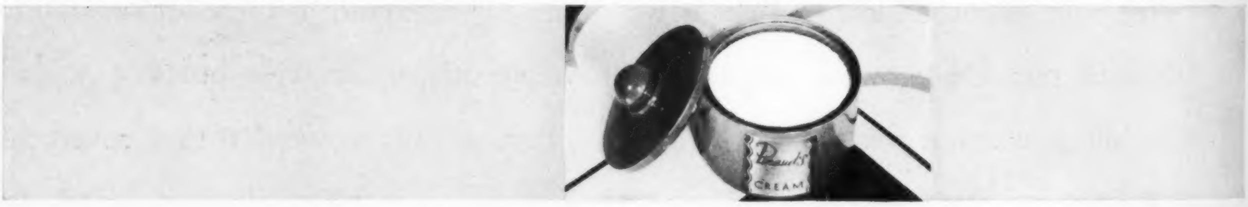
YOUR ASTRINGENT . . . **in the cream that washes away!**



To whisk out of every tiny pore its load of sticky dirt . . . to supple the tissues with nourishing oils (and goodness knows the modern skin *needs* suppling, after the drying effects of daily make-up!) . . . to wake that sluggish circulation so your face is toned as your body after a cold shower . . . *What would you give for a treatment like this—for the skin of rose-leaves and satin that it brings? You can have it—at home—every day of your life!* . . . In barely a minute, night and morning, this wonderful Cream of Pinaud's does all these things. It liquefies instantly into the pores and "floats" the tightest-packed dirt to the surface—at the same time suppling the skin with oils as delicate, as nourishing as Nature's own. Then—at the touch of water—it *washes away* . . . leaving you with a new sense of delicious cleanliness, a new freshness through all the skin tissues. The pores contract. The texture becomes exquisite. You will find Pinaud's Cream at every good drug and department store—ready to give you the wonderful effects of the new scientific method revolutionizing skin care here and abroad. PINAUD, Paris-New York.

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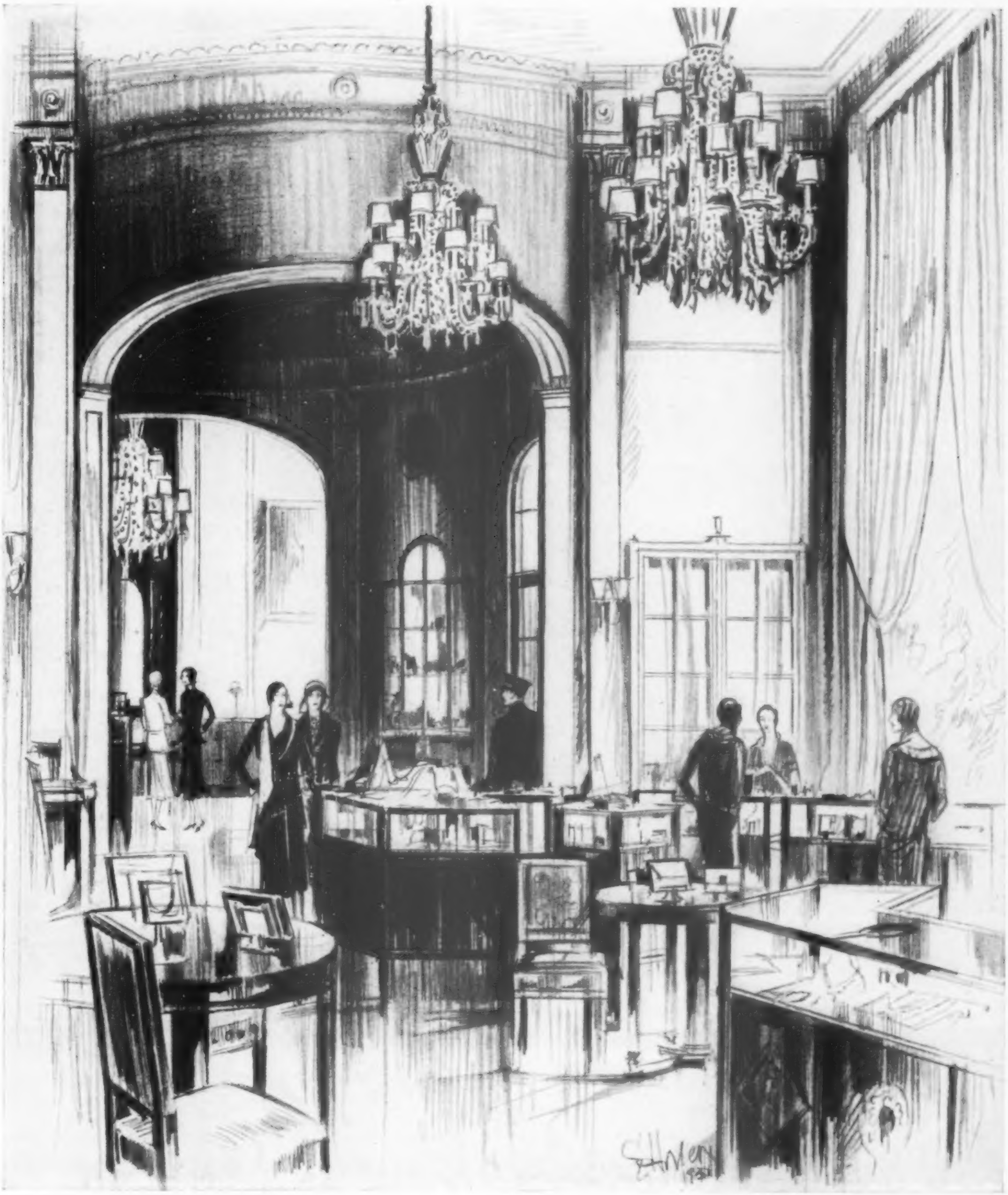
French chic . . . New York dash

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA



In this year of grace and the tariff, smart American women will turn more than ever to Bergdorf Goodman for perfect gowning. Sensitive fashion-feeling, familiarity with the smart world, original designing, critical fitting, and knowledge of how to make a woman look better than her best are found at Bergdorf Goodman as surely as on the *rue de la Paix*. French importations as usual, of course!

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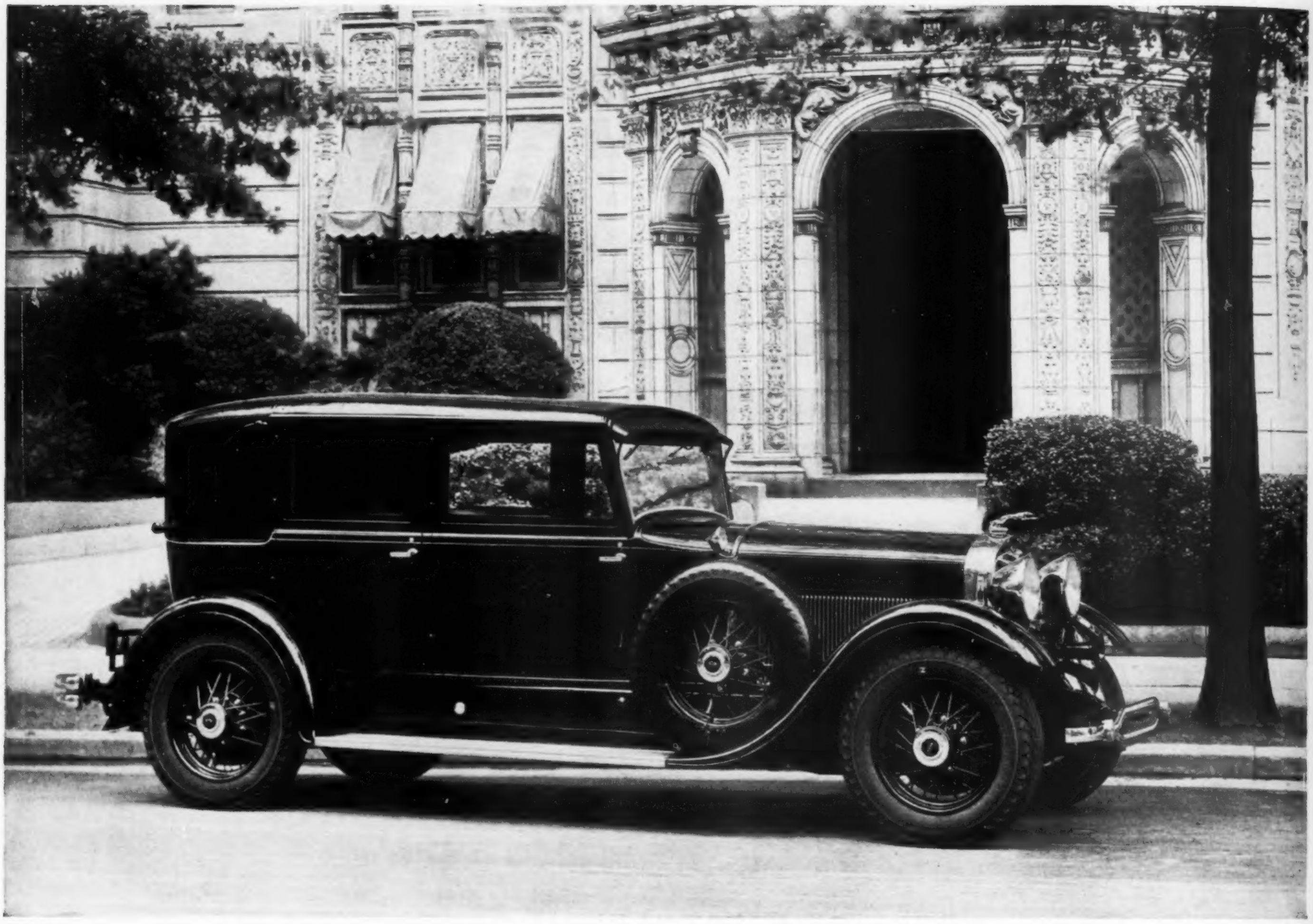
GOODMAN
NEW YORK

THE LINCOLN



THE JUDKINS TWO-WINDOW BERLINE

There is no mistaking a Lincoln

As a Lincoln moves swiftly and serenely along some avenue, as it stands, in polished quiet, on a well-kept drive . . . its own unmistakable quality is at once apparent. For this motor car reflects, in contour and movement, the clean grace of a mechanism superbly adapted to every purpose for which it was built.

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The Lincoln is a motor car that has an especial place in the civilized routine of modern life. Its character, expressed in high craftsmanship and notable design, keeps fresh the loyalty of those who know it best.

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HARPER'S BAZAAR

OCTOBER
1930

PARIS
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NUMBER

65th Year Number 2616

Charles Hanson Towne, Editor

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Study of Child at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

ABOUT OUR CHILDREN

About our children we rear our gayest dreams, clothe them in our most poignant hopes, and probe their futures with a bright fear that is as old as the world. They will be strong and brave . . . they *must* be healthy . . . and to their prosperous door-steps the pleasant people of the world will beat a pathway.

So run our dreams and our hopes. . . . But everything we have and all that we can do must be brought to bear on the effort to make these things come true. In the budding characters we can strive to encourage such few virtues as we, ourselves, had to pass on . . . the small, lithe bodies we can guard and develop . . . but how shall we imprint upon their dawning little personalities that rare glamour that makes the whole world come smiling?

The popular people we see about us are accomplished people . . . accomplished in the manners and arts that generations of culture have tested and found attractive. It is a share in these accomplishments that we must give to our children . . . a share in sport, in dancing, in art, literature and music.

They need not excel in any of these; but their performance in all must be authentic. And this particularly must be the case with their music. That is one reason the Steinway is treasured in important homes where children are being reared in the cultured tradition.

The Steinway brings an authentic inspiration to the child's instruction. It is, in itself, a graceful work of art that develops a sense of artistic values and an appreciation of the utmost in musical expression. . . . And the Steinway, choice of the masters from Wagner to Rachmaninoff, leaves the impressionable young talent unhandicapped, from the all-important first moment, by the distortive influences of practice on less perfect instruments.

Because this finest of all musical instruments, the Steinway, ranks so high in the world of excellent things, it long has been looked upon as the exclusive possession of musical artists or families of wealth. But the fact is, that every family may acquire the Instrument of the Immortals on terms that will not overburden even the modest income.

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(As the Steinway is made in New York City, this price, naturally, must be "plus transportation" beyond New York and its suburbs.)

10% down *balance in three years*

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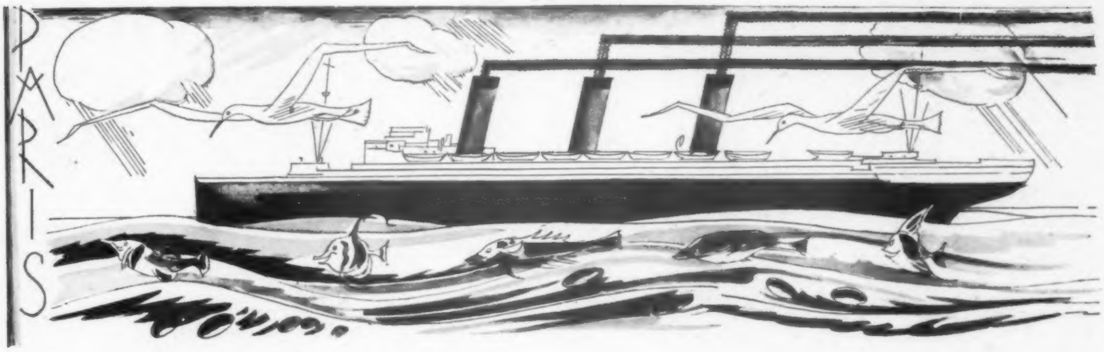
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS **STEINWAY**



OVER TO PARIS AND BACK

A TRIP to Paris on the *Ile de France*, on which every passenger is made to feel that he is a specially invited guest. A dash to the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes, that jewel of the Mediterranean; on to Antibes where bathing is sublimated. A rumour from the Lido that "they" are burning more for health than for chic; another, from Monte Carlo, very smart this summer, that the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes is "running round in shorts."

Then a glorious trip home on the *Bremen*, that last word in comfort; where one feasts on partridges in the sun restaurant, or strolls in the immense modern rooms.

In between, new clothes, thousands of them, passing before eager editorial eyes. What impression do they leave in the mind of the reviewer? Why, that one may be anything one pleases this coming season; that is, so far as clothes are concerned.

If you would reconstruct the charm of the naughty 'nineties, there are gowns in Paris that recall this silhouette. Would you be romantic? You will be in the picture. Would you be smartly Russian? Patou's tunics and Lanvin's Cossack coats are waiting for adoption. Did you love your evening gowns of 1929, still hanging in your closet, no doubt, their long skirts lifted in front, well above the ankles? Patou has revived that line. Has a lace frock become an integral part of your enjoyment of a dance? Chanel has lots of them. If you remember Ina Claire in *Polly with a Past*, and the seductive *femme fatale* appearance she achieved in a gown suggesting the bustle, Lelong has just such a black velvet lure for you.

Then the tie-back skirt, that important talking point of ladies' dresses in the 'seventies: Chanel repeats it again and again.

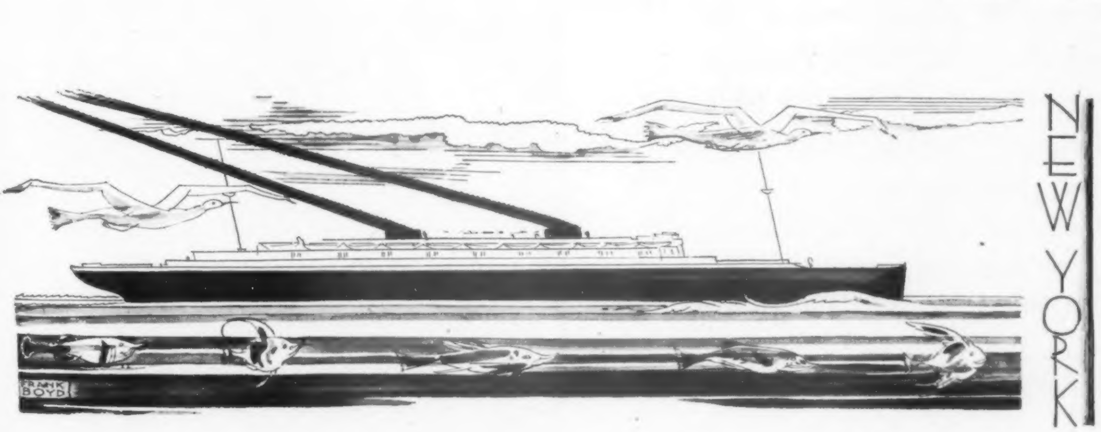
You may slink in lamé, or float in its gauzy folds. You may drape your skirt in subtle lambrequin ways. You may trail thinnest velvet in Vionnet's marvelously bias creations. You may be young in lace, tulle and chiffon, or scintillating and sophisticated in spangles. In fact, for the evening mode, you may wear almost anything you like. As to your waistline, drop it just to the hip-bone, signed Chanel; or raise it to almost Empire height, or place it between the two. All are correct in this amusing season.

As to skirt lengths, they are not exaggerated. For street wear they remain, in general, as we have worn them this past summer. The afternoon length is apt to be ankle, the evening clears the floor in most cases.

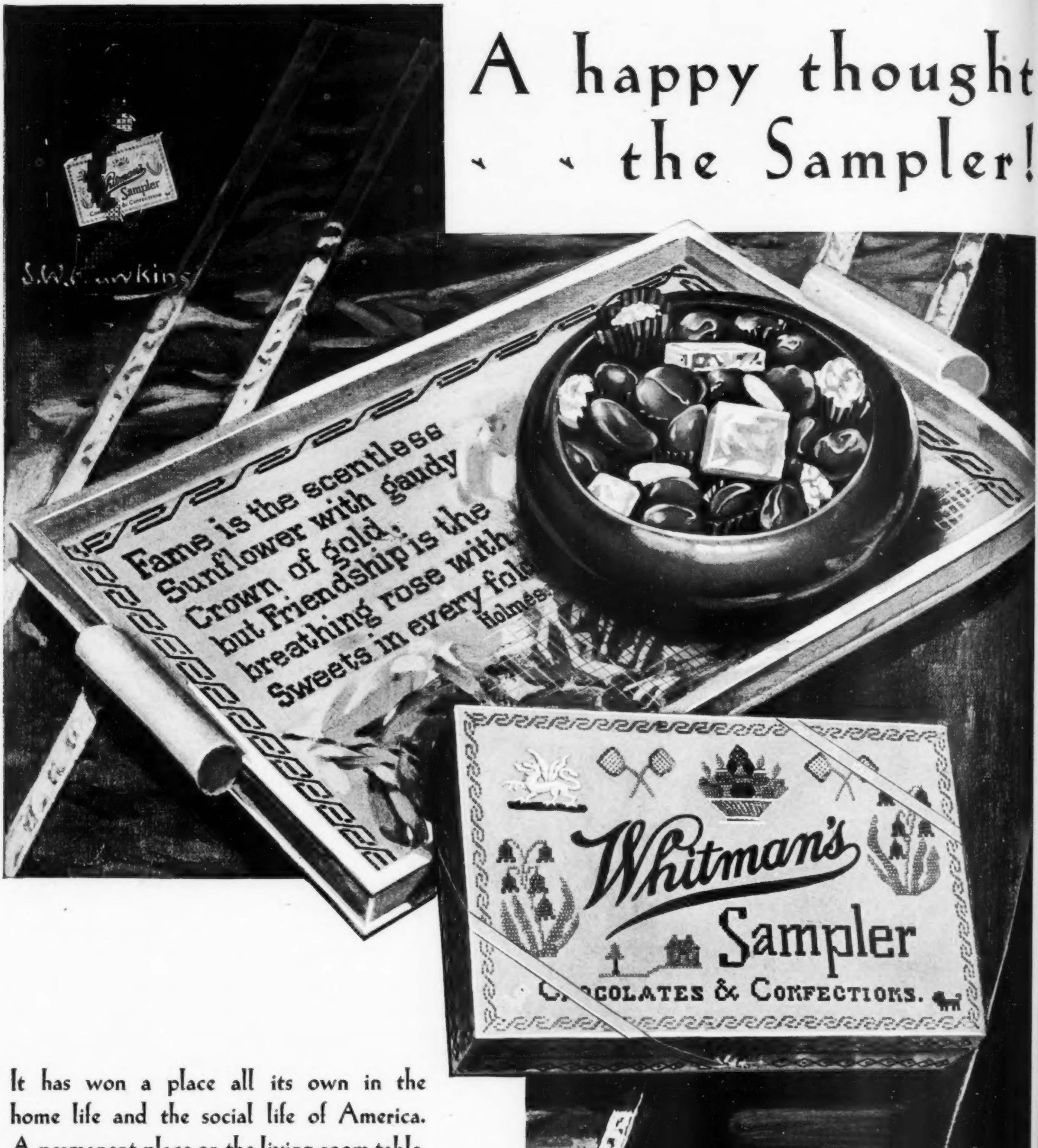
Coats come to the skirt's edge and are straight or flared. Short fur coats are important.

One gorgeous evening coat will do you for the winter, if you desire but one, but it must be a magnificent lamé or velvet, fur-trimmed, luxurious, *grande dame.*

KATHLEEN HOWARD



A happy thought . . the Sampler!


Fame is the scentless
Sunflower with gaudy
Crown of gold,
but Friendship is the
breathing rose with
Sweets in every fold.
Holmes.
Whitman's
Sampler
Chocolates & Confections.

It has won a place all its own in the home life and the social life of America. A permanent place on the living room table. The first thought in paying social debts. Now you can 'phone for it.

See "Where to Buy It"—the Bell Telephone Classified Directory

Now you can wire it to friends anywhere in the land.

Stop in at any Telegraph Office

Whitman's Sampler

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THROUGH THE VISITOR'S EYES

AN ARTIST, when he wants to "get away from" his canvas, in order to catch its values, its shortcomings, looks at it through a mirror. The reflecting glass reveals what he could not see himself; heightens, sharpens the work, tells him what is wrong and what is right.

In the same way we get a keener insight into, a clearer understanding of the life we lead by looking at it through another person's eyes. It is curious, and sometimes rather disintegrating, to catch what I might call that mirror glimpse of one's personal existence.

But it isn't only our private life that is clarified, *trued*, by holding it up to the mirror of an alien pair of eyes. Our whole American scene, so looked upon, falls into a new perspective. The conclusions a visitor may draw from what he or she has seen over here are not always, perhaps, valuable. But to look at ourselves through their eyes has, it seems to me, a special value, and certainly it has a special interest.

I have a friend who, being married to an Englishman, has made her home in England for many years, with only rare visits to this side. She is more or less deeply involved in the political life of her husband's country, as he has something to do with the government. She is also fairly well known in the literary and art life of London. A wide-awake, handsome, energetic woman, with a lively mind. Lately she came on a prolonged visit to the States, as she's fallen into the way of calling America, a visit that took her pretty thoroughly over the country and among many types and varieties of our well-to-do people. She was entertained extensively, she was treated, in fact, as a person of some importance. It was her first visit here since the war.

"My dear," was her greeting, "I'm fairly fed up on women! They're fine, they're wonderful, they're doing great and good things, but I yearn for man's society, man's talk; above everything, for man's point of view. I want to hear men's voices, and I want to talk to a man, not to a woman."

"You've got to talk to me," I told her. "And haven't you been seeing any men?"

"Lots of 'em! Lots more than in England, since the war. But they herd together, and you women herd together, throughout the length and breadth of this land, except in a few sophisticated centres. Now I like women, mind you; I enjoy them. But I don't want them *en masse*. I want them mixed with their men. Of course, I'm talking of mature men and women. So far as I've had a chance to observe, your youngsters of both sexes play, work and tear around together in complete companionship. But the older women, the women of your and my generation, are putting space between themselves and their men so far as the interests and associations of life outside the four walls of their homes go. So far as I can see, all your men and all your women are divided up into separate clubs, devoted to all sorts of ends and ambitions, but rarely uniting either for work or play. I've attended huge lunches where there wasn't a man to be seen, gorgeous teas, even some dinners. I've listened to talks on every blessed thing in this world, made by women to women. I've played bridge with tablefuls of women. Once in a while I've seen one man at these various gatherings, come to deliver an address or read a paper, but that's all, and usually he made himself scarce the moment he decently could.

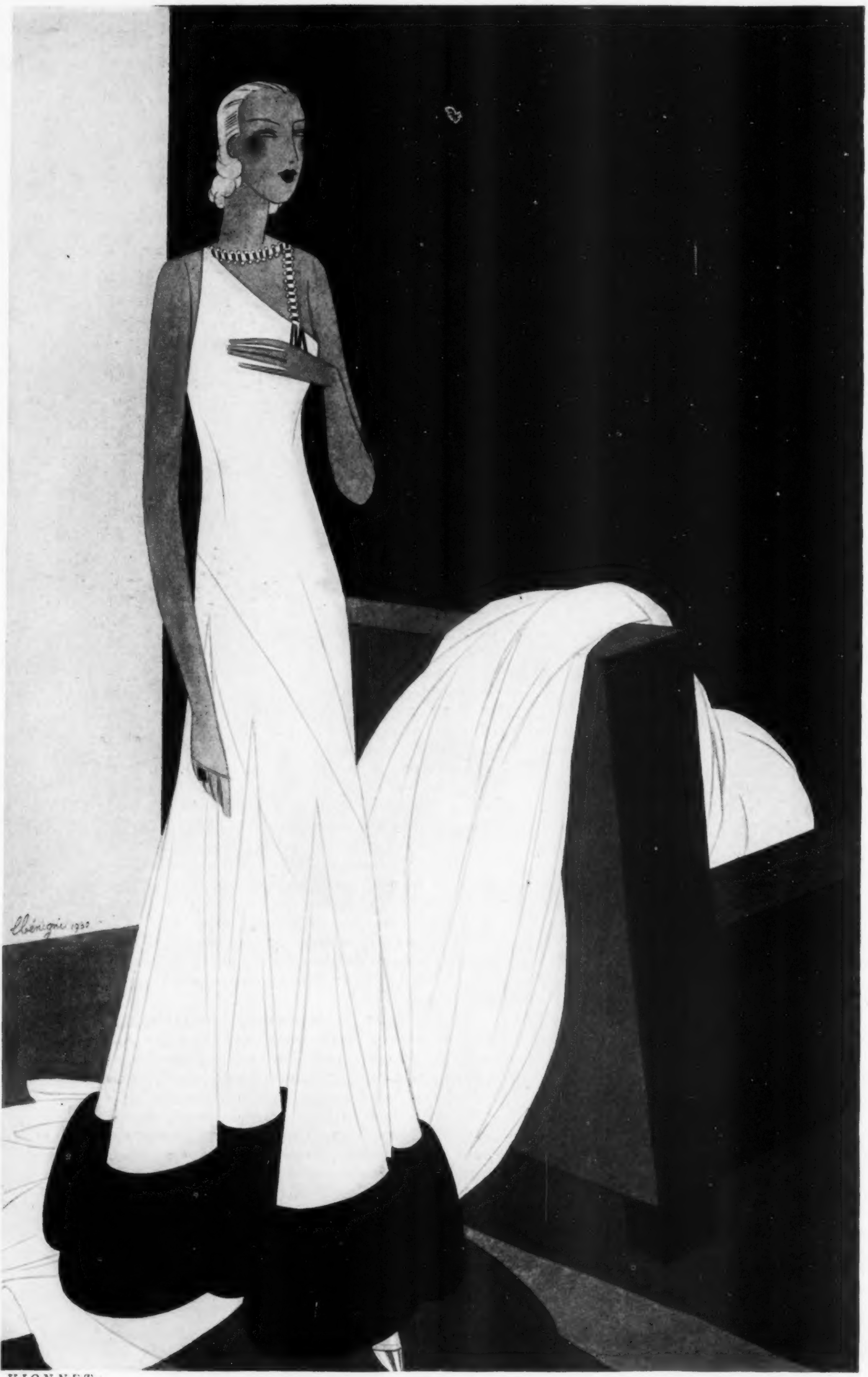
"And it isn't only these semi-public agglomerations that reveal this separation of the sexes with you. At dinners where there were as many men as women, delightful, interesting dinners, I found that more often than not, as soon as the meal was over, the women gathered together in one end of the living-room, the men at the other. Each group enjoyed best being with its own. I swear to you that I almost made a scandal by joining the men to continue a delightful talk I was having with the man who had taken me in, at a dinner in a middle-western town. And I found that only too often the men weren't as much at ease with a woman as with another man. They rather 'kept it up,' with one of us. I could just fancy the sigh of relief they heaved when they were left to talk with each other, once we women were out of the way."

I remained silent, gazing absorbedly into the mirror of her pair of visitor's eyes, getting a fresh look at our American scene.

If this look at ourselves through a stranger's eyes has any truth in it, what does it mean for the present, and still more what does it spell for the future? I confess I'm curious.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Drawings by
Léon Bénigni



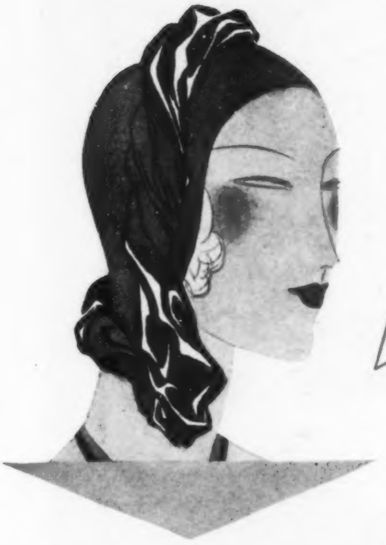
VIONNET

THE LONG, UNBROKEN LINE CALLS FOR SUMPTUOUS MATERIALS

Two sensational gowns of Vionnet's collection are twins, in white wedding-ring velvet with black ermine at the hem, and black wedding-ring velvet with a band of white ermine. The décolletté is held in place, in the model sketched, by a strip of the material covered with black onyx baguettes and strass on a strip of black. The ermine hem just escapes the floor.

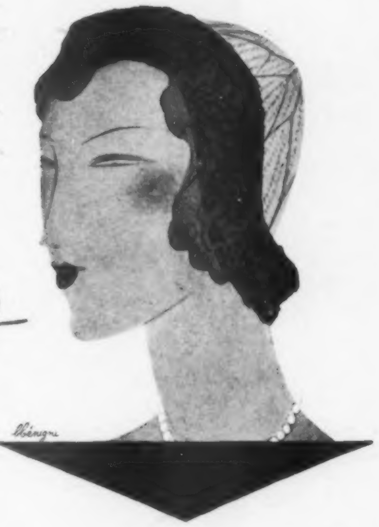
PARIS WINTER

1930 1931



AGNÈS

A close cap of black velvet, of Renaissance inspiration, has a twisted band of black toile cirée and velvet running across the top of the head.



AGNÈS

A bright red wool knitted cap, with a star pattern on the top, is trimmed with black Persian lamb that has been treated to make it very supple.

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

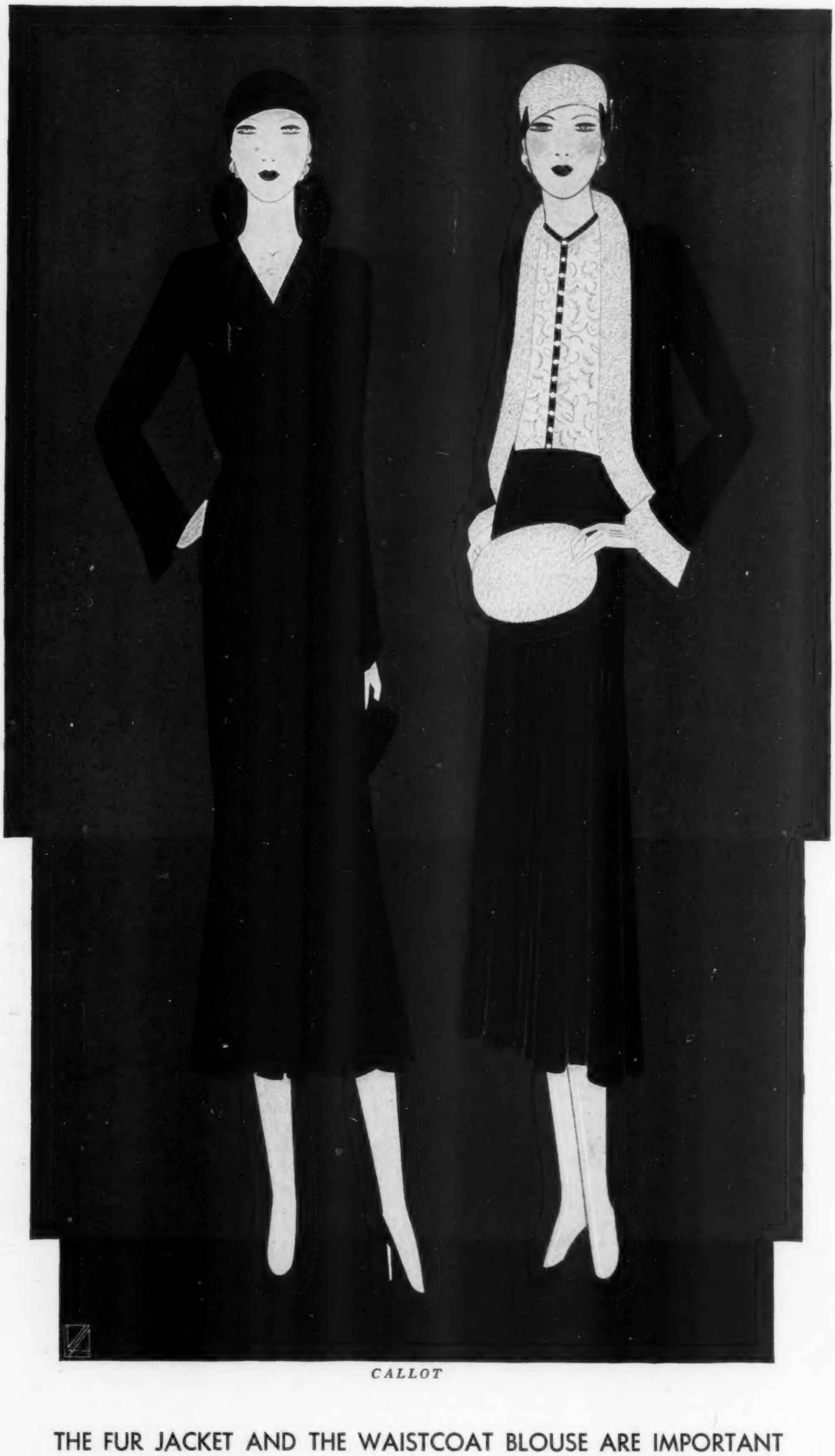
15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

PARIS is celebrating several centenaries this year: that of the Romantic Period, which officially started with the performance of Hugo's *Hernani*, that of *Les Trois Glorieuses*, or the accession to the throne of Louis Philippe, and that of the conquest of Algeria. All these historical events have obviously been more or less in the minds of the creators of next winter's fashions; for, as Taine has said, "The mode always finds its reason and final explanation in the state of mind and in the customs of the epoch." So when designers' thoughts are drawn to Romanticism, models showing traces of this period are naturally found in many collections. Some people, after seeing the new fashions, insist that they are too greatly influenced by a state of mind that fixes attention on the past, to the neglect of the second part of Taine's explanation of the source of the mode—the customs of the epoch. They declare that we modern women, our life and its requirements, are so different from those of the Romantics that we can never feel comfortable in their type of clothes nor wear them as they should be worn. There is something in this, of course, and we may confidently expect modifications in the midseason collections, when clients whose opinions count have had an opportunity to express those opinions in their own choice. If you are wondering where Algeria comes in, you have only to look at the many combinations of red and blue, which Jane Régny, for one, assures us are in remembrance of France's occupation of that country. Next year, we are to have a most important Colonial exhibition at Vincennes. Will next August's collections, therefore, "go Colonial"? That remains to be seen.

At any rate, I may say for myself that one of my greatest pleasures, in seeing the collections, is to trace the inspiration and influence of former costume epochs on modern dress. Recently, this pleasure has been pretty well in abeyance, for clothes in general have been as modern, as adapted to ordinary needs, as new cars. Rebecca West said recently in *The Bookman*, "For the human being to ignore the past achievements of humanity is to scuttle the ship." How she would have enjoyed Molyneux's collection this year! That is, if she will allow that the establishment of a definite style in clothes is an achievement. The most important net result of this preoccupation with the hundred-year past, is a definite reinforcement of that complication and elaboration that I saw coming some time ago, and talked about at length in the July number, you remember. Frocks made of two short lengths of stuff and a pair of sleeves are farther away from us than they have been since the exigencies of the war led us into a rigour of simplicity that, for a time, was hailed as the only way to salvation. We are getting perilously near to fussiness, to trimming for its own sake.

Evening clothes with elaborate skirts began it; now afternoon dress shows signs of following. Only morning and sports clothes remain short, straight, and simple. A little while ago they were having their innings to such an extent that they had imposed their ideal on evening dress itself. Not that I am suggesting that the pendulum will swing so far in the other direction that we shall find ourselves playing golf in flounces. Our sense of the fitness of things is sufficiently developed to keep us from such foolishness as that. And there are always, thank Heaven! those masters of cutting, like Madame Vionnet, who never forget to handle their materials in true relation to the lines of the human body.

Another clothes period, and one of the silliest ever imposed upon women, is recalled by several of the new collections. This is the style of the late 'seventies, familiarly known as the "tie-back." Search as I will, I cannot find any particularly cogent reason. It seems to be just one of those things. But perhaps it comes about like this: When we adopted long evening skirts last year, we did so, in many cases, in long plain lines of Greek inspiration. Those long plain lines sometimes looked perilously like nightgowns, instead of evening gowns, and the designers naturally began to break them up with flounces set on round the hem, or at the knees, or at the hips in peplums, or diagonally. After setting them in all imaginable ways, they remembered that they could run them up the back, also, or up in curved lines from the front, and then let them cascade down again. If you will look in the August number, you will see a chiffon frock from Jane Régny that did just this and did it very prettily. So, in the August collections quite



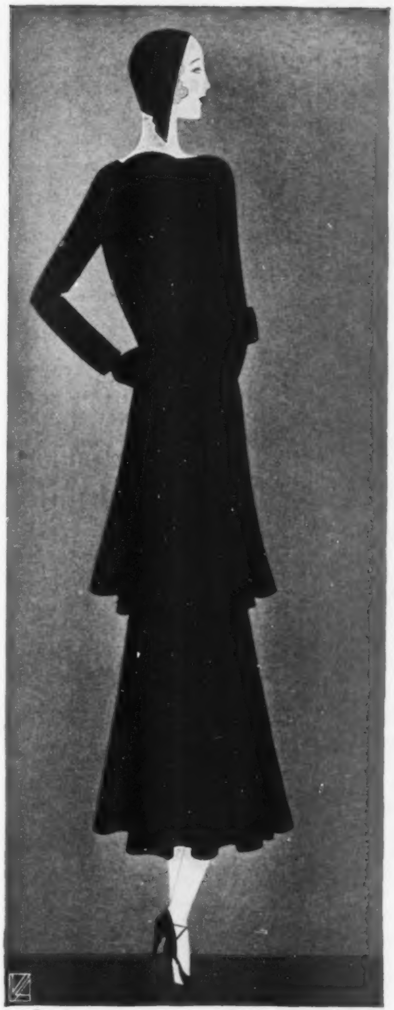
CALLOT

THE FUR JACKET AND THE WAISTCOAT BLOUSE ARE IMPORTANT

Callot does the short fur jacket in very dark brown Persian lamb and belts it with the skirt material, which is a brown serge-like fabric laid in curved plaits stitched to just above the knee. The plaits continue up onto the bodice, making a gown. The pointed décolleté is run with a white satin ribbon through slits, and tied at the tip in a tailored bow.

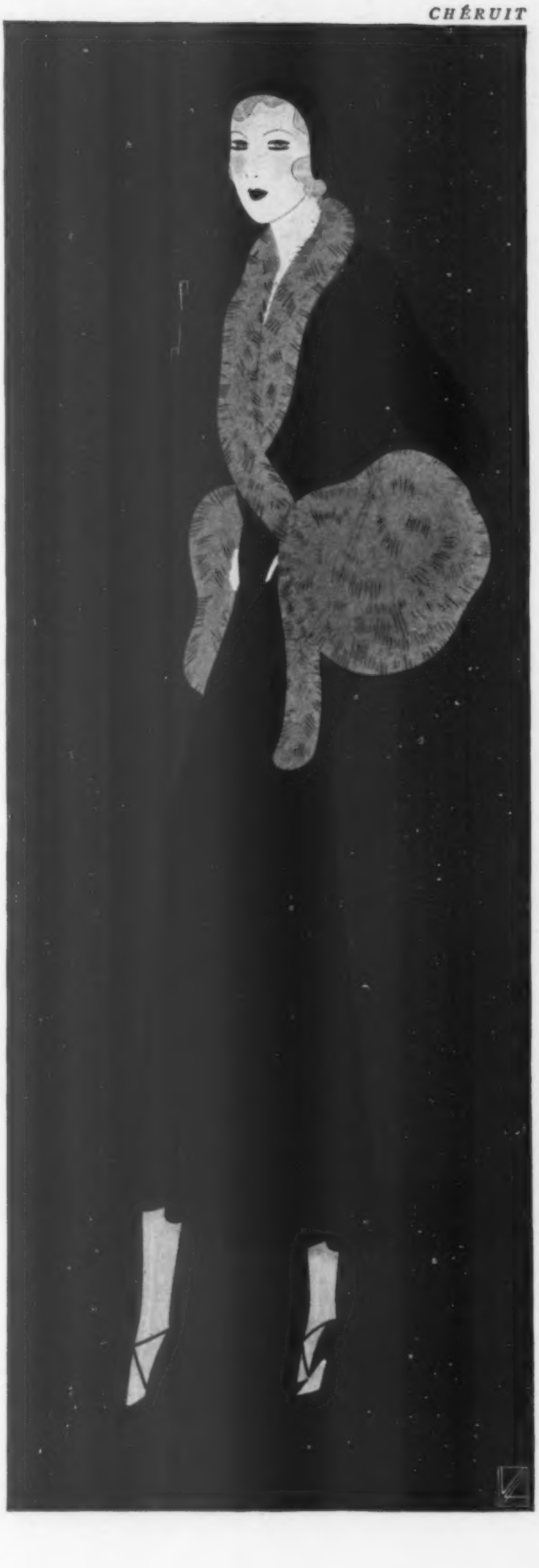
A Callot suit of black velvet of medium weight and stiffness has a short curved jacket bordered all round with white shaved lamb, a muff of the fur, and a white fur cap with points of black velvet. A white crêpe de Chine blouse, like a Breton waistcoat, is embroidered up the front with yellow silk cross-stitch with a black crêpe edge, and buttons of crystal.

THE WINTER AFTERNOON COSTUME REVIVES ELEGANCE AND ELABORATION



CHÉRUIT

CHÉRUIT



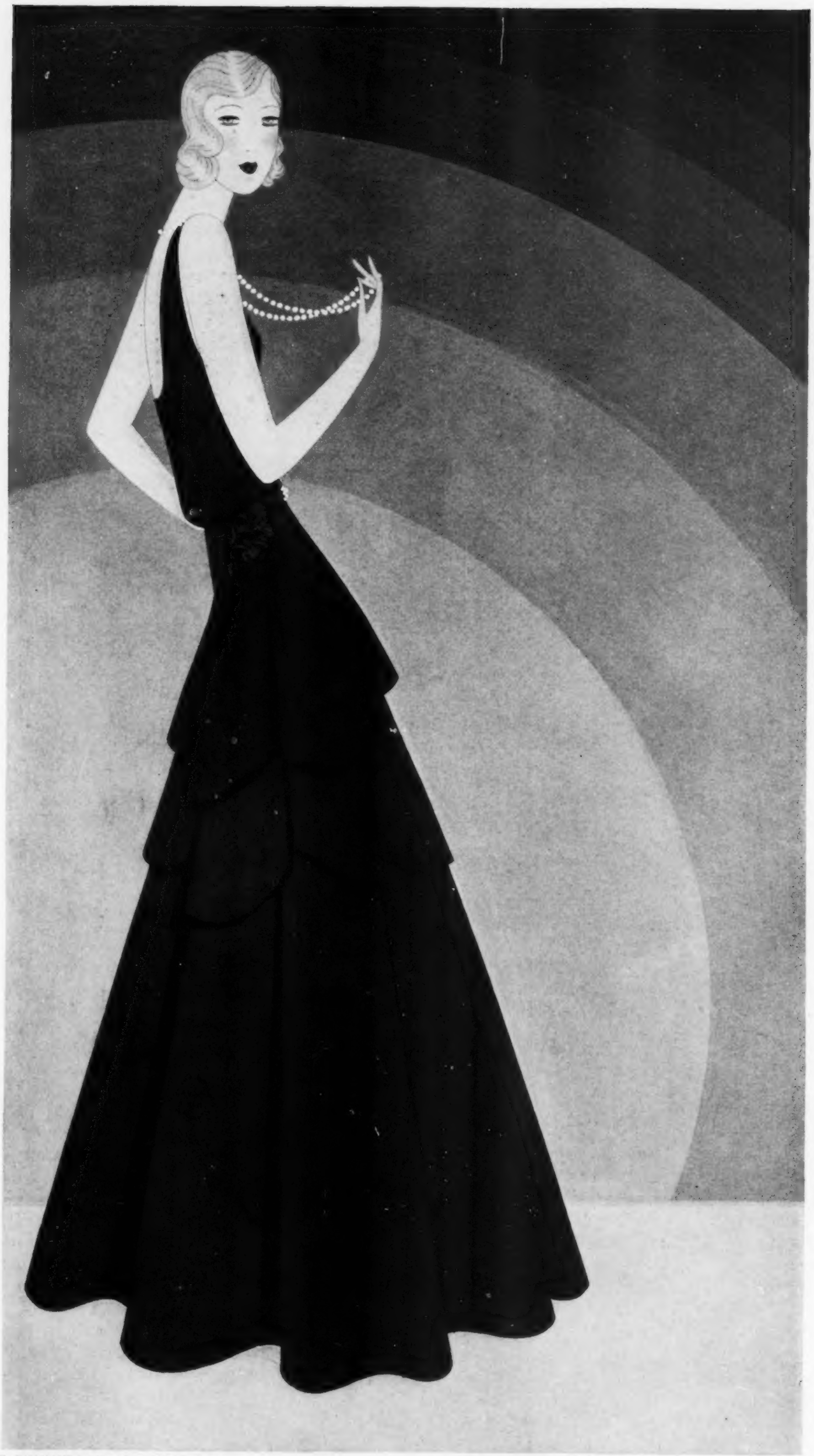
Tunic and basque effects are important this winter. Chéruit uses supple black moire for an afternoon frock with a circular skirt and a tunic top. A soft bow is run through a flap at the side back.

Black velveteen, trimmed with brown taguan, flying squirrel, makes this Chéruit afternoon suit. The big sabot cuff recalls the Louis XV. era. Under this is a gown of velvet and starched chiffon.

a lot of houses, including Chanel herself, have done it, in their own way, of course. Tie-backs lead to the bustle, as we all know; and there seems to be something about that centaur-like line that irresistibly attracts your Parisian designer. Since 1919, they have tried at least twice to bring back modified versions of this extraordinary style.

I asked my mother about the tie-back, because she wore it herself. "Wasn't it very inconvenient?" I demanded.

"Well," she answered, "it was not so bad as you might imagine. You see, you could lift it much more easily than a skirt that was full and long all round. The front was plain and smooth, and the cascade at the back was attached separately, so that you could take it in one hand, and bring it to the front. There was great art in arranging it prettily about the feet. Good dressmakers used elastic bands, while amateur ones usually had an arrangement of tapes to tie the back part into place. But it was very narrow, of course, and



LOUISEBOULANGER

The season's feeling for elaboration is expressed in this gown of a Bianchini lunasol, façonné with a large flower design, the whole waxed for stiffness. The skirt has oddly shaped flounces; and a belt of the material, cut wider in the back, is embroidered in dark green. Louiseboulanger.

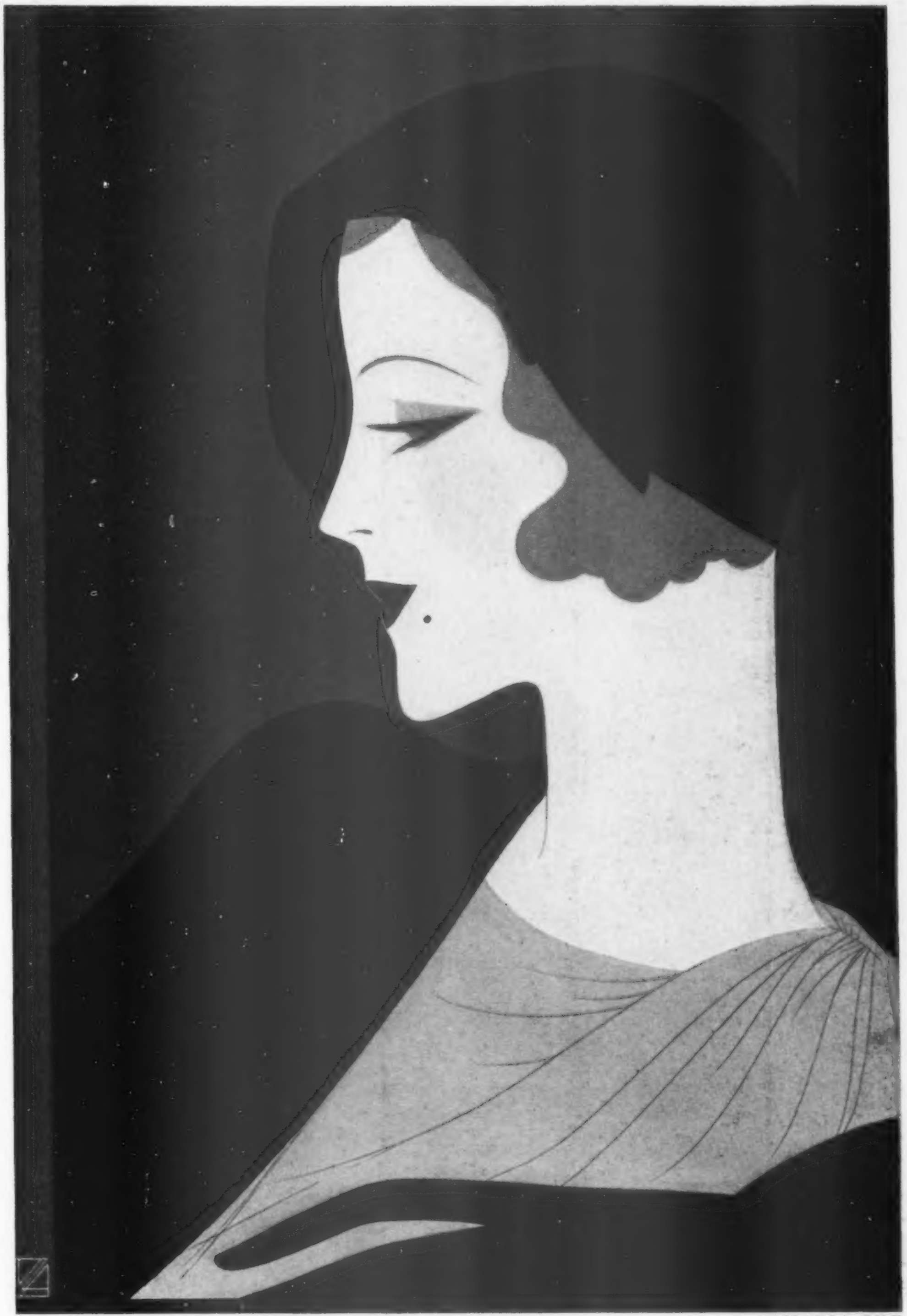
Drawings by Reynaldo Luza

THE NEW FITTED BELT THAT DROOPS TOWARD THE BACK

it was difficult to sit and rise gracefully."

Shall we all begin to take lessons in deportment, in order to wear the new gowns? Last winter's trained dresses proved conclusively that women have forgotten how to manage a trailing length of material. As a matter of fact, the trained evening gown is far less strongly represented in this winter's collections, and the ankle-length evening frock is coming into its own, though the skirt that just escapes the floor all round is the leader. There are really three evening lengths, just as there are three daytime lengths—morning, early afternoon, and late afternoon, or, as we say in America, "Sunday evening." Real playing skirts are shorter still. For morning the generally accepted length is thirty-five centimetres, though a few houses, among them Vionnet and Lanvin in certain models, prefer about thirty centimetres. For early afternoon, thirty centimetres from the floor, or slightly less, is the usual length, with ankle-length skirts for formal afternoon occasions.

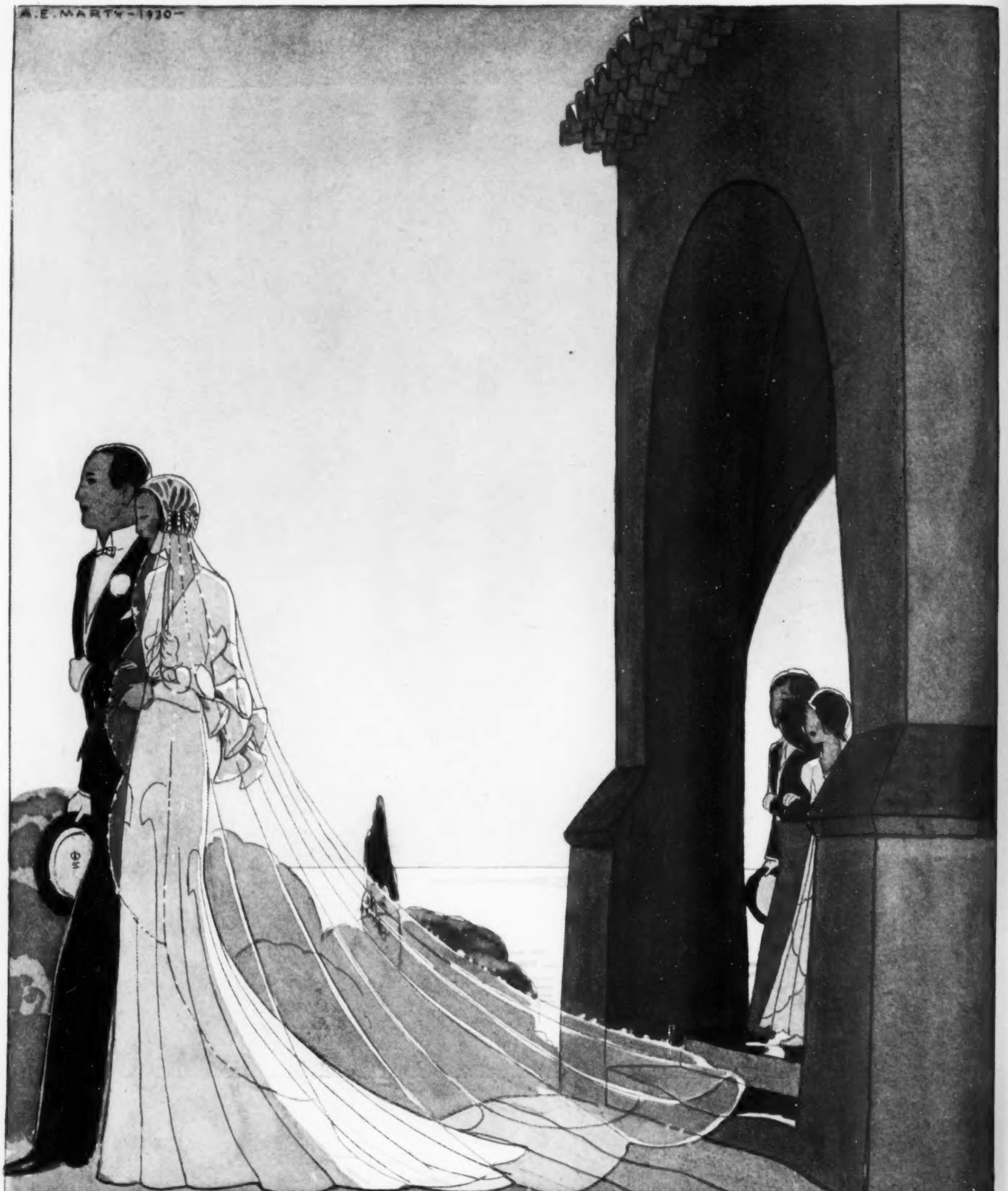
Last year at this time, we were highly exercised about *(Continued on page 73)*



MARIA GUY

AUTUMN'S FELTS RIVAL FABRICS IN PLIANCY

In Paris, this autumn, it is a rarity to see a brimmed hat. The majority are felts folded in clever softening lines to frame the face, the felt combined with velvet or some other material as trimming. For this double hat of fine black felt, Maria Guy derives her inspiration partly from the béret and partly from the American sailor's cap. The forehead band, instead of being across the eyes, runs round one side, and is becomingly decorated with a flat bow of velvet ribbon.

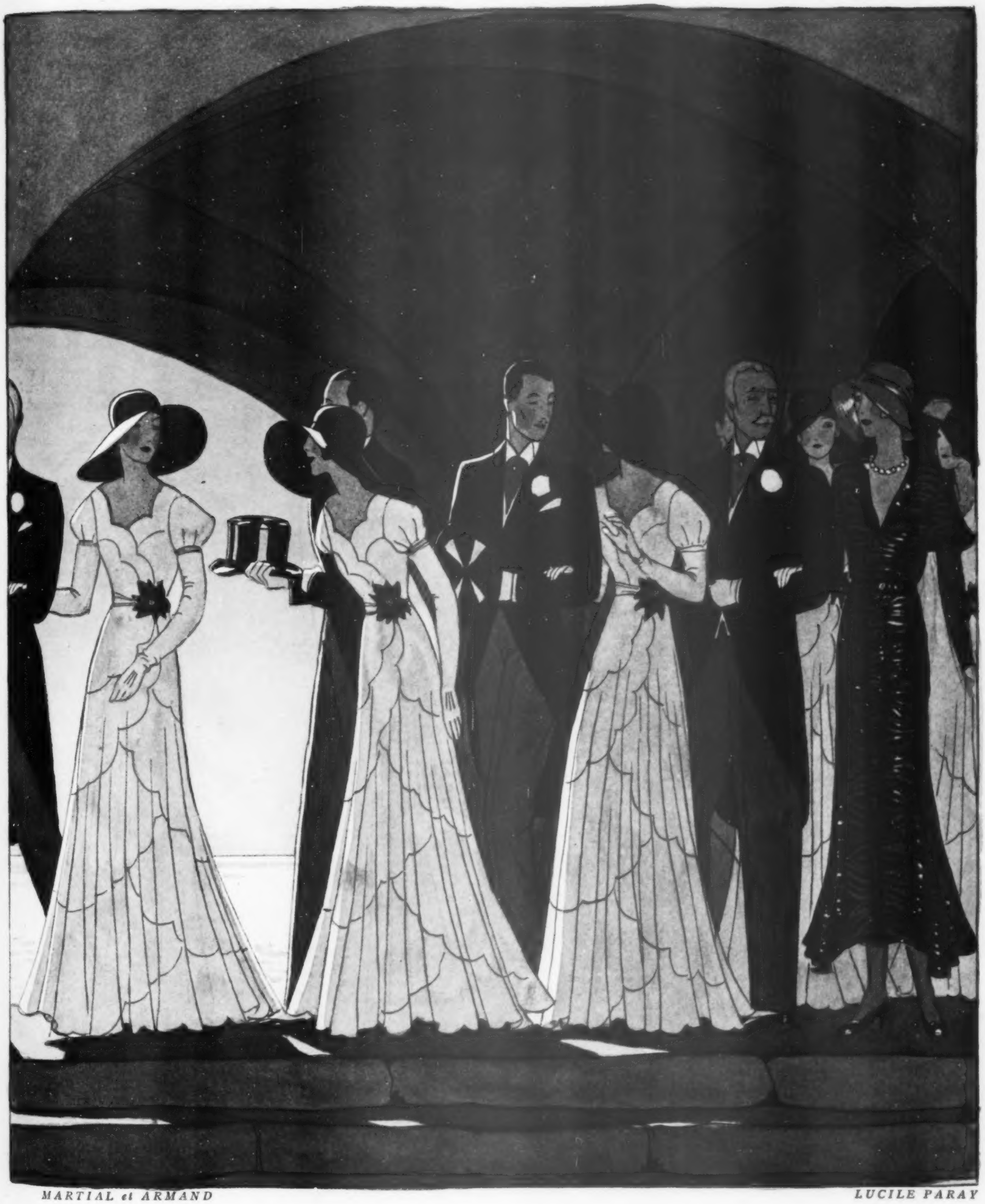


JENNY

Drawing by André Marty

AN AUTUMN WEDDING IN FRANCE

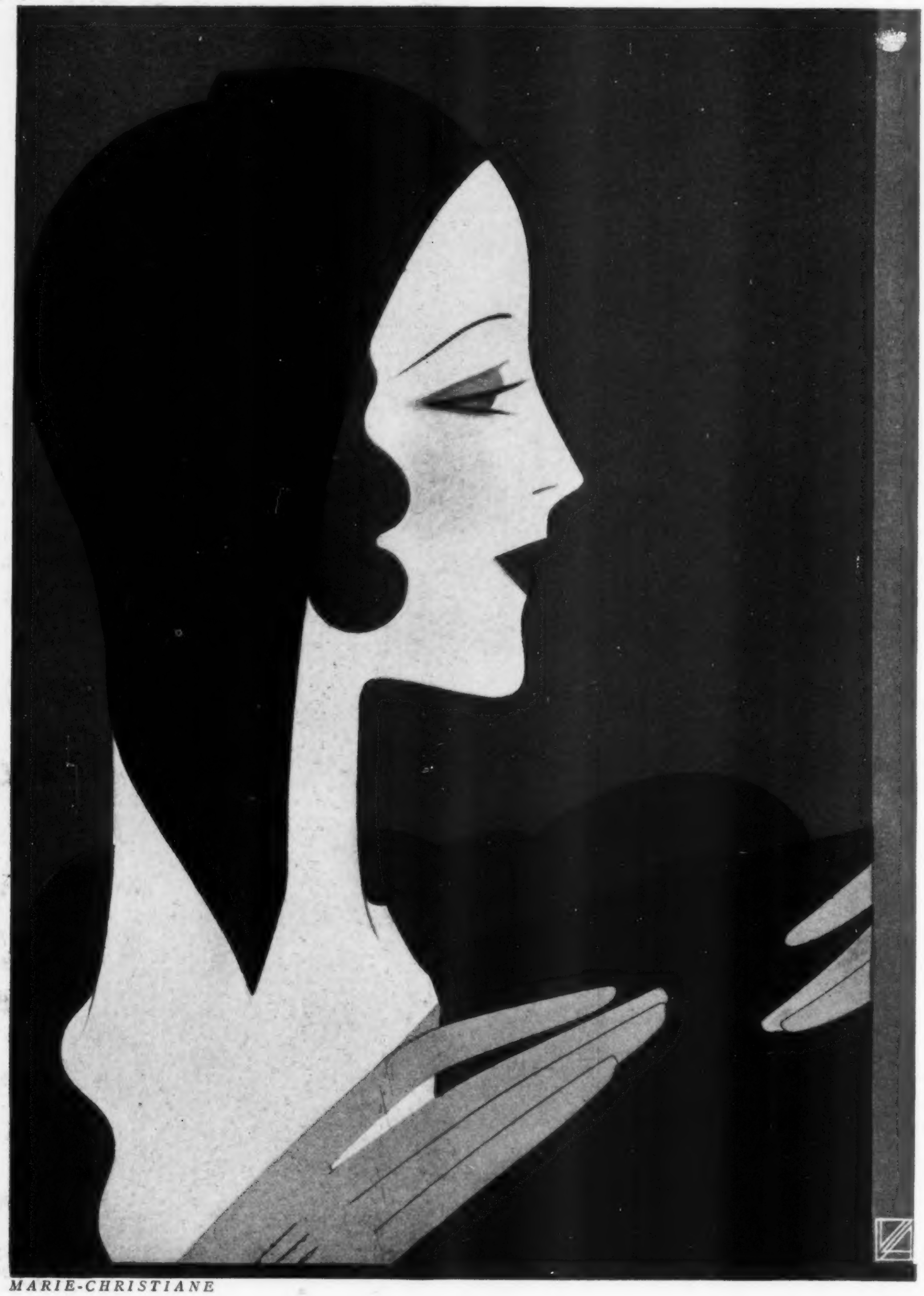
A white satin wedding-gown from Jenny has a skirt fitting over the hips with oddly shaped sections set on in a line that descends toward the back. They form a rounded train, cut into sections to match. The V décolleté has three soft bows at the tip. The marquisette veil, embroidered in lines of crystal, is held by crystal embroidery like a comb.



MARTIAL et ARMAND LUCILE PARAY

Martial et Armand dresses the bridesmaids in white gowns, made of poult de soie, an old-fashioned heavy silk, something like a dull faille. The entire gown is made in petal scalloped sections, very well shown in the drawing. At the side of the rather high waist is a rich red velvet flower. Plain black velvet hats, black slippers, and long gloves accompany the gowns.

The mother of the bride, who, in France, is part of the wedding procession, is dressed by Lucile Paray in one of the afternoon lamés that are such a feature of the winter collections. This one, most interestingly cut, is of a chiffon lamé in silver and black with a vague leaf pattern. Note that the groom is wearing evening dress, the classic dress of the French bridegroom.



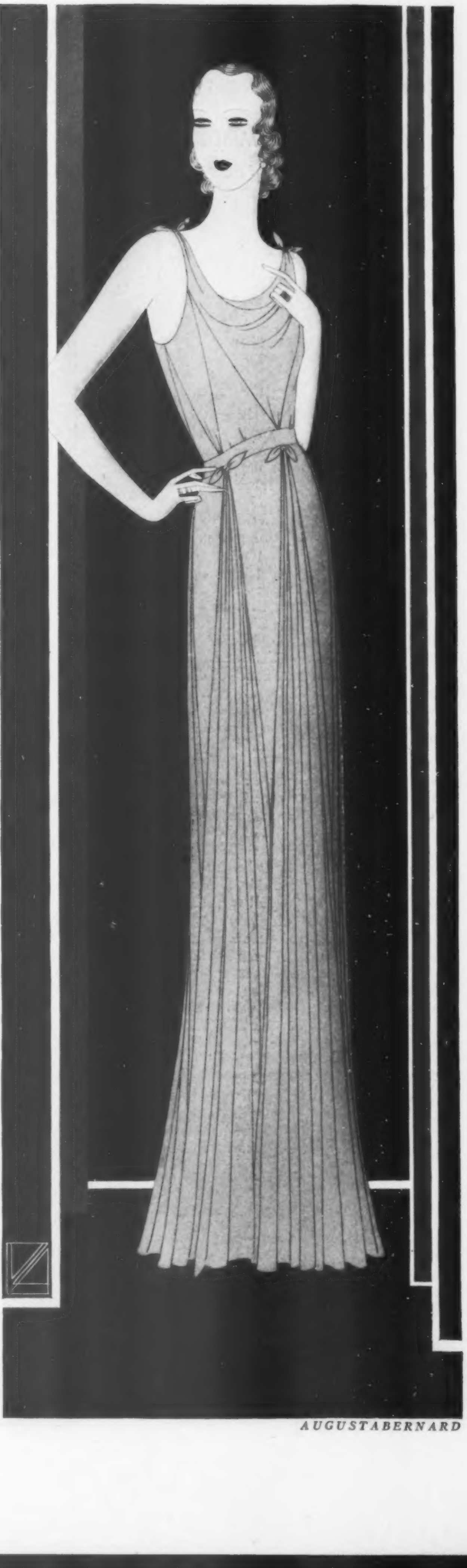
MARIE-CHRISTIANE

SUPPLE FELT INVITES A NOVEL MANIPULATION

A very thin, supple black felt is used for this asymmetric toque designed by Marie-Christiane. The felt is turned back over the forehead and finely plaited together, leaving a flat frill across the top of the head, which descends in a deep point on one side and a shallow point on the other. Marie-Christiane uses a great deal of felt this season, mostly in off-the-face hats, the felt manipulated as if it were a fabric. She uses both plain-surfaced and taupé felts.

Drawings by Reynaldo Luza

This lovely gown from Augustabernard is in pale apple-green triple georgette, which hangs in heavy classic folds. The cut is unusual, all in double triangles which meet at the waist and tie in little knots. A belt at the normal waistline droops slightly toward the back, in a new way.



AUGUSTABERNARD

GRECIAN SIMPLICITY IS ONE INTERPRETATION OF THE EVENING MODE

our waistlines; "highly" being the appropriate adjective. This year, some of the most important houses have definitely lowered them to just above the top of the hipbone. They say that they find this place most generally becoming. In consequence, we find a great falling off in the tuck-in blouse, that has also proved unbecoming to many figures. A short overblouse belted at the natural place, if you will, or slightly below it, takes the place of the tuck-in in many collections, except, perhaps, with the strictest of tailleurs. Schiaparelli solves the problem, for example, by tucking in the back and putting a bit of the blouse material below the belt and over the top of the skirt in front only.

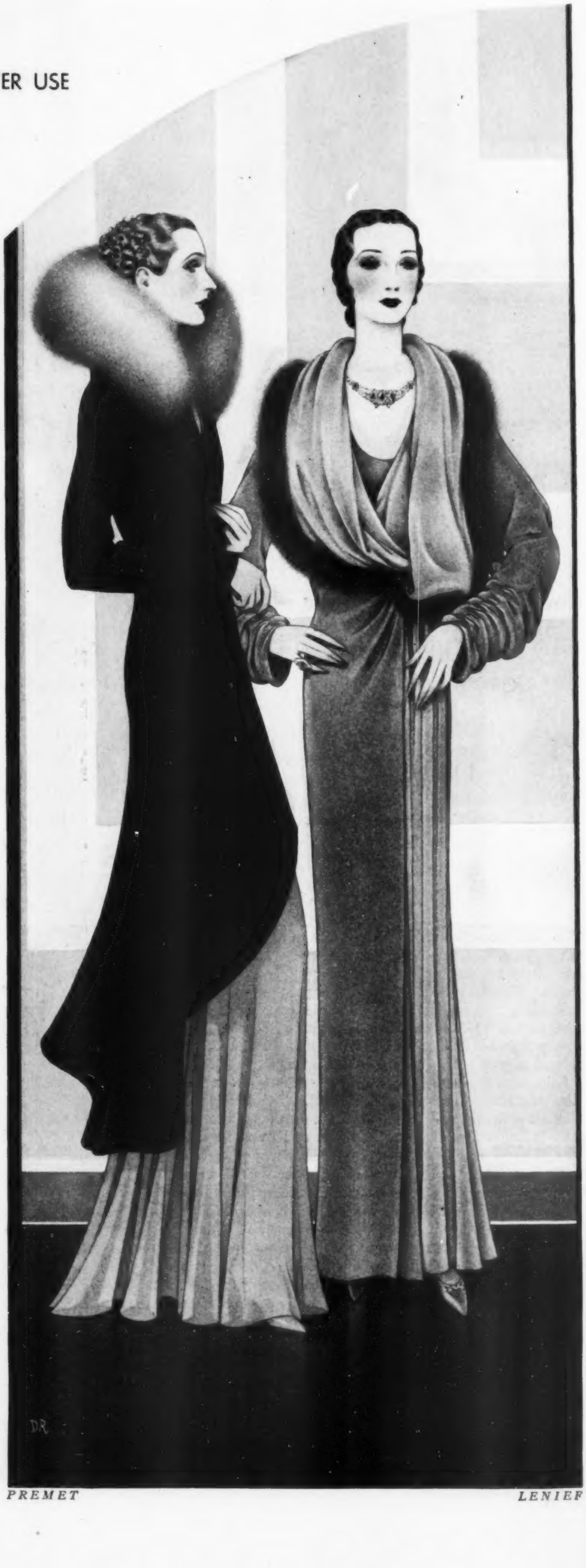
It is probably the reïntroduction of the overblouse that is responsible for the revival of the tunic that forms a conspicuous part of many collections, especially that of Patou. I asked you in the August number to watch for basque and tunic effects, and they have received all the attention that I predicted for them. Baron de Meyer has photographed the loveliest of Patou's on page 84, a model that is also remarkable for its revival of discreet embroidery, to the great joy of the industry. On page 67 is one of Madame Wormser's afternoon gowns that shows her adaptations of the tunic. Double skirts are found in almost every house, sometimes for morning, as at Chanel's; often for afternoon, and still oftener for evening. Frills are ubiquitous. There are triple frills on the Worth gown photographed by Baron de Meyer on page 90, and frills running up the back in a bustle line on the Chanel gown photographed on page 87. The

FORMAL EVENING WRAPS FOR WINTER USE

VELVETS RICHLY TRIMMED WITH FUR

Redfern model shows the basque on a black velvet gown outlined with fur. Chanel has also used it on several models; so has Lelong, one in large-patterned heavy fawn and blue brocade with brown fur, and one in black crêpe with ermine. Lelong's newest way of elaborating a skirt, by drapery at the sides in cowl-like lines, is shown also in Baron de Meyer's photograph on page 88. His Molyneux photograph illustrates this designer's emphatic revival of the Empire waistline, as well as the off-the-shoulder bertha. Chanel, among others, has also used these berthas, while Worth, as you see, prefers his fichu in velvet with its artless little bunch of flowers in the front.

While waistlines for the morning are returning to the top of the hip-bone, for afternoon they are not so decided. Sometimes they are kept at the so-called natural place, sometimes forgotten altogether (in some princess models), and sometimes raised considerably above the natural line. Vionnet does this in a series of gowns with light bodices and dark skirts of satin, the bodice very short, indeed, and usually surplice and tied over to one side, sometimes with long light ends that fall to the hem. These gowns are worn with very short fur boleros. I shall talk about them later. In the evening, the waistline wanders about at its own sweet will. Molyneux plunges definitely for the Empire line, sometimes in a round baby-waist, with the skirt shirred on below it, sometimes with a high belt, sometimes in a short bolero crossed high in the back and tied. His excellent idea of a short tunic, flat in front, rather Greek in inspiration, belted on a high line, and left straight and unbelted in the back, looks like a life-saver for heavier figures. Besides his Empire gowns, he has a series that is

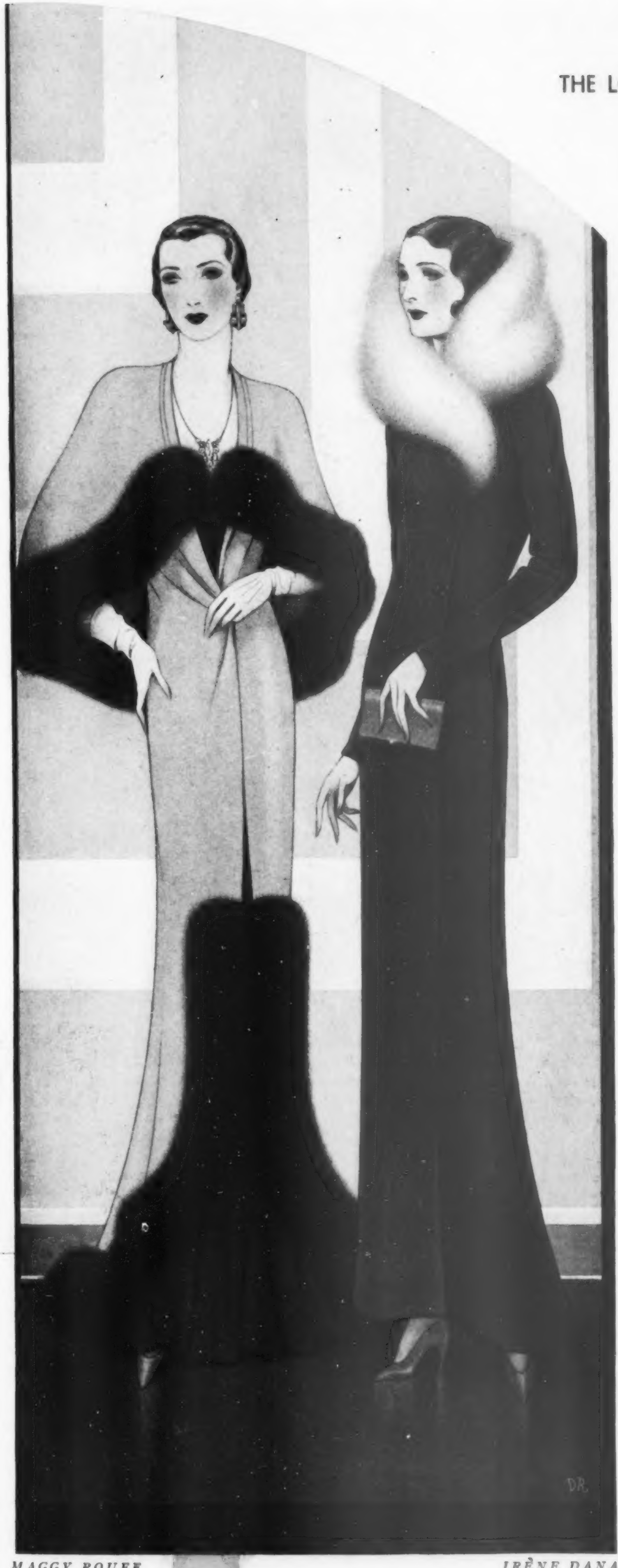


PREMET *LENIEF*

Ruby red Lyons velvet makes the three-quarter length evening wrap that flares at the sides and dips in the back, designed by Premet. The sleeves have folded bands at the elbows, a favourite treatment this year. Blue fox collar.

This robe-like evening wrap from Lenief is made of burnt-orange silk velvet combined with light orange silk velvet, which makes the scarf and collar. This is bordered with taguan, or flying squirrel, the colour of Hudson Bay sable.

THE LONG WRAP HAS RE-ESTABLISHED ITS PLACE IN THE EVENING MODE



MAGGY ROUFF *IRÈNE DANA*

more 1815 than 1830, with short round waists and straight skirts, ankle-length, with decorated hems, and sometimes an addition of little puffed sleeves. They are just like illustrations in Jane Austen.

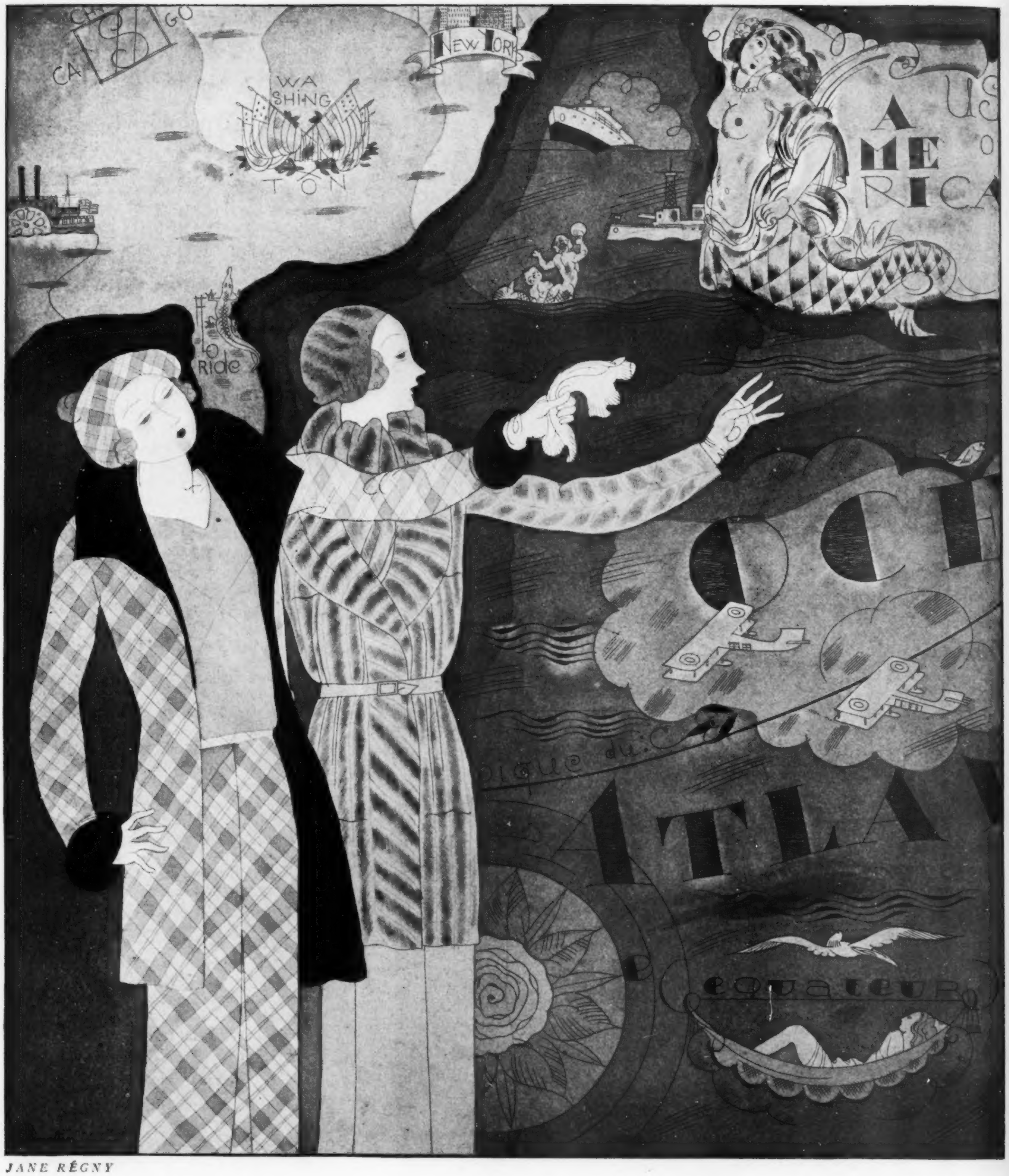
Other designers have offered models with long medieval-looking corsages, sometimes with abrupt little peplums over the hips, as done by Chanel, Redfern and Lelong, sometimes with a turn-under puff halfway to the knee as in the Lanvin model on page 86. Others will not admit any waistline at all, as illustrated in the lovely velvet model from Vionnet drawn by Bénigni on page 64. On page 68 Luza has drawn Louiseboulanger's most striking evening gown, in a broché lunasol waxed to give it still further brilliance. This has a skirt in oddly shaped flounces, but its important feature is its belt, cut narrow in the front, and wider in the back, and fitted to the figure on a line that droops to the back in a very becoming way. We may easily see more of this drooped and fitted waist belt. Something of the same effect is given by the Augustabernard gown on page 73, in which Madame Bernard has found an entirely new way of complicating a skirt.

I must remember, before leaving the subject of evening dress, to mention Patou's revival of the skirt that is pulled up in the front instead of in the back, in a fashion that we loved in 1912, and his rather audacious return to the skirt that is shorter in the front and longer in the back, one of the prettiest lines that the mind of couturier ever invented, and an idea that belongs exclusively to our own epoch, as Madame Vionnet pointed out to me some time ago. Probably Patou thinks it is too pretty to die.

Evening wraps have interested us profoundly in recent months, and designers are offering many *(Continued on page 78)*

Maggy Rouff makes a silk ottoman wrap in pale turquoise blue, a colour favoured for evening this winter. It is deeply bordered with black fox, and, worn over a black dress, which shows a little in the front, makes a pleasing ensemble.

An interesting evening coat of rose-red velveteen, from Irène Dana, is made on almost daytime lines, with an inspiration from the men's redingotes of 1830 that is interesting in this centenary year. The huge collar is white fox.



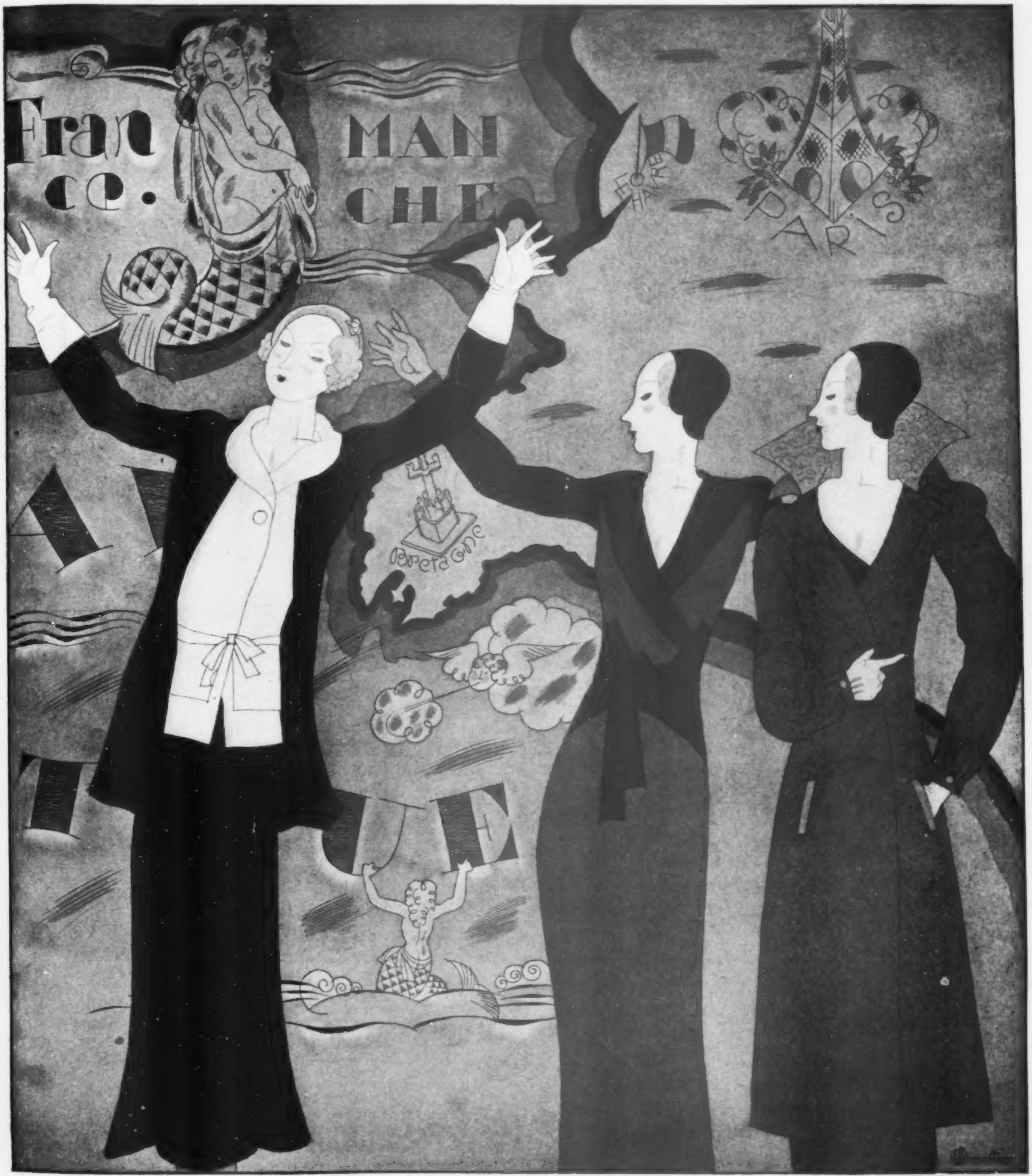
JANE RÉGNY

THE PLAID SUIT

THE SHORT FUR COAT

Jane Régny uses plaids extensively for morning and travel. A close-woven jersey in a chocolate brown, with a line plaid in pale blue, makes this suit. The jacket buttons up the front and is lined with beige shaved rabbit, which also makes a collar. The blouse is in pale blue wool jersey, fine and close.

The short fur coat is ubiquitous this year. This one is made of weasel that looks very much like brown summer ermine. The belt is leather with a brown wooden buckle. A scarf of the fur is worn inside the jacket. A dark green woollen material, like serge, makes the skirt. The blouse is beige. Jane Régny.



SCHIAPARELLI

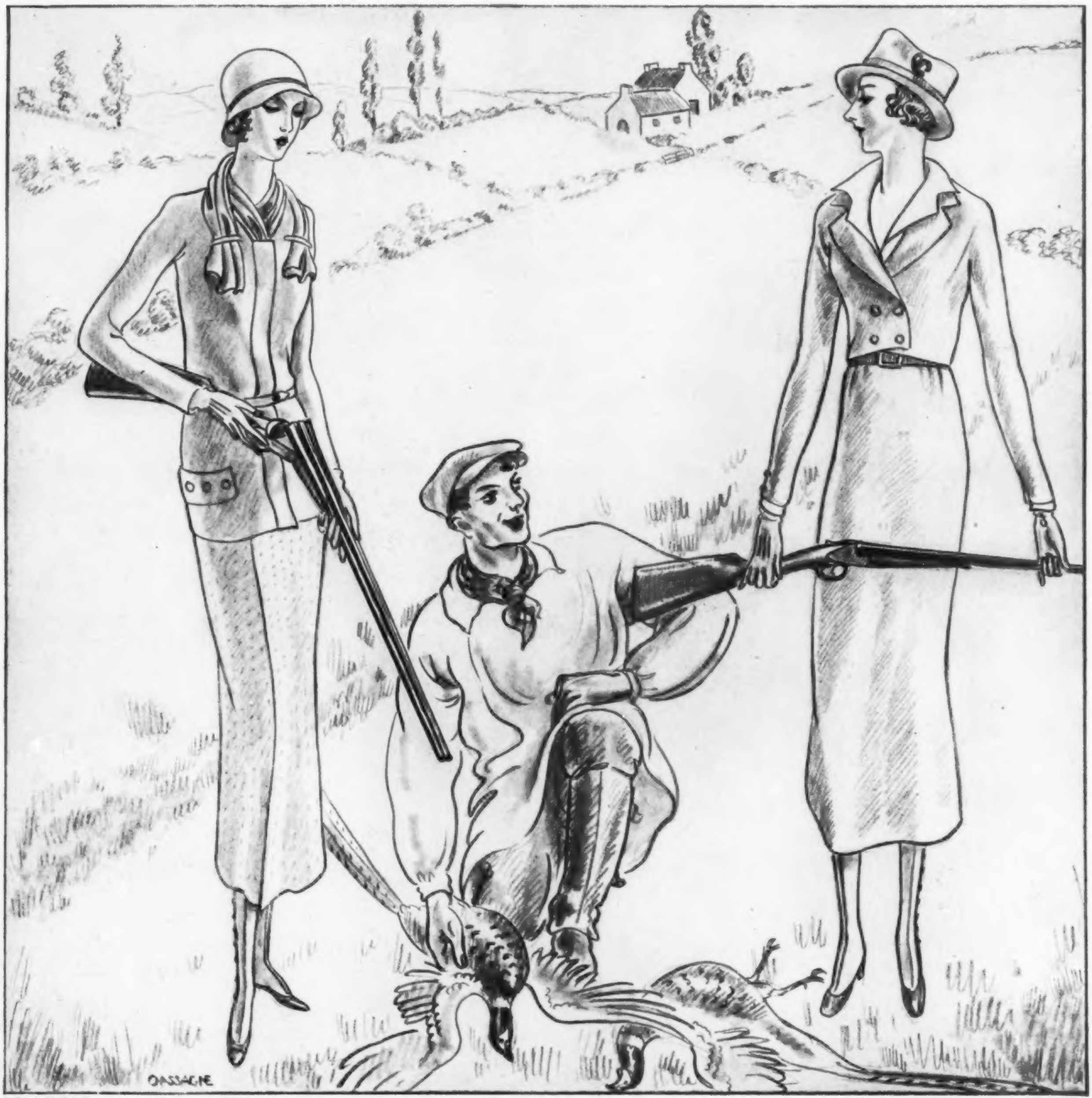
Drawn by Charles Martin

One of Schiaparelli's outstanding suits is in black cheviot, with a short jacket and a skirt that hangs straight, with pin-tucks at the hem. The vest-blouse, a new note of the season, is white antelope with a tie belt of the same, one button, and a shawl collar worn outside the jacket. White antelope gloves.

For travel Schiaparelli uses heavy black herring-bone tweed in a suit with a three-quarter coat, slightly fitted, with a standing collar of white shaved lamb. The dress is lighter-weight black serge with black crêpe de Chine used for sleeves, set-in surplice, and a cleverly set-in section at the waist.

THE ANTELOPE WAISTCOAT

THE HERRING-BONE TWEED COAT



CHANTAL

MIRANDE

THE LEATHER JACKET

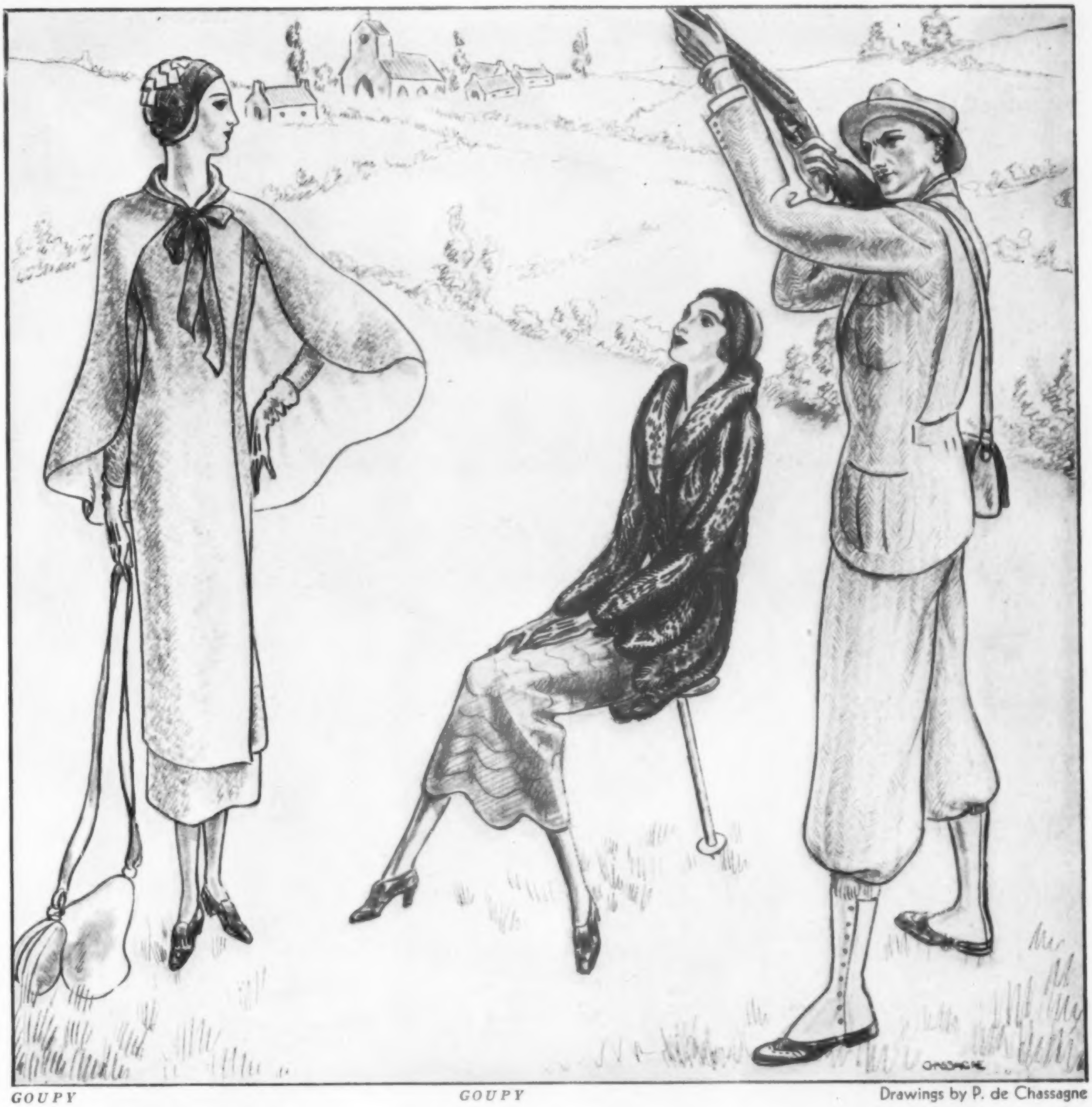
For the country Chantal shows a supple green leather jacket of military suggestion. The prominent pockets have buttoned flaps. The frock of green and yellow speckled tweed, closely woven, has an attached scarf, worn outside the jacket as in the drawing, or, when the jacket is removed, tied in the back.

THE TWEED BOLERO

A Mirande jersey in a closely woven brown and beige mixture, resembling tweed, makes this costume. The short, four-button jacket runs up in the front, showing the brown leather belt and a glimpse of the white piqué blouse underneath it. Turn-over revers and narrow cuffs of the white piqué also show.

of them. This year's models are very gorgeous. So long, so lavishly furred, made of such rich materials, velvet or marvellous lamés, that it seems highly probable that the fashion of an evening wrap for every gown, possible when they were short and simple, will be superseded by one or more handsome garments that will be worn over a number of different gowns. It is an ample budget, indeed, that can afford for every dress an evening coat of the importance of those so beautifully drawn by Dynevor Rhys on pages 74 and 75. We shall have to watch our colour schemes more carefully, that is all. The short paletot has not entirely disappeared. Some houses continue to make it, while some of Patou's loveliest evening ensembles are composed of a long gown and a short, rather widely cut jacket of the same material, bordered all round with a band of sable or marten. The three-quarter wrap, illustrated in the flared model from Premet on page 74, is a favourite with many designers, including Lelong, though he, too, finds that certain gowns demand long evening wraps.

New is the wrap on robe-like lines, illustrated in the model from Lenief S. A.; and the redingote inspiration from Irène Dana on page 75, cut slim, on the lines of some of the slender new gowns. I think these four models tell the story of the long evening



GOUPY *GOUPY* Drawings by P. de Chassagne

THE RUSSIAN-BLOUSE COAT

A Russian-blouse coat by Goupy is made in a new Russian fur, berenwiski, which has a handsome mottled effect of light and dark yellow-brown and white. It is worked in sections, rounded at the edge. Leather belt. The light-weight woollen frock is stitched in scalloped lines, following the coat hemline.

THE FUR-LINED CAPE

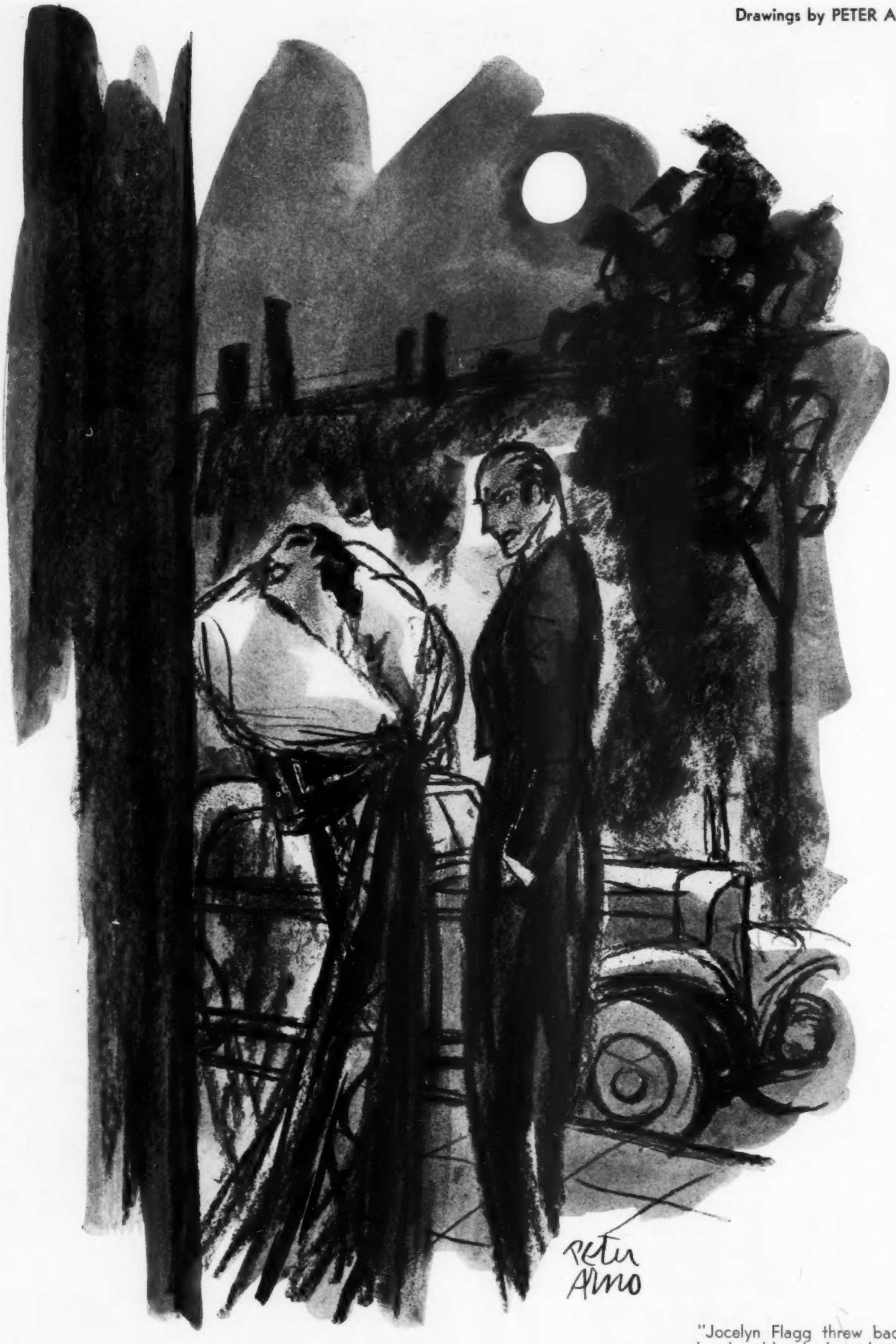
Excellent for country wear is this coat from Goupy in a brown and white speckled tweed, closely woven. The coat is seven-eighths length, and has a cape lined with white chevrette. A frock of the same material, worn underneath, has white satin collar and gauntlet cuffs. The cap is brown and white fur.

wrap very completely. Velvet is the favourite material, though splendid lamés have come back as well. Unusual shades of red, dahlia, mulberry, ruby, currant, American Beauty, rose, are favourite colours. They look equally well with white, black, or a pale shade of pink, and these three colours are still leading evening favourites.

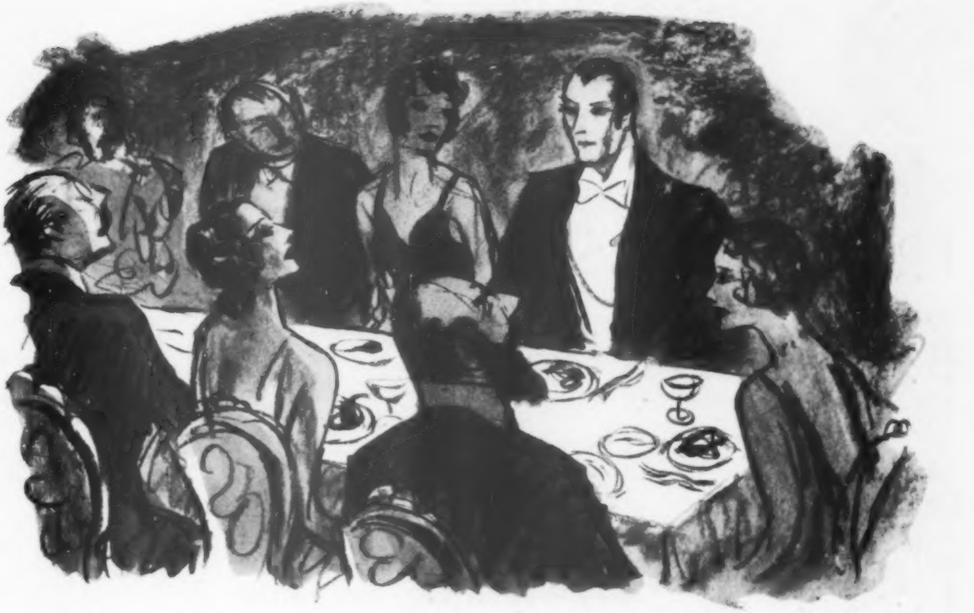
As to evening colours, after black, white and pale pink, the latter a favourite with both Chanel and Vionnet, the designers divide their attention between dark colours and pale ones. At some houses there is more black than anything else, as at Patou's and Worth's; at others, such as Vionnet's, there is much less of it. Pale greens and pale blues, with a special feeling for faint turquoise and aquamarine, appear in many houses. There is often a note of Parma violet and sometimes of strong red and scarlet. Brown, dark green, midnight or dark sapphire blue, are the favourite dark colours, with here and there some of the wine reds that appear more frequently for daytime. A little pale grey is also seen among the evening models, with here and there a creamy or fawn-coloured model, often in lace. The palette, as you see, is a full one.

Among evening materials, there is a *(Continued on page 176)*

Drawings by PETER ARNO



"Jocelyn Flagg threw back her head and laughed—at herself, at Tony, at them all. A sullen expression settled over his beautiful face. He didn't like being laughed at. But she couldn't stop now."



"Mrs. Flagg grew conscious of a long, intent look. Tony was looking at her. He looked gravely, speculatively, across the lustre of silver and crystal."

ALL EXPENSES PAID

This Woman of the World wasn't really Hard. She liked to think Life was just Amusing—Fantastically Amusing

by MARYSE RUTLEDGE

JOCELYN FLAGG wondered if that wasn't Betty Dalgrim in the doorway, waiting for a table among the shift and hum of the Ritz Bar. At that crowded hour before luncheon all the women, fresh from their couturières, looked something alike. But there was a long, bony smartness to this woman which gave Mrs. Flagg the odd thrill of having bridged years. She was not sure, however, that she cared to test a relationship, once so intimate, on the uncertain ground of chance encounter in Paris where she was now rather questionably at home. And she was not at all sure that Mrs. Peter Dalgrim would be glad to see her.

Yet she wasn't in the habit of slipping out of places to avoid people; did they wish to avoid her, they could do the slipping. Besides, Mickey had half promised to meet her here. It had amused her to appoint a Ritz setting for the final break with a man who had once been very much in love with her and still pretended to be. As to her own emotions in a situation which had labelled her as indiscreet, to say the least, she had no further romantic illusions. She was fed up. Through.

She sat on at her table, a slim accent of elegance in colours of spring enhancing the dark sweep of brows over the oblique set of dusky velvet eyes, rich tints of skin, of lips. "*La belle* Madame Flagg!"

The other woman turned her head. No one but Betty could carry a nose like that with such successful arrogance. She had time to prepare for the warmth of recognition which swept her old friend's face as Betty came forward to her table.

"Why, Jocelyn—my *dear*, I haven't seen you for ages. Where have you hidden yourself?"

"Hello, Betty. I thought it was you. Do sit down." The casual brightness of her manner covered an absurd flutter of heart. After all, it was good to talk to one's own kind.

Over the inevitable Ritz champagne cocktails she explained that she hadn't precisely hidden anywhere. She'd just been living in Paris since her last divorce.

Betty took this rather significantly without comment. "I asked my sister if she'd seen you anywhere. You remember Natica, don't you?" she went on, her pale blue eyes wandering over surrounding heads. "She married a Frenchman, George de Lanzac. I came over to visit them."

Mrs. Flagg, highly tuned to inflections, caught an undertone of—was it embarrassment? "We haven't happened to meet, but I remember her, of course," she answered with careful indifference. She'd never liked Natica. Beastly snob. What must she be now that she'd married one of the few reputable titles! "Is she happy?" she asked, more to sustain a conversation that threatened to lag. Betty's vague reply dropped the subject.

Jocelyn Flagg felt inclined to volunteer, in a voice grown slightly hard, "She got what she wanted, anyway. Perhaps you heard how rottenly Dick acted. After he left me I didn't care much what happened."

"I know," said Betty, as if she didn't wish to know more. With one of her brusque movements she turned suddenly to her friend, who had gallantly recovered a surface radiance. "Look here, Jocelyn, I've got to run along now. Promised to lunch with some people. But I wonder if you'd come out to the Château with me tomorrow for the week-end. Natica said I could bring anyone I wanted."

Colour surged to the smooth oval of Mrs. Flagg's cheeks. She wasn't accepting any invitations delivered in a spirit of charity. But there was no hint of protectiveness in Mrs. Dalgrim's expression as she flattened her cigarette end in her saucer and rose to her rangy height. She stood there drawing on her gloves, looking down at the younger woman.

"I'd love to," (*Continued on page 162*)

by GRACE WILLIAMSON WILLETT

FROM COAST TO COAST BY AIRPLANE

Ninety Miles an Hour—but Unafraid! For Women are Flying Everywhere—to Shop, to Visit, to Feel the Thrill of Modern Travel

CALIFORNIA was one of the few places I had never visited. My husband and I dislike long journeys by rail and for several years we have said, laughingly, to each other: "Yes, we'll go to California when we can fly there." When the T.A.T. inaugurated a coast-to-coast service that combined flying by day and sleeping in a comfortable rail Pullman at night, we immediately booked a round-trip passage from New York to Los Angeles.

We caught our first glimpse of the type of airplane in which we were to fly just before we boarded the Airways Limited at 6:05 for the first leg of our journey by rail. We were only two among nine hundred visitors that day who intimately inspected the airplane which was placed on exhibition after Colonel Lindbergh completed the inaugural coast-to-coast flight. All about us we heard the admiring comments of airplane fans.

"It's all aluminum inside and out. My new aluminum dish-pan isn't very big and it cost a dollar and a half. They must have paid fifty or sixty thousand for this," said a housewife.

"The seats are real comfortable. The passengers have lots of room," added her companion. "Looks like a cabin on a yacht. Cute little curtains at the windows, too."

"Look here, Gus. They even have a lavatory with running water. What do you know about that!"

I have watched crowds gather about the prehistoric monsters in the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh and marvel at the armoured lizards with giraffe necks and the clumsy dinosaurs. Here in the Pennsylvania Station was a gigantic creature of the present that thrilled us with its beauty, an aluminum bird poised for a sky flight, majestic in its perfect proportions, powerful in the vast extent of its great wings.

The overnight rail trip from New York to Columbus is cool and comfortable even in midsummer, for the route lies through the mountains. A slight mist turned a long bridge near Trenton into a Whistler etching and transformed familiar trees into fantastic alabaster hillocks.

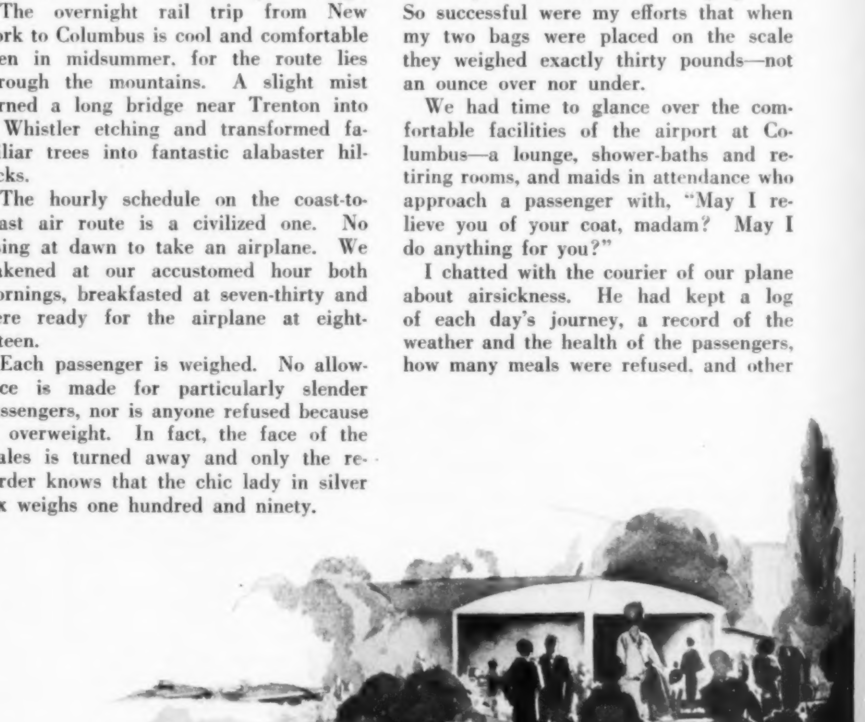
The hourly schedule on the coast-to-coast air route is a civilized one. No rising at dawn to take an airplane. We wakened at our accustomed hour both mornings, breakfasted at seven-thirty and were ready for the airplane at eight-fifteen.

Each passenger is weighed. No allowance is made for particularly slender passengers, nor is anyone refused because of overweight. In fact, the face of the scales is turned away and only the recorder knows that the chic lady in silver fox weighs one hundred and ninety.

Every passenger is allowed thirty pounds of baggage. I, who believe that the time is coming when women will fly all over the United States visiting their friends and shopping in the centres of fashion, had experimented for weeks with my luggage. I wished to include within the thirty pounds a complete wardrobe, from sports clothes to evening gowns. So successful were my efforts that when my two bags were placed on the scale they weighed exactly thirty pounds—not an ounce over nor under.

We had time to glance over the comfortable facilities of the airport at Columbus—a lounge, shower-baths and retiring rooms, and maids in attendance who approach a passenger with, "May I relieve you of your coat, madam? May I do anything for you?"

I chatted with the courier of our plane about airsickness. He had kept a log of each day's journey, a record of the weather and the health of the passengers, how many meals were refused, and other



Drawings by **WILL HOLLINGSWORTH**

enlightening details. He told me that only fifteen out of one hundred and forty-nine of his passengers had been airsick—a smaller proportion, I believe, than among those who travel by sea. This already small number will shrink still lower as people learn how to travel by air; to avoid all worry; to omit the midday meal if necessary, and to drink very little liquid. In these days of reducing, a woman regards it as a happy privilege to go without a meal.

A gay and curious crowd of people had assembled to watch the airplane depart. Within a few years, in the various attractive gardens of the airports, society will be giving "airplane breakfasts" and "airplane teas" for friends on transcontinental journeys or in the course of their round-the-world flights.

A boy on a bicycle arrived with a corsage for a passenger. A frail old lady clinging to the arm of a younger woman said, as I passed down the covered way to the airplane: "Oh, I wish I were going." Her wistful eyes were the last thing I saw as I stepped into the airplane.

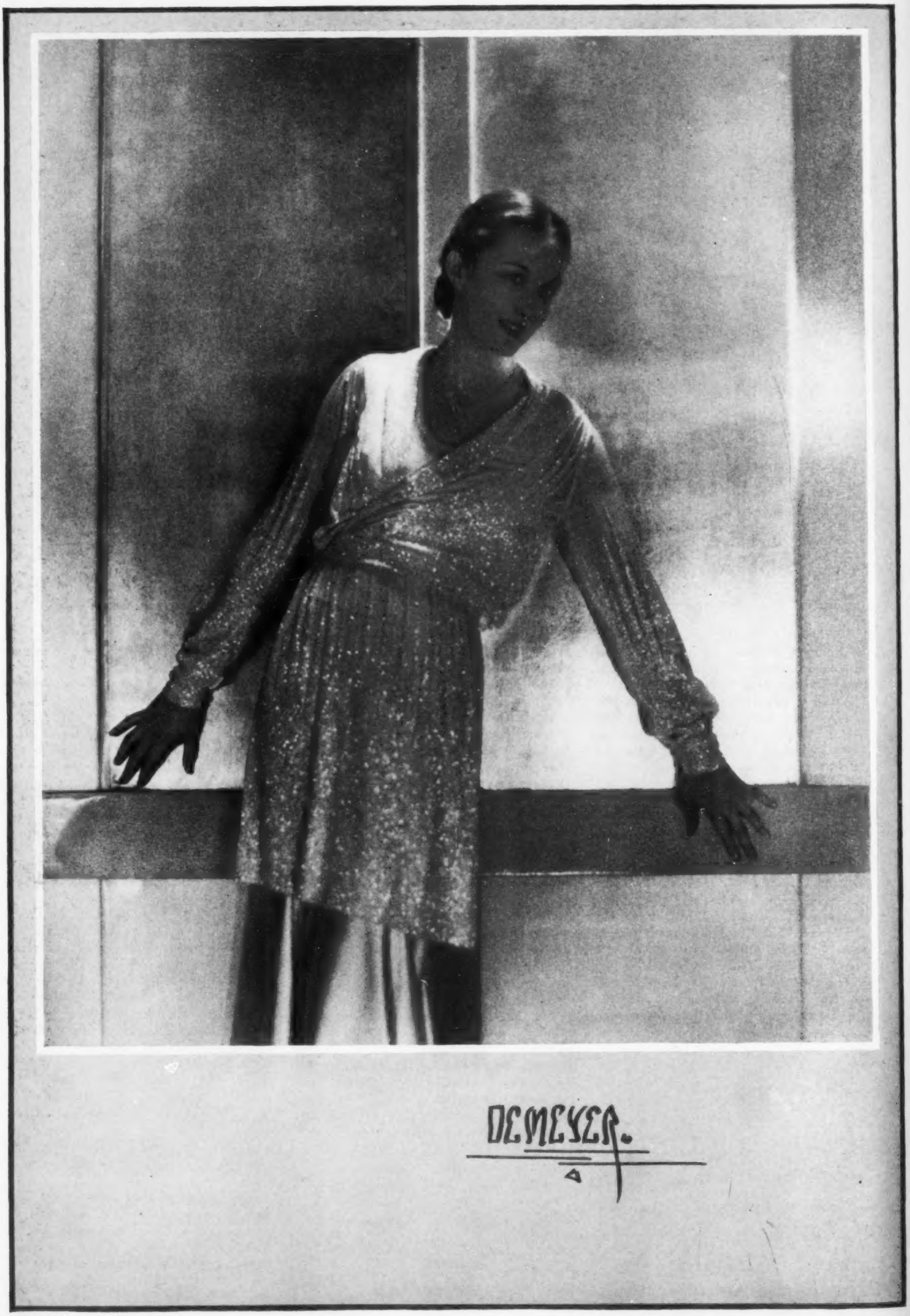
The pilots tried out the engines, sending out tremendous bursts of air and noise from the tail of the plane, impressing us with the immense reserves of power in the three Wasp engines. However, this is the only portion of the trip where the airplane "shows off." When it is high in the air it conducts itself like a quiet, well-bred person moving unobtrusively about its business. The passengers in place, the door was closed, and the airplane rolled down the runway for its take-off. The moment of actually leaving the ground is always inspiring, no matter how many times one has had the experience. I always feel that the wings of the airplane are sprouting from my shoulders and that it is I—not the airplane—who am spreading wings and flying.

My last impression, as the airplane mounted rapidly, was of the wistful eyes of the frail old lady who longed to fly; then the spire of one of the most beautiful buildings in the United States, the American Insurance Union; then little lakes, glacial-blue-green in the morning sunshine—and we were on our way.

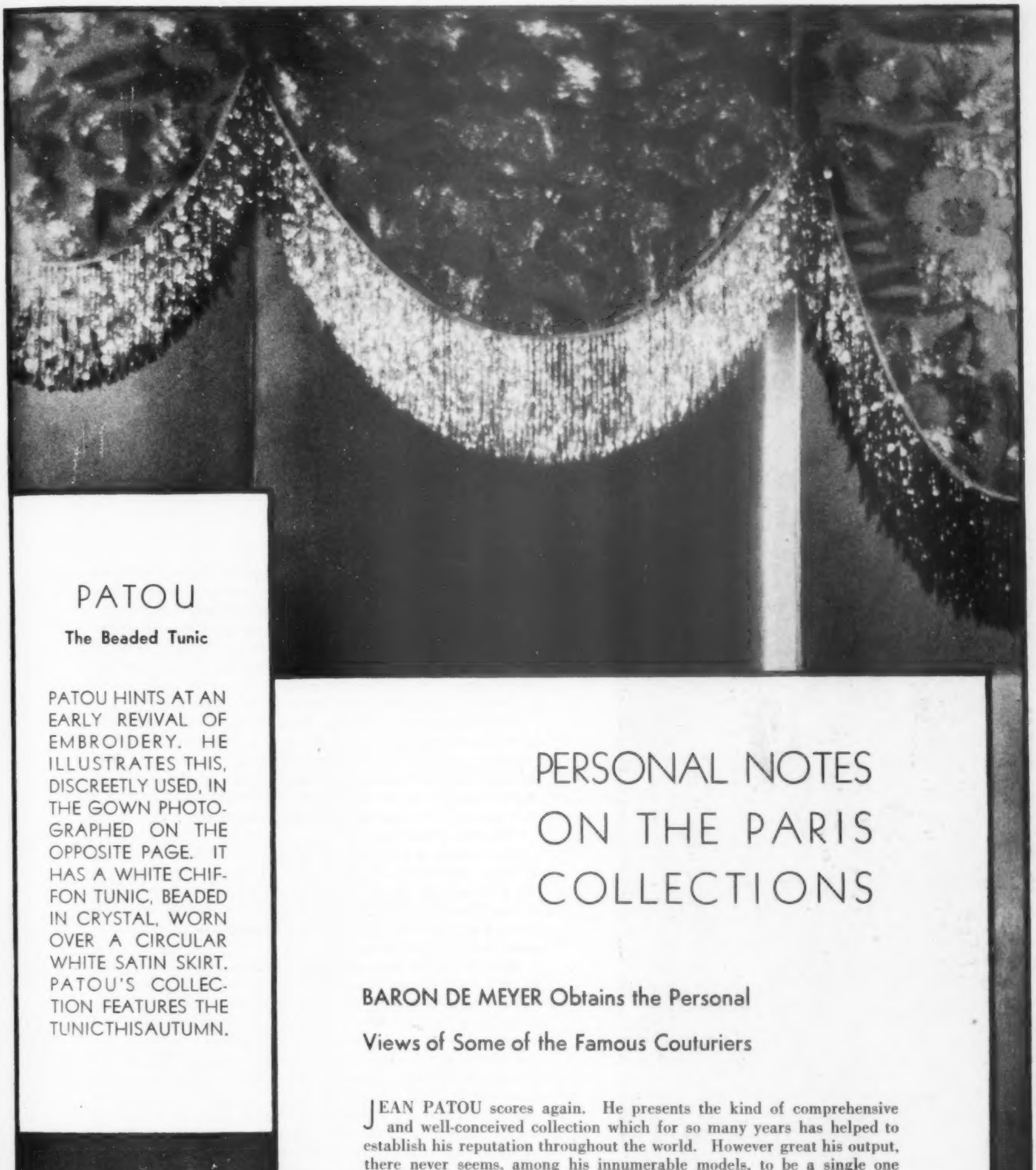
I have flown many times over country estates in England and France, over the farm lands of Denmark, North Germany and Holland, and down the fertile Danube valley from Budapest to Vienna. I enjoy the great variety of landscape which I see in so short a time. I have complained that distances in America are too vast. I can complain no longer. Air travel eliminates distance. Rural loveliness, the mysterious beauty of the desert, the grandeur of mountain ranges, all are kaleidoscoped within the vision of forty-eight hours. The flight from Columbus to Los Angeles transforms a casual traveller into an ardent patriot.

I have always marvelled at the orderliness of European life which finds expression in hedge-enclosed fields and clearly marked rural possessions. To my surprise, the view from our American airplane revealed a degree of cultivation in farmlands from Ohio to Oklahoma which equalled anything I have seen in Europe. All of this area is laid out in sections. Each section appears to be of a different colour—red, green, yellow—and is bordered with trees or a hedge, or is plowed in a different design from the adjacent section. Therefore, the landscape presents as geometrical a pattern as a checkerboard or as Grandma's old patchwork quilt.

The marks of the plow on the fields are like the marks of a sculptor's tool on marble—not machine-made but the personal expression of an individual. Trees, rivers, (*Continued on page 132*)



PATOU



PATOU

The Beaded Tunic

PATOU HINTS AT AN EARLY REVIVAL OF EMBROIDERY. HE ILLUSTRATES THIS, DISCREETLY USED, IN THE GOWN PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. IT HAS A WHITE CHIFFON TUNIC, BEADED IN CRYSTAL, WORN OVER A CIRCULAR WHITE SATIN SKIRT. PATOU'S COLLECTION FEATURES THE TUNIC THIS AUTUMN.

PERSONAL NOTES ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

BARON DE MEYER Obtains the Personal Views of Some of the Famous Couturiers

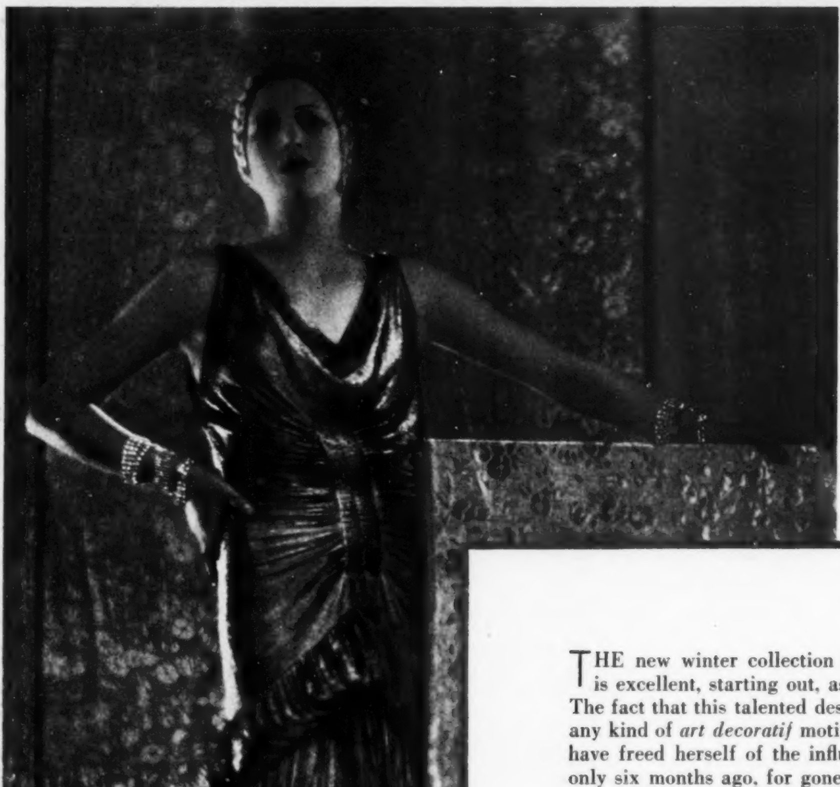
JEAN PATOU scores again. He presents the kind of comprehensive and well-conceived collection which for so many years has helped to establish his reputation throughout the world. However great his output, there never seems, among his innumerable models, to be a single one which might not serve as an example of what is best in contemporary French couture. He no longer follows fashions. On the contrary, he leads them. By this method he establishes himself a master of the Mode.

The principal characteristic of his collection this season resides in the variety of styles. He no longer shows one line alone, but shows us quite a number.

He uses a great many English fabrics, but very few tweeds and hardly any jersey. Patou asserts that tweeds are now quite common, as is jersey. Fabrics, he says, too much made use of for ready-mades are no more suitable for *la haute couture*.

Much care is devoted to the practical side of winter sports clothes. Excellent use of gabardines and corduroys is

(*Continued on page 172*)



DEMEYER

LANVIN

The Lamé Gown

"SOLEIL DE MINUIT," A GOWN OF THIN LAMÉ, HAS A TURNED-UNDER PUFF ENCIRCLING THE KNEES. THE DOUBLE TRAIN IS ALMOST AS LONG IN FRONT AS IN BACK.

THE new winter collection that Madame Lanvin presents is excellent, starting out, as it does, on entirely new lines. The fact that this talented designer has abstained from using any kind of *art decoratif* motifs is very significant. She must have freed herself of the influence she so strongly favoured only six months ago, for gone are triangles, squares and the many circles, as well as the striking "penguin" effects one had come to associate with almost every Lanvin collection.

Could it possibly be that, because of their conspicuous absence and the softening of the more strongly marked colour contrasts, the new Lanvin models have acquired a much more feminine appearance than hitherto? And that the accentuating of these feminine qualities has given Madame Lanvin a new incentive to express her unequalled mastery in matters sartorial? I wonder.

Notes made at Lanvin's: Wearability of suits a noticeable feature. Dramatic effects in day clothes less accentuated. All Lanvin suits shown with rather full, voluminous-looking coats. The Lanvin waistline not located as high as last season. When placed normally, it tends, by artful devices, to accentuate a lengthening line.

Quite short or knee-length waistcoats shown; very new being a white shaved lamb gilet. Blouses, unless tucked into skirts, are worn almost down to the knees. *Très* Lanvin are a number of cuirasse-like beaded blouses, combined with plain coats and skirts in navy blue, brown or black.

Forearm sleeves (to the elbow) in many models carried out in contrasting colours, in strong blues and greens when the gown is black. Typically Lanvin is the 1930 winter coat sleeve, this season's outstanding novelty, used on almost all wraps and big coats for both day and evening wear. These sleeves, from shoulder to wrist, have a wide, twice repeated triangle carried out in fur or texture, forming a strange outline. A good name, to describe it, is the "hour-glass sleeve."

An exceptionally good black coat is named "Cérémonie," made Cossack style. It has gathers on the hips, and is trimmed with black fox.

Rough pink cheviot, flecked with grey, is used for a suit, profusely trimmed with grey astrakhan.

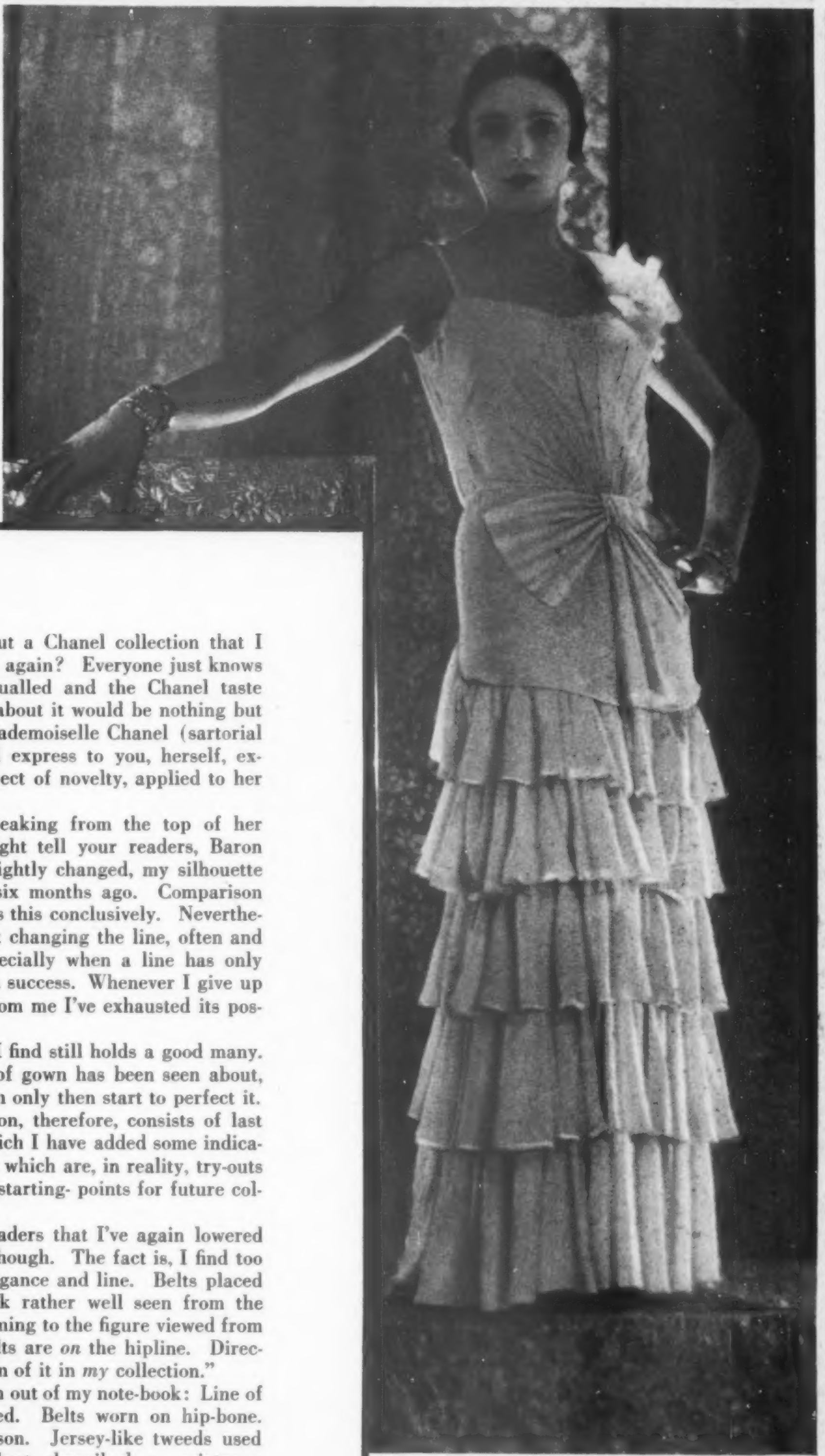
"Pitou" is a sports costume best suited to town wear: brown cloth coat and skirt, combined with knee-length belted tunic, in a horizontally small-striped brown and white jersey.

Two artistic models: "Raphael," a double tunic in black velvet, belted, has corn-flower blue sleeves and is worn with a cone-shaped black velvet hat; (*Concluded on page 172*)

CHANEL

The Modern Tie-back

AN ECHO OF THE LATE 'SEVENTIES IS THIS MODERNIZED VERSION OF THE TIE-BACK, DONE IN WHITE GEORGETTE. THE FLOUNCES RUN UP TO A BOW IN BACK.



DEMEYER.

WHAT is there to say about a Chanel collection that I haven't said over and over again? Everyone just knows that the Chanel style is unequalled and the Chanel taste supreme. Telling my readers about it would be nothing but repetition. I'd much rather Mademoiselle Chanel (sartorial cleverness personified!) would express to you, herself, exactly how she feels on the subject of novelty, applied to her own silhouette.

Mademoiselle Chanel (speaking from the top of her mirrored staircase): "You might tell your readers, Baron de Meyer, that, though only slightly changed, my silhouette is no more the one I showed six months ago. Comparison with last season's models proves this conclusively. Nevertheless, I don't at all consider that changing the line, often and too radically, is advisable, especially when a line has only recently been accepted and is a success. Whenever I give up a good style, you can take it from me I've exhausted its possibilities.

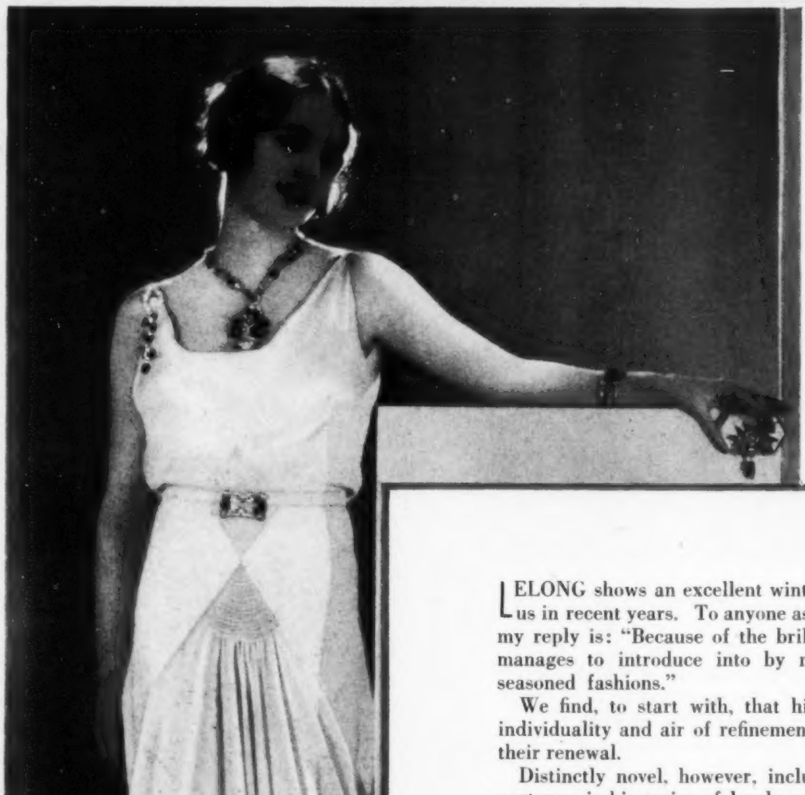
"The present line, however, I find still holds a good many. The fact is, only after a style of gown has been seen about, do I really get to know it; I can only then start to perfect it. The better part of my collection, therefore, consists of last season's perfected styles, to which I have added some indications for the future, indications which are, in reality, try-outs that may, however, prove to be starting- points for future collections.

"Don't forget to tell your readers that I've again lowered the waistline; not very much, though. The fact is, I find too normal a waistline destroys elegance and line. Belts placed quite high may sometimes look rather well seen from the front, but are generally unbecoming to the figure viewed from the back. All this season's belts are *on* the hipline. Directoire? Why, no. *No* suggestion of it in *my* collection."

Notes on the Chanel collection out of my note-book: Line of day gowns and suits unchanged. Belts worn on hip-bone. Skirt lengths same as last season. Jersey-like tweeds used in all instances. Patterns best described as mixtures, speckled and flecked. No models shown in heavy rough-looking tweeds. A few country suits have knickers of the same fabric as the skirt.

Simplicity is a Chanel term for perfect workmanship. She features it in a series of woollen day dresses. All morning and early afternoon ensembles consist of short or long coats over plain woollen dresses (plain in line only).

The Chanel detail work is a (*Continued on page 172*)



DEMEYER

LELONG

The Draped Skirt

THE WHITE GEORGETTE GOWN SHOWS LELONG'S NEWEST WAY OF ELABORATING A SKIRT, BY SIDE DRAPERY IN COWL-LIKE LINES. RUBIES AND DIAMONDS FROM MAUBOUSSIN.

LELONG shows an excellent winter collection, the best he has given us in recent years. To anyone asking, "Why so bold an assertion?" my reply is: "Because of the brilliantly conceived diversion Lelong manages to introduce into by now thoroughly standardized and seasoned fashions."

We find, to start with, that his day clothes have retained their individuality and air of refinement, relying on detail work alone for their renewal.

Distinctly novel, however, including quite a number of new departures, is his series of lovely evening dresses. He is particularly successful, in every model shown, in avoiding extravagance and eccentricity, an arduous task whenever one attempts to launch fashions which give the appearance of being new.

Practical sports clothes are at Lelong's. They are still made a feature, and are still being presented in sets of two's and three's.

Among the many tweedy novelties none seems more attractive than a short cape jacket in a heavy fabric, which is shown with detachable sleeves, to be buttoned on or not, according to weather conditions.

Morning and afternoon clothes seem to be mostly presented in dark shades, such as bottle-green, a deep tone of indigo or Reckitt's blue, unless they be Bordeaux or maroon.

Despite the several tendencies, of which some are, of course, more accentuated than others, the Lelong silhouette remains long and sweeping; having, of course, when speaking of the silhouette, the late afternoon and evening mode in mind. Much fulness and a great deal of the new kind of ornamentation shown at Lelong's this season are being placed, when not at the back of skirts, at least on the hips, vividly recalling pre-bustle days.

Bodices are much less plain and unadorned than formerly. Bolero and cape effects are much less accentuated than they were. The fact is, trimmings are being reinstated, and can safely be said to have taken their place. They are, indeed, a most salient factor of the Lelong collection.

The use made of fan-shaped plaitings, in varying sizes, is most original, to mention but one kind of trimming. These little fans are made to figure in rows on both evening dresses and coats, as well as singly on the various parts of day bodices and skirts, cascades of plaitings of every shape and denomination being cut on the bias and placed slanting upward. Some others, formerly called cartridge plaits, made of heavy faille, are being introduced, as well as dainty ruffles in lace, in organdie or net. Distinct reminiscences of the frivolous 'eighties.

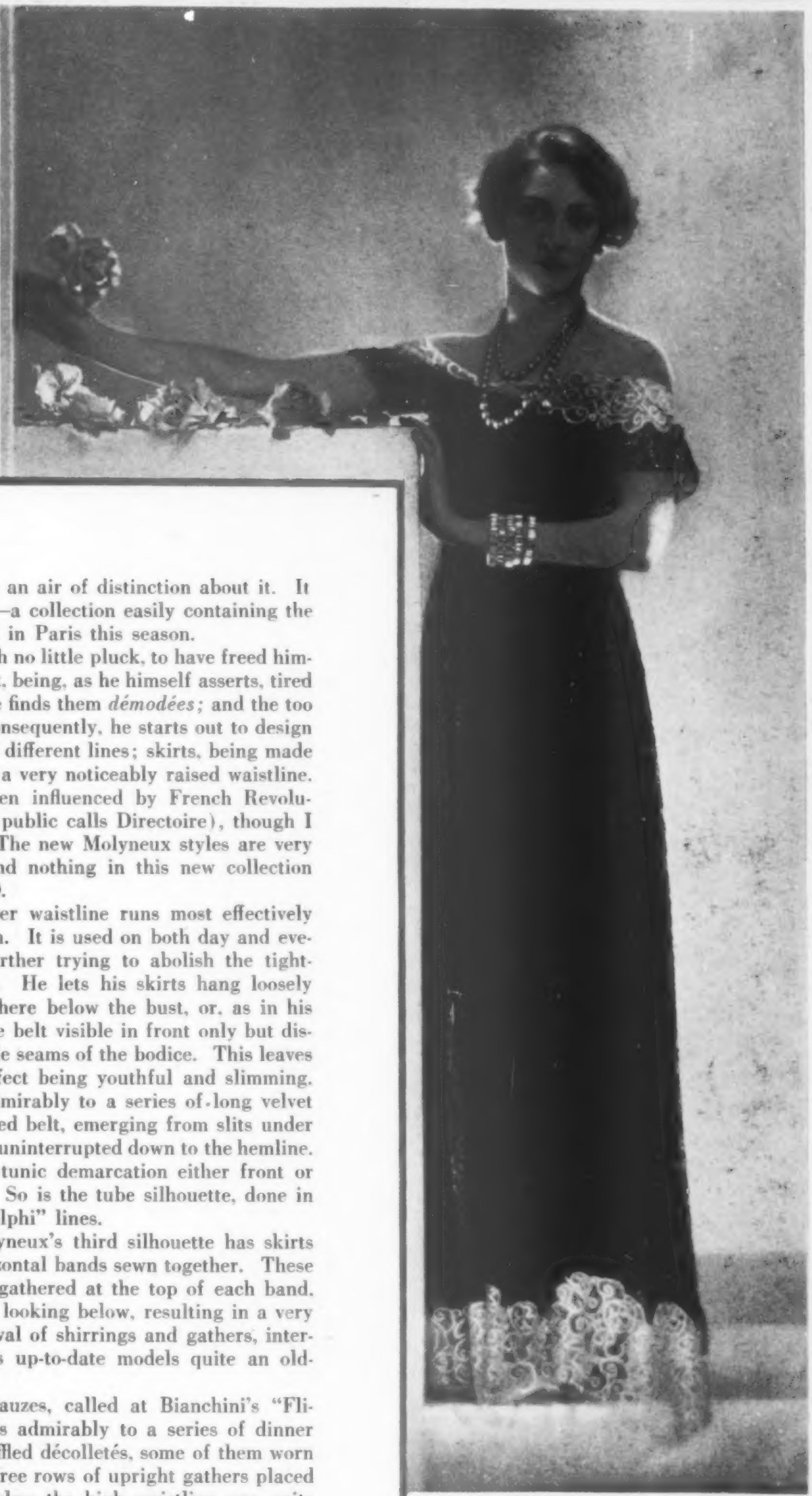
A few backs of evening dresses in heavy faille seem to be looped into curtain-like draperies, while one very original model, with its gathered and plaited back panel, reminds one somewhat of a fire-screen (I am merely trying to describe adequately this interesting creation).

(Concluded on page 174)

MOLYNEUX

The Empire Waistline

THE HIGHER WAISTLINE RUNS EFFECTIVELY THROUGH MOLYNEUX'S COLLECTION. A GOWN OF BLACK AND PINK LACE HAS THE OFF-THE-SHOULDER BERTHA AND THE EMPIRE WAISTLINE.



DEMEYER.

THE Molyneux collection has an air of distinction about it. It is novel and most inspiring—a collection easily containing the most daring innovations shown in Paris this season.

Edward Molyneux seems, with no little pluck, to have freed himself of all self-imposed restraint, being, as he himself asserts, tired of too tightly swathed hips. He finds them *démodées;* and the too normal a waistline as well. Consequently, he starts out to design an entire collection on new and different lines; skirts, being made to fall, slightly gathered, from a very noticeably raised waistline.

Molyneux admits having been influenced by French Revolution fashions (by the ones the public calls Directoire), though I have heard other people say, "The new Molyneux styles are very much 1820." Personally, I find nothing in this new collection I wouldn't term distinctly 1930.

Be that as it may, the higher waistline runs most effectively throughout the entire collection. It is used on both day and evening models. Molyneux is further trying to abolish the tight-fitting look, which he dislikes. He lets his skirts hang loosely from a belt-line placed somewhere below the bust, or, as in his second silhouette, by having the belt visible in front only but disappearing through slots into side seams of the bodice. This leaves the back quite straight, the effect being youthful and slimming. The latter style lends itself admirably to a series of long velvet evening gowns. The high-placed belt, emerging from slits under the armpit, leaves the back line uninterrupted down to the hemline.

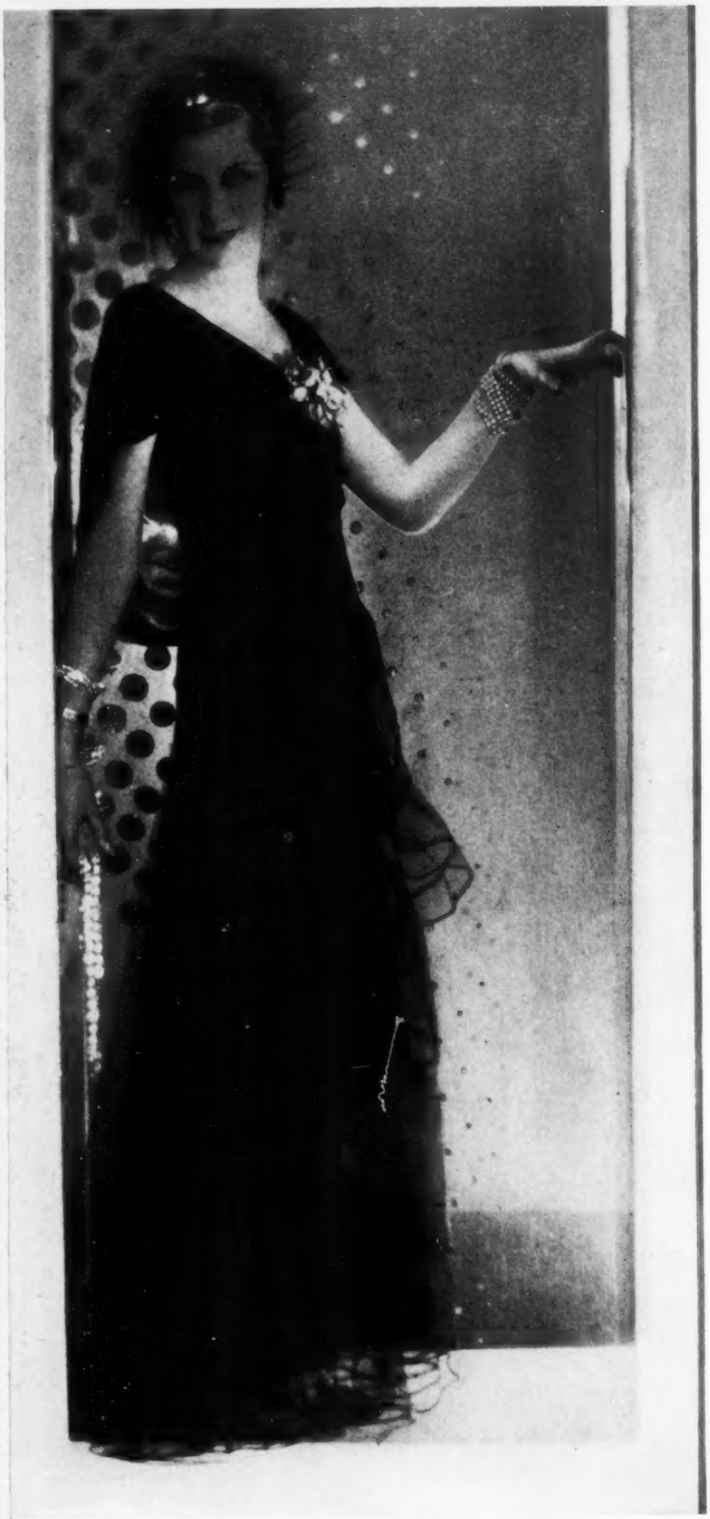
Half tunic effects, with the tunic demarcation either front or back only, are distinctly new. So is the tube silhouette, done in plaits on "Chariot-driver of Delphi" lines.

What might be termed Molyneux's third silhouette has skirts composed of three or four horizontal bands sewn together. These strips of material are slightly gathered at the top of each band, gradually widen and get fuller looking below, resulting in a very up-to-date bell skirt. The revival of shirrings and gathers, interpreted in multiple ways, gives up-to-date models quite an old-world charm.

Molyneux's flowery metal gauzes, called at Bianchini's "Fli-Fli," I believe, lend themselves admirably to a series of dinner and dance dresses, in which ruffled décolletés, some of them worn off the shoulders, and two or three rows of upright gathers placed at the top of the skirt just below the high waistline, are quite conspicuous novelties. Skirts in such models hang limp in straight folds down to the shoe-tips.

Big soft scarfs and loosely tied sashes, as well as the holding-up-one's-skirt-in-front gesture, seem to have been particularly revived to harmonize with these delightful-looking frocks.

One "Eau de Nil," a velvet dinner dress, is shown with a slight train. It, nevertheless, belongs to this *(Concluded on page 174)*



DEMEYER

The Velvet Fichu

BLACK POINT D'ESPRIT IN FRILLS, WITH A VELVET FICHU LINED WITH SILVER LAMÉ.

WORTH

THE new Worth collection is both beautiful and comprehensive. It contains much that might be called "romantic." M. Jean Charles Worth has a way of admirably expressing old-world romance and charm in his modern up-to-date clothes. The collection primarily proves that, in striving after individuality of a kind, one need never be eccentric.

A feeling of subtle novelty seems to run throughout the collection. Novelty, however, is difficult to define clearly, the silhouette having apparently preserved its unaltered appearance. Though the upper part of the figure seems to be not so moulded as it was, hips are still very much swathed. Skirts remain fairly full, without any exaggeration, however, and with hardly any flare. A faint suggestion of the crinoline period is noticeable in some models. It is, however, contradicted by others of distinct Greek inspiration, shown side by side.

From notes made at Worth's: Sports clothes have, in this great house, died a natural death. They have, for actual sports activities, become standardized garments, no more subjected to any change of style. They are, consequently, no more included in a Worth collection.

For shopping, travelling and motoring, simple three-piece suits in soft woollen fabrics are shown; also, one-piece frocks of light-weight jersey or crêpe. (Street dresses are to be worn under coats.) For afternoon wear, a rich note in lamés is sounded. Equally smart are soft satins, vicuna and velvet.

The Worth afternoon skirts are decidedly longer. A slightly uneven hemline prevails.

Worth's tweeds show more patterns than elsewhere; basket-weaves, especially, being popular. Diagonal effects are seen throughout the collection.

All black furs in combination with day clothes, M. Jean Charles Worth tells me, are dyed: ermine, caracul, mole, fox. Only leopard skin, he says, is being left natural.

The Worth evening mode: All of Worth's evening models have an air of being individually designed, everyone for a different *(Concluded on page 174)*

REDFERN

ALMOST every model shown in the Redfern collection calls for unstinted praise. This, of course, is not surprising to anyone, since Redfern, installed in historic premises, has Roland de Graffenried and his beautiful Baroness, née Gould, to preside over its destinies, steering them to a glorious future.

Redfern's evening silhouettes impressed me as particularly new. Narrow tubelike skirts, slit up one side, were shown side by side with wide and sweeping draperies.

Day gowns are undoubtedly longer than they were last season. They are, however, by no means quite long, the tendency toward ankle-length day dresses being especially pronounced in transparent frocks meant for elaborate afternoon occasions.

A distinct novelty is shown in sleeves; new being the Redfern "forearms" tightly encased in net and lingerie, made to project out of bell-shaped elbow sleeves.

Woollen gowns, many of them in tweeds, are combined with fitted boleros of the same material as is used for the dress, the result being gown-looking ensembles with no trace of the coat feeling about them.

All jackets are abnormally short. Those in fur, such as seal and caracul, are particularly attractive. Some, which are shown over woollen gowns, are either of patterned silks or in tarnished metal brocades.

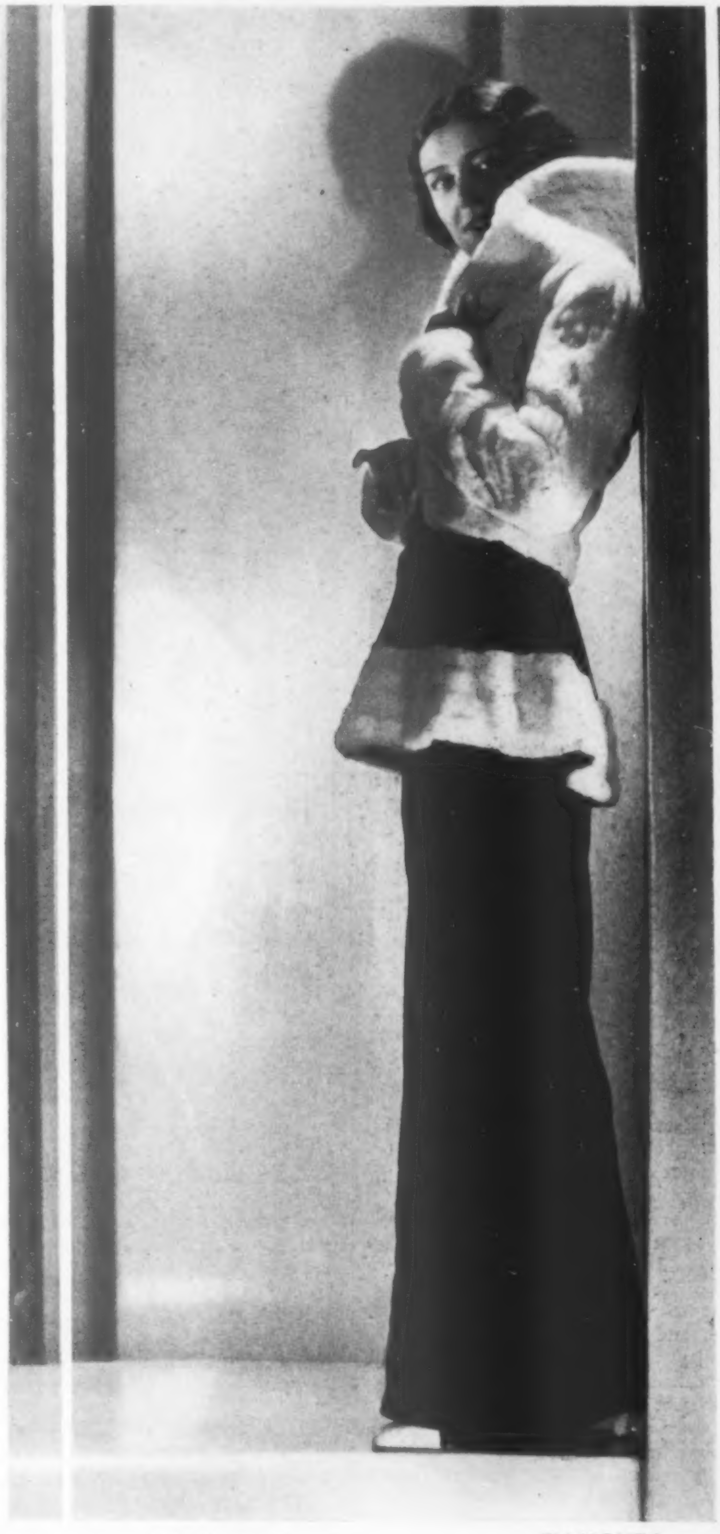
A black broadcloth gown, called "Black Carnation," is extremely smart. It has cloth elbow sleeves and tiny white net ruchings to the wrist.

A model called "Claudine en Noir" has on its sombre and woolly foundation an all-over pattern of small coloured flowers.

There are several violet gowns, a Redfern revival. One of them has been named "Prélat," a most appropriate designation.

All evening wraps, in contrast to last season, are long and very narrow, covering even the longest of evening gowns entirely. A few are shown in velvet, others in brocade, while another, in a shimmering black spangled texture, is particularly striking.

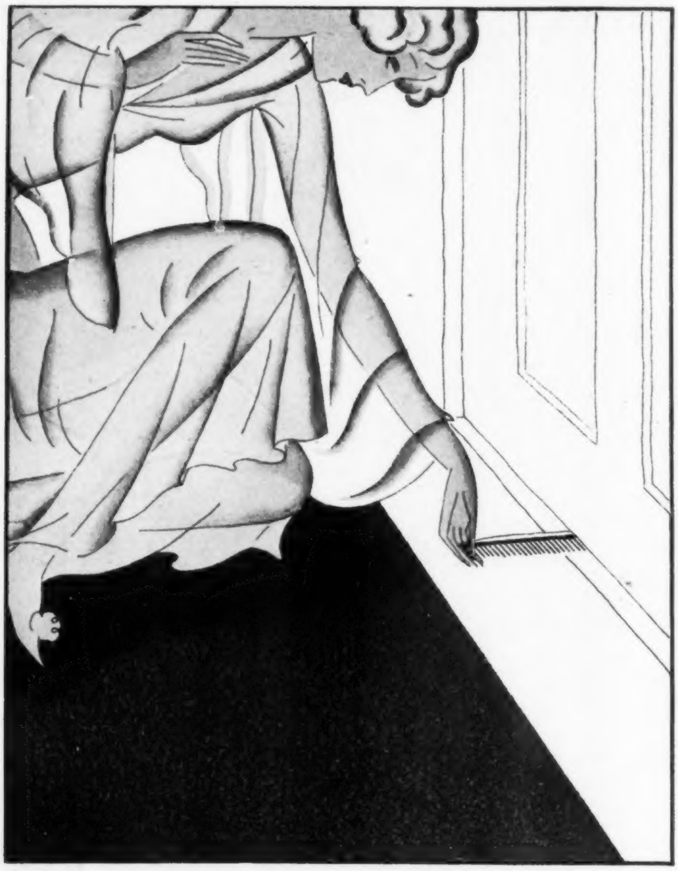
Sensational is a black velvet evening gown which *(Concluded on page 174)*



The Ermine Basque

DEMEYER

BLACK LYONS VELVET WITH A HIP BASQUE
EDGED WITH ERMINE, AND ERMINE BOLERO.



by BARBARA BACK

THE COMB

Introducing a Brand-new English Writer, with the Smartest Story of the Year

IN JUNE London is the most delightful city in the world; and on this day it seemed more attractive than ever before to Harold Marshall, for it was the last Friday for years on which he would stroll along its romantic pavements.

He was off to Canada on the following Tuesday. He had always advocated emigration to the Colonies for young men of promise, and some well-meaning friend, who had taken him at his word and his own valuation, had now offered him a dull but lucrative job. He had accepted it more from a sense of duty than from necessity. Lord Beaverbrook's clarion call to Empire prosperity had stirred him. After all, they did want men of brains over there. All this far-flung Empire business did inculcate a sense of responsibility.

Now that he had got over the novelty of the prospect, he was beginning to feel rather sorry for himself; not so much because he was going away, but because he thought that nobody really cared whether he went or not. The only one who had tried to stop him had been his mistress, and he had wondered whether she was sincere, for he had suspected a slight cooling lately of Nellie's feelings toward him. No, nobody would be really sorry to lose him; he would slip out of their lives almost between one cocktail party and another.

With these thoughts in his mind, he gave a valedictory glance at the Embassy and turned into Piccadilly. As he did so, someone clapped him on the shoulder. It was Roy Peters, hearty as usual.

"Nice to see you, old boy. Lunching at the Club?"

Harold nodded.

"Good. We'll lunch together. Haven't seen you for ages. What are you doing with your life?"

"I'm off to Canada on Tuesday. Briggs got me that job."

"Did he, by Jove? We'll miss you at the Club. Especially in the card room."

They walked on in silence. Perhaps, after all, thought Harold, one or two would miss him, probably the people he thought least likely to do so. The real regret in Roy's voice was gratifying, as was his subsequent British silence. It was very hot. The steady roar of the omnibuses made it seem hotter still.

"Doing anything for the week-end?" bellowed Roy suddenly above the traffic. "Why not come down to my place? I've a few people coming, and Ernest has a house about ten miles away. We're all going there to a party on Sunday. We'll have some good tennis and indifferent bridge. But perhaps you've got some farewell visits to make."

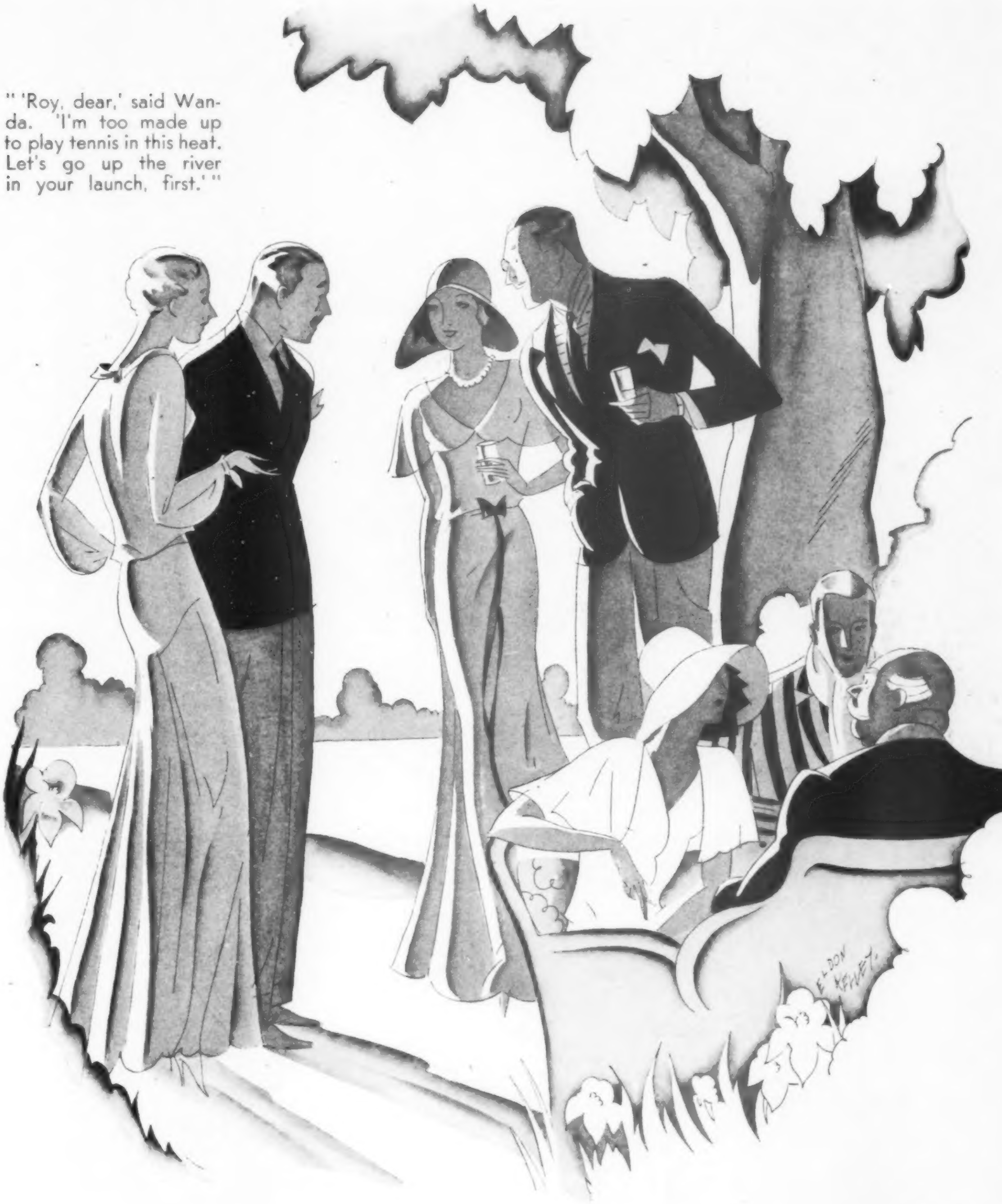
Harold disclaimed any other engagements, and accepted. All his arrangements were made and he had only to step on the boat. He was rather glad of an opportunity to escape from a repetition of last night's scene with Nellie Garstang. Besides, Roy Peters had a very good cook and knew amusing people. It would be a last glimpse of home life which he would remember in his exile.

After luncheon they motored down to Roy's place at Weybridge. During the drive Harold got the blues. The future loomed drearily and starkly Canadian before him. At intervals Roy boomed cheerfully, chiefly about his various infidelities, most of which were already known to Harold.

When they arrived Mrs. Peters met them in the hall, looking faintly surprised. She always looked surprised on the rare occasions when Roy turned up.

"Have a whisky-and-soda," said Roy. But Harold excused himself, saying that he would like to have a wash first.

"Come along, then," said Mrs. Peters. "I'll show you your room," and she led the way upstairs to a small but charming bedroom overlooking a river in the background.



"'Roy, dear,' said Wanda. 'I'm too made up to play tennis in this heat. Let's go up the river in your launch, first.'"

Drawings by **ELDON KELLEY**

There was a door on the left of the dressing-table.

"Bathroom?" he asked.

"No. That's another room. These are our bachelor quarters, you know. But we're so full up that I've had to put Wanda in there. Do you know her?"

Wanda? Wanda? No, he didn't know anyone with so exotic a name.

"She's called beautiful," said Mrs. Peters, "but I don't agree. She is amusing, though, and has more sense of humour than is perhaps good for her. Ring if you want anything, and then come down and join us on the lawn. The bathroom's at the end of the corridor."

Harold was unpacking his things when a sudden impulse made him open the door of the other room and look inside. It was the same as his own, only the position of the furniture was reversed. The wall, against which both their beds were placed, was very thin. Wanda! Rather an attractive name, he said to himself, wondering what she would be like. But there was a sudden clatter in the corridor and he retreated, prudently closing the door behind him.

"Sweet of you, Roy."

It was a very gay voice.

"It's not really heavy, I know, but in this frightful heat it must seem a ton!"

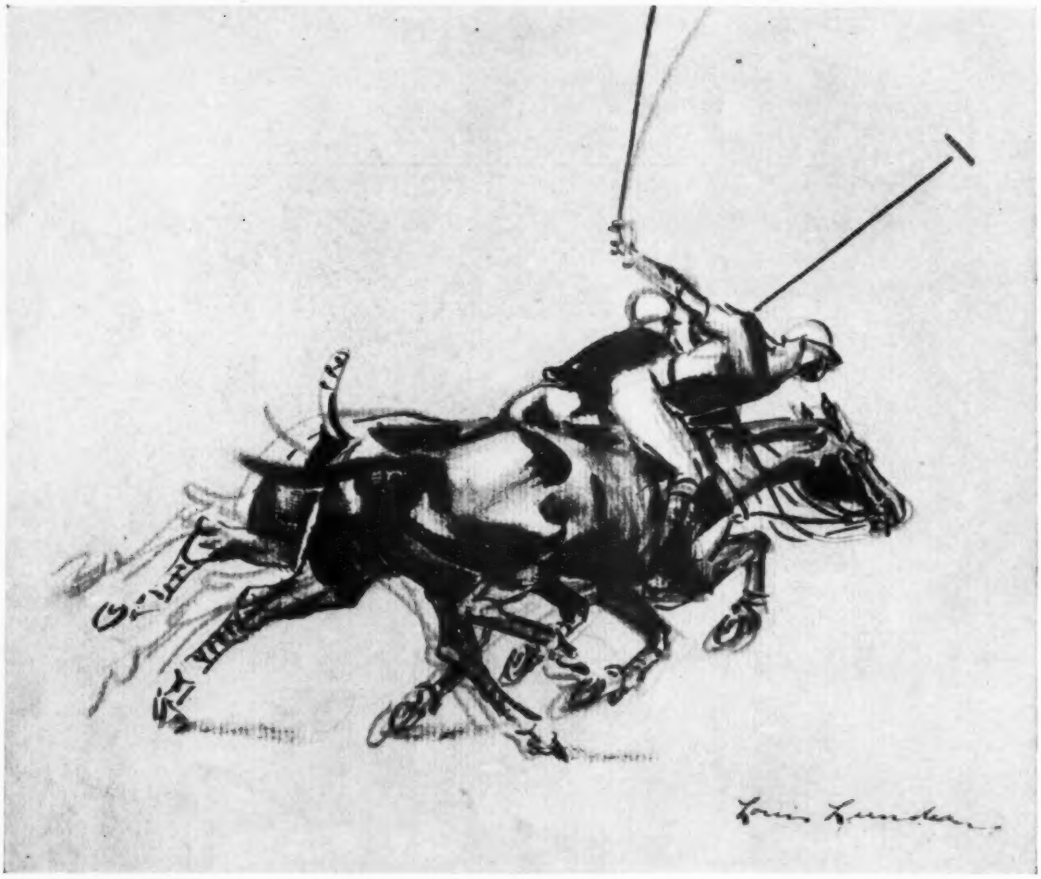
"I'd carry twenty tons for you, Wanda," said Roy, banging what sounded like a suitcase on the floor.

"My bottles!" she cried. "What will happen to my face if you've broken them all?"

There was a pause. "No, it's all right. Wait till I powder my nose and I'll come down with you. Can I have some of that divine iced coffee your perfect cook makes? No, on the whole I'd rather have a nice strong whisky-and-soda—"

Their voices trailed away along the corridor and Harold, a little astonished to find himself eavesdropping, resumed his unpacking. He summed her up as "smart," and he hated smart women. None of his women had been smart, and secretly he was frightened of them. His friends had often told him that he was pure 1880.

Going down to tea, he found the house-party on the lawn. If he had wanted to take a picture of English country life away with him, the *(Continued on page 128)*

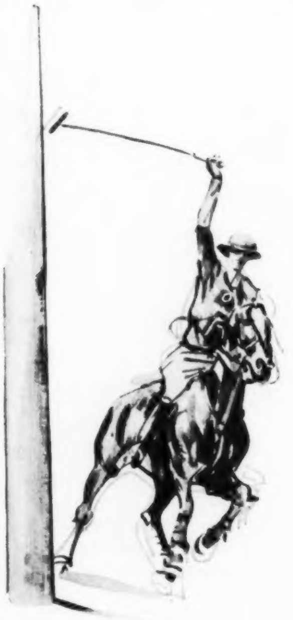


Thundering after the ball at top speed. Nowhere is the pace so swift, the bumping so hard, and the defense so staunch as in this galloping game.

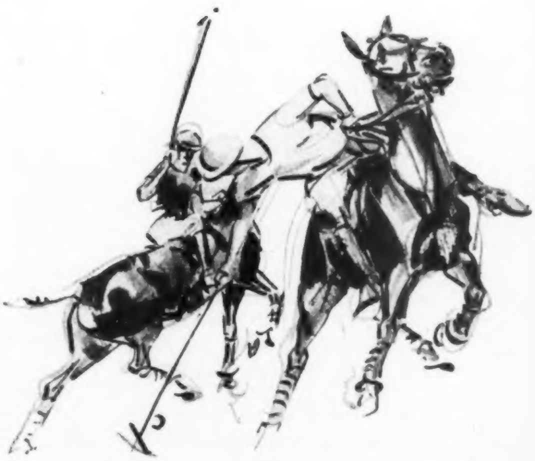
POLO AT MEADOW BROOK

Through the Artist's Eye

Drawn by J. LOUIS LUNDEAN

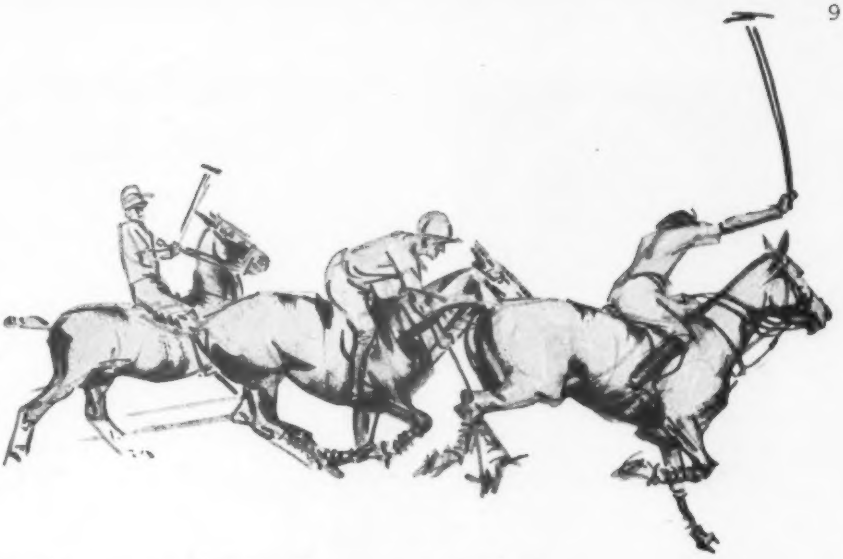


Goal for the invaders — when England swept aside the powerful United States Four.

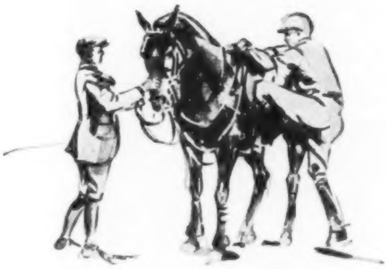


"Tommy" Hitchcock, the American ace, most brilliant hitter in the world, halts a ball with a flaying backshot, turning a defense maneuver into a mad offensive drive.

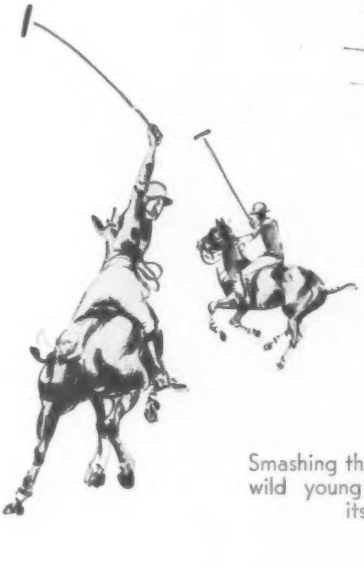
The great Argentine player, Lewis L. Lacey, eligible to play for England because of Canadian birth, won the admiration of everyone through his reckless dashes down the field.



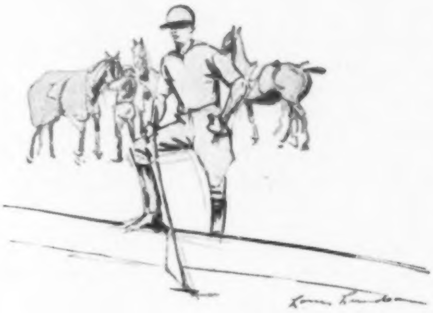
Forty-four Years of International Polo—the present Matches at Meadow Brook are the Tenth of a Series begun in 1886 through the Efforts of the Westchester Club of Newport



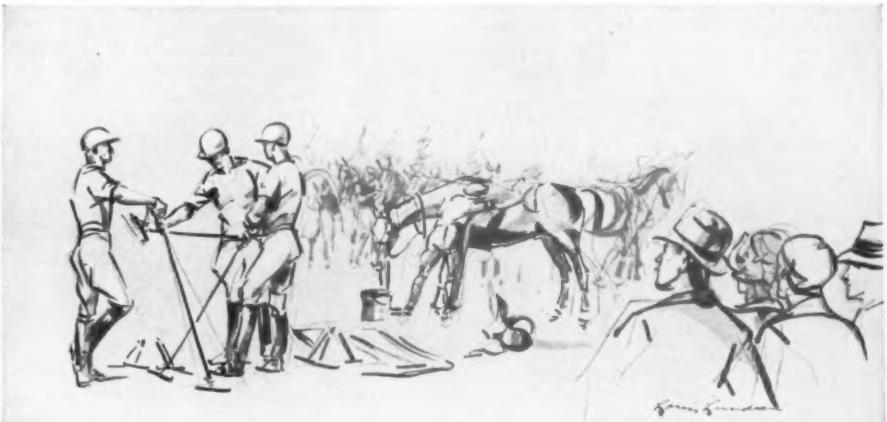
Changing ponies—on their condition often depends the winning of a match.



Smashing through. Vigorous, wild young polo battering its goals.



Winston F. C. Guest, powerful young American, who showed the finest polo in his career.



Wherever you find the galloping game, there you see beautiful women, interesting men, and the finest and fastest of horse-flesh.

MRS. E. BERRY WALL

The Tale of an Aristocratic and Famous Dog who Put Paw to Paper

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

Edited by MRS. E. BERRY WALL

TO WRITE one's Memoirs seems to have become a fashion among humans lately, so, as I have many interesting things to tell about the world, as I have seen it, I am putting paw to paper.

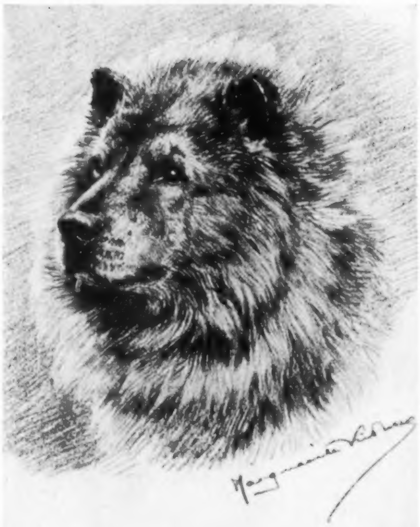
I was born on Long Island, in the good old days when well-bred dogs were gentlemen. My own family were, of course, of the oldest chow descent and held high rank in the Chinese dog world, but I have long considered my human family as the nearest and dearest and, though I am Chinese and chow in reality, I feel every bit—through and through—Chinese Wall.

Perhaps that is because my master and mistress have been so good to me always, and given me such wonderful and unusual opportunities to see the world, to travel, to visit all the most fashionable resorts of Europe, to dine at the best Parisian restaurants, to spend the gayest seasons at Deauville, Biarritz, Aix-les-Bains and Monte Carlo; also to visit the sick and wounded during the war, and to meet the most delightful, intelligent and eminent people, crowned heads, generals, noblemen and noblewomen, millionaires, musicians and artists.

The place where I was born was called Elsinore. When I say Elsinore, I do not mean that quaint townlet with its cobbled streets and imposing copper-roofed castle by the sea, whose wind-swept ramparts the great human dramatist, Shakespeare, immortalized; for, curiously enough, fair flat little Denmark is one of the few far-flung lands which Missus and I have never visited. But one of my friends, Hjalmar, a cultured Great Dane—and a thorough good sport—has told me all about it.

My Elsinore was a most beautiful property at Glen Cove. The house was one of the agreeable, old-fashioned kind which seems made to shelter happy people. It was a spacious house, which could accommodate large house-parties, and its resources were usually taxed to the uttermost. Everything was luxurious within doors and without. The lawns were kept with as much care as though they had been velvet; indeed, they looked like it, and I can hear, now, the click of the grass-cutters as the gardeners rolled them along one after the other in the sunlight. The house was always full of flowers, not only of the brilliant outdoor kinds, but also of the rarest varieties, raised in greenhouses on the place—orchids, violets, gardenias. As for the vegetables, everyone raved about them. Personally, I prefer other foods.

It may seem strange to you who read, that a dog-person should have noticed and stored up all these impressions and mind-pictures, yet I don't know why it shouldn't be so. You are always extolling our sensitiveness and our intelligence; you comment delightedly on the diversity of our various characters and dispositions, so why deny us, especially those of us who come from the glamorous East, this added awareness?



CHI-CHI HIMSELF

In the early days of my life I did not get so intimately acquainted with my Missus as later, because there were always so many people about us, but I had a glorious time, and we were wonderful pals from the start. In the first place, I adore the country. I suppose I inherit that taste from my ancestors who were none of them city dogs, but bred, at their origin, on the plains of Siberia. If you have been across on the trans-Siberian railway, you will understand what I mean. My grandfather used to tell me about those wide stretches of land, bordered with pine forests. There was a sense, he told me, of vastness, which no chow dog ever loses even though born and bred on Long Island as I was. Chows have remarkable memories, by the way, and they all show it by wandering away from home every now and then, and staying away for as much as a day and a night, impelled by a longing for freedom, the freedom our sires knew in Siberia.

Once, when I was very young, down at Elsinore, this wanderlust got hold of me. I am ashamed to confess it now, but I stayed away for twenty-four hours. Of course, if we had been in France, they would have looked very knowing and whispered, "*Cherchez la femme!*" but I was too much of a puppy, then, to be bothering about the ladies, and, besides, in my youth, I believe, I was something of a poet, as you may have already realized.

Of course, when I came back, toward breakfast time, they didn't have to punish me. One look at my dear Missus' eyes brought me to her knees. I licked her hand humbly and her joy was so great at seeing me that I felt at once I was forgiven.

Later, when I heard her telling about my adventure, some of the humans said, "the call of the wild," and others used the words "reverting to type." A certain very great lady, Madame la Duchesse de X., told people I was *très sauvage.* Subsequently I asked her little lap-dog, a great admirer of mine, what was the exact translation of this. "If you were talking about a child, Chi-Chi," she explained in great style, "you would translate '*sauvage*' as 'shy' but," here she gave me a searching glance, "in your case '*sauvage*' would mean 'rather wild,' my dear chow."

I suppose we chows *are* rather wild, but that makes it all the more interesting, doesn't it, that I should become such a really fashionable dog of the world, known as such all over Europe and America?

In those early days of which I am writing, people used to have a way of teaching dogs parlour tricks. Friends who came to Elsinore and who didn't know much about chows (which in those days were very rare, indeed) used to ask if I could do any stunts. My dear friend Myrtle's (Mrs. Kingsley Macomber) two Cairns, Roddie and Sandy, could do almost any trick, but, of course, that kind of thing is all very well for *small* dogs. But, talking of stunts, my poor Missus, as a sort of concession to convention, taught me to roll over and to stand on my hind legs. I cannot say how humiliating I found it when some foolish visitor, with a lump of sugar in his hand as coffee was being served after dinner, would say to me in a silly voice, "Roll over, doggie." *Doggie* for a chow. Of course, I was inwardly raging, but I did the trick for Missus' sake to make them say how wonderful I was, but you may be sure of one thing—I let that sugar drop on the floor like a ton of brick, and *stay there*, too! Of course, I don't like sugar, but, even so, I would not have stooped to pick up a piece under the circumstances.

I remember once, about that time, a very smart Englishwoman came to lunch with us. When she saw me she cried out, "That adorable dog!" and squatted down on the floor beside me. Whereupon, I got up, stretched myself majestically, and quietly walked away. I suppose you would call this very snobbish, and some people always did maintain that I was a snob, but a true snob has no heart and I am sure my heart is in the right place; only I do like to pick and choose. But, once attached, always attached, and I would do anything in the world—give my life, if necessary—for the two I truly love.

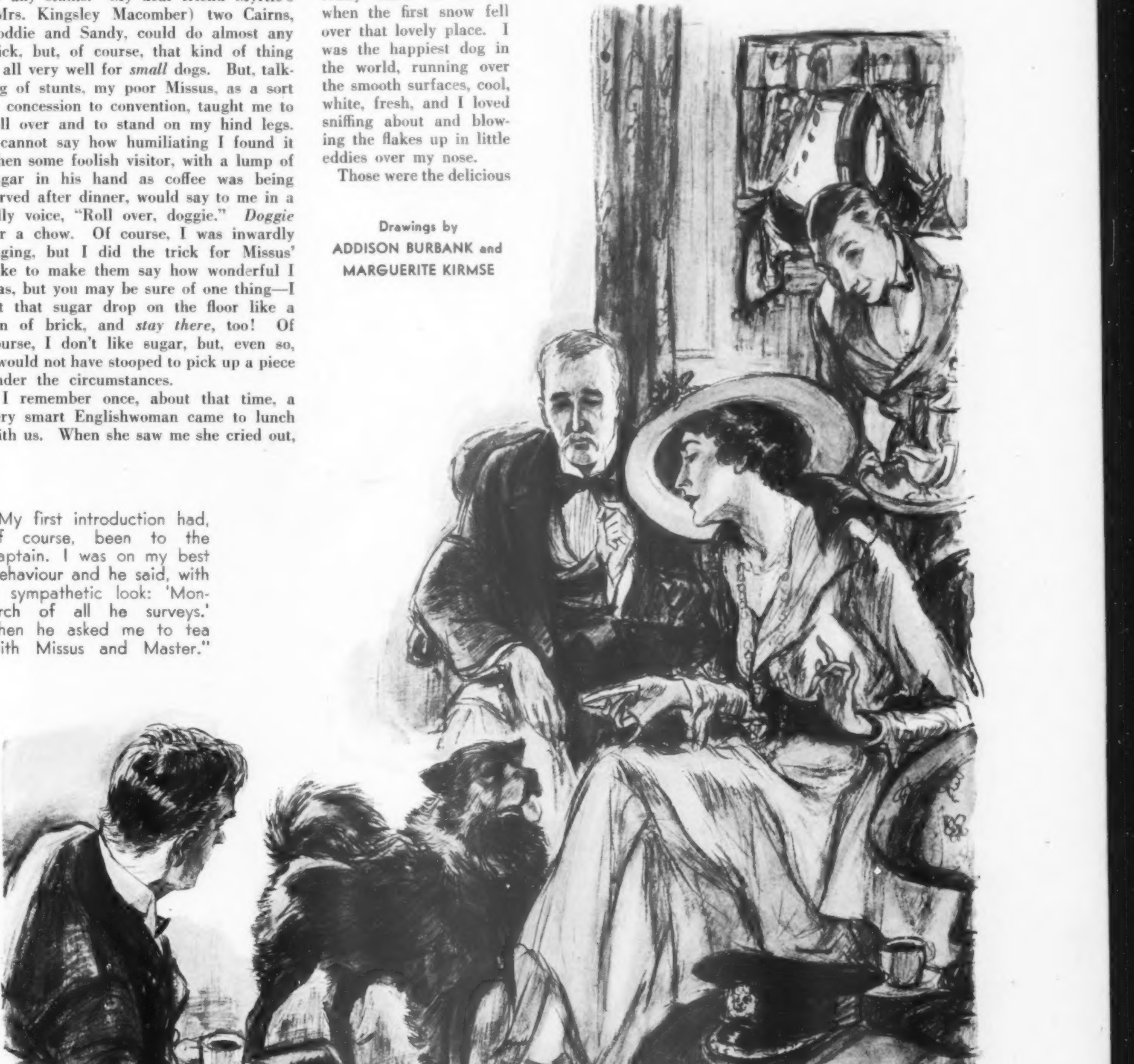
Autumn was beautiful at Elsinore, but my joy really knew no bounds when the first snow fell over that lovely place. I was the happiest dog in the world, running over the smooth surfaces, cool, white, fresh, and I loved sniffing about and blowing the flakes up in little eddies over my nose.

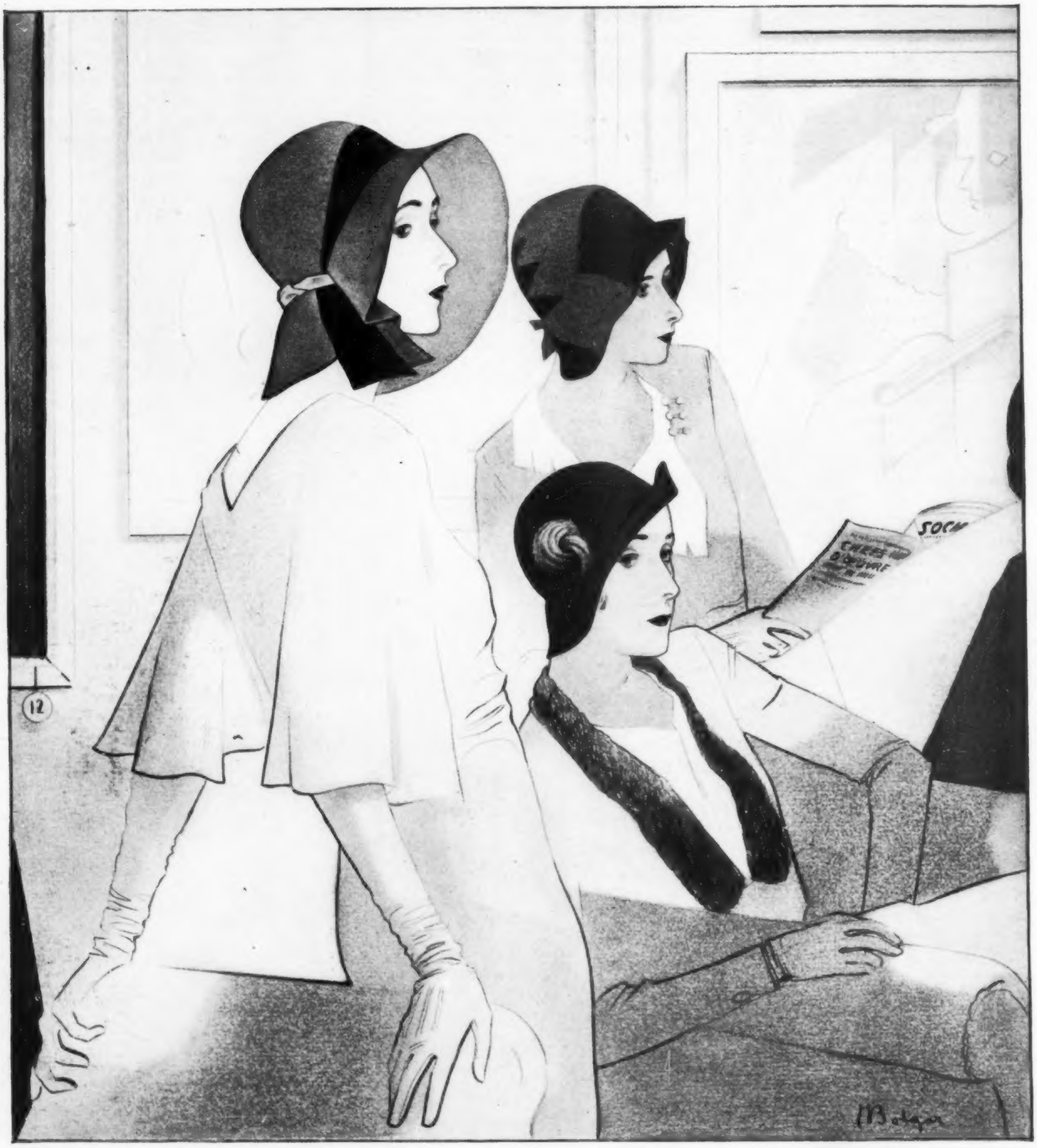
Those were the delicious days of puppyhood and though, later, I was to have a Christmas tree offered in my honour by a well-known gentleman in Spain, I shall never forget that first Christmas at Elsinore. It was a wonderful holiday, indeed. The whole house was warm with odours of rare food and flowers, a "party smell" we dogs called it. The place was full to overflowing with friends, and many of these brought their dogs, so we had a grand time nosing round, surprising flirtations,

(*Continued on page 144*)

Drawings by
ADDISON BURBANK and
MARGUERITE KIRMSE

"My first introduction had, of course, been to the captain. I was on my best behaviour and he said, with a sympathetic look: 'Monarch of all he surveys.' Then he asked me to tea with Missus and Master."





Descat inclines to the picturesque. Burgundy felt with bands of velvet around the shallow crown; one red, one a dark blue. Bergdorf Goodman.

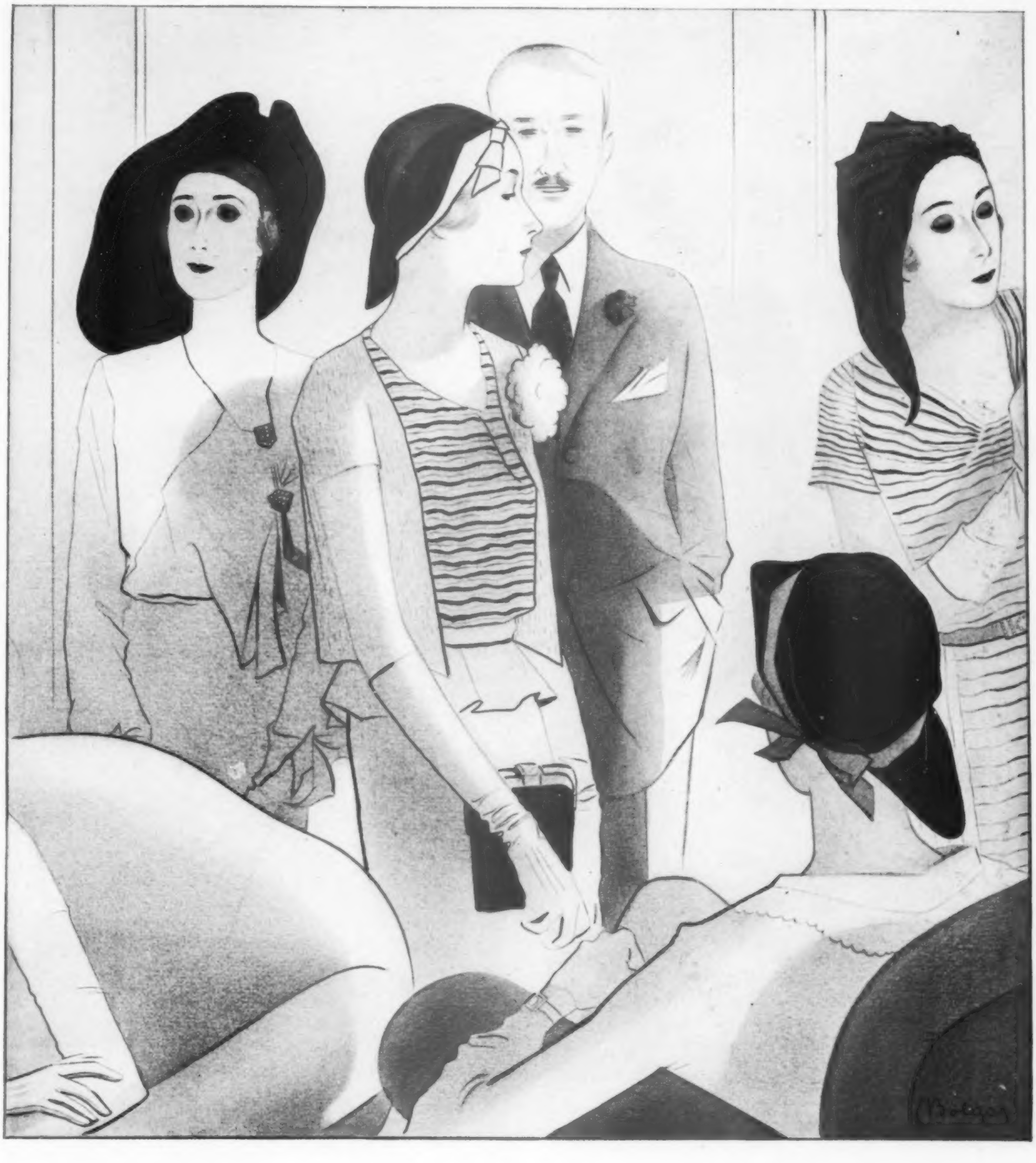
Mado contrasts brown felt with rose-beige velvet. The velvet is appliquéd irregularly on the crown. There is a bandeau of the velvet. Carnegie.

The Tyrolean influence is accented in a double-brimmed navy blue felt hat; a bright blue feather is placed high to emphasize the shallow crown. Kurzman.

CONCERNING A NUMBER OF THINGS: FASHIONS IN HATS, JEWELS, SHOES

By Kathleen Howard

Drawings by Joseph Bolgar



Reboux's hat for the unusually distinguished woman; hatter's plush with dashing pirate brim faced with felt. B. Altman.

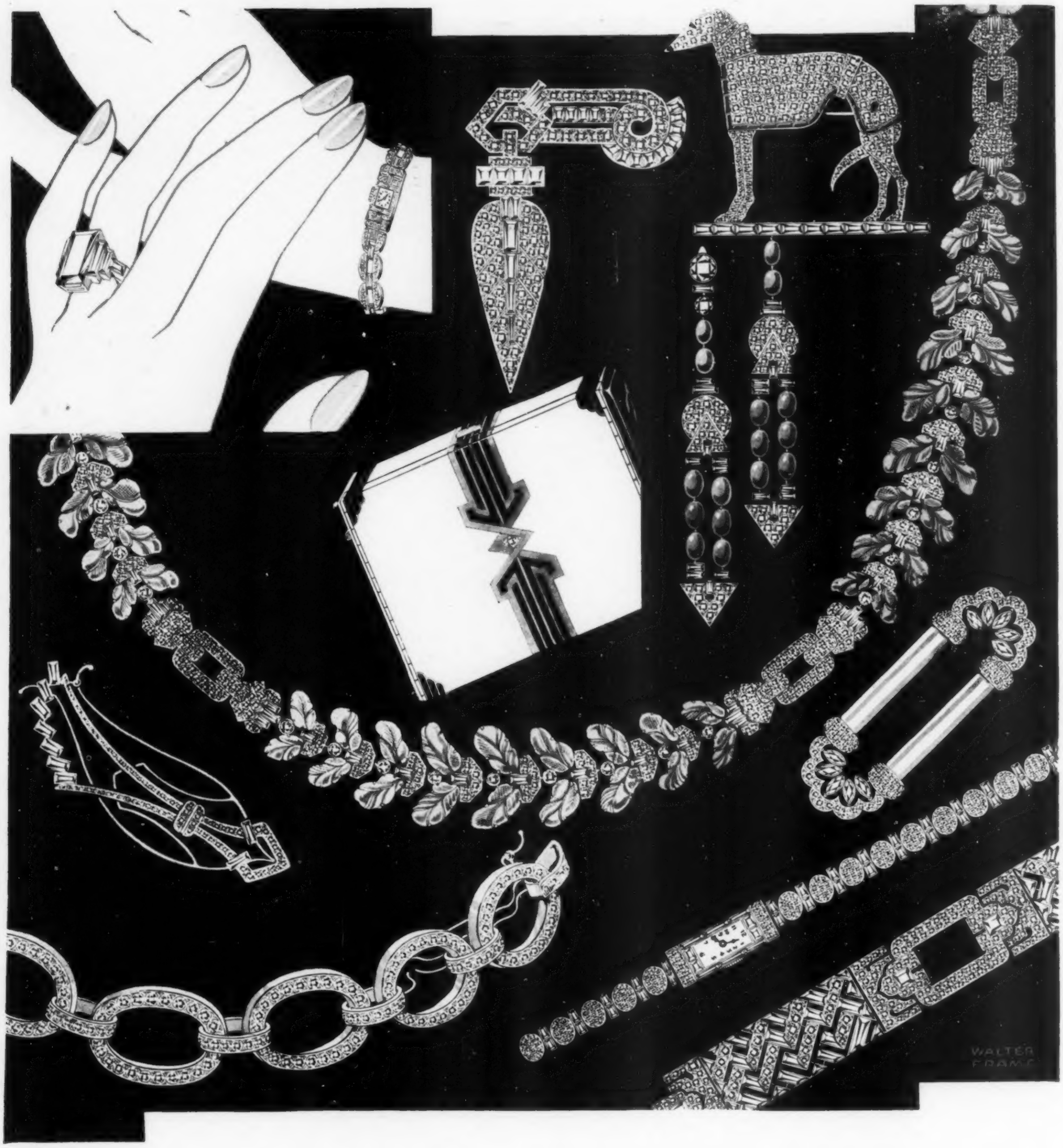
Agnès's characteristic béret. Distinctive variety achieved by clever draping; turquoise velvet bandeau. Lord and Taylor.

Reboux drapes a plum velvet hat in the tricorne manner; a beige ribbon ties around the shallow crown. From Bonwit Teller.

An altogether new hat silhouette, from Marie-Christiane, by shirring black felt away from the forehead. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

NOVELTIES in jewellery are difficult to find, but a splendid idea is being launched by Black Starr and Frost-Gorham in a series of three hair barrettes. The largest of these is no more than a platinum frame made to fit your jewelled bracelet, which may be detached from it at will. Paul Flato is specializing in pearls, using them novelly in bracelets and necklaces and combining them with other stones in ways which show great imagination. Some of the rubies from Mauboussin's Paris exhibition have been brought to America and are on display here now. Udall and Ballou's diamond bracelet is really important for the variety and extraordinary balance of its design. Another design of particular interest is that originated by Van Cleef and Arpels for a necklace, earring and bracelet, using sapphires and emeralds in strings of three's and five's against a diamond background. During the August collections, in Paris, many dark evening dresses of sombre beauty were shown. They are peculiarly adapted to serve as backgrounds for jewels. The new dark bronze-green, the ever-present black, the off-black shades of prune and ink, the deep rich Burgundies, all these served to heighten the effect of the blazing ornaments worn with them.

Simplicity in shoes is relieved by combinations of materials. Many a genus of reptile contributes his skin to be used with kid, suède or calf, or is beautifully tailored to the foot all by itself. Best and *(Concluded on page 170)*



PRECIOUS JEWELS MARK THE SUBTLE LINES AND

The ring on the hand above is from Brand-Chatillon. A square-cut diamond is flanked on each side by baguettes, parallel and vertical.

In a diamond link bracelet on the other hand, Lebolt sets a tiny jewelled watch. Baguettes are skilfully combined with stones of other cuttings.

Charlton has designed a two-angled clip pin, in the centre at the top. Worn to edge a V décolletage, it will assume a forty-five degree angle.

The sporty little whippet pin, at the top and by Charlton, is diamond paved, his blanket bordered by rubies, the base a row of baguettes.

Brand-Chatillon executes the trap-door cigarette case, centre of the page, in white enamel in a design of blue and green with a diamond.

The earrings, to the right of the cigarette case, combine sapphire and emerald beads and geometrically set diamonds. Van Cleef and Arpels.

The long necklace is from Mauboussin and employs curiously carved rubies, like wings, and variously cut diamonds in an irregular design.

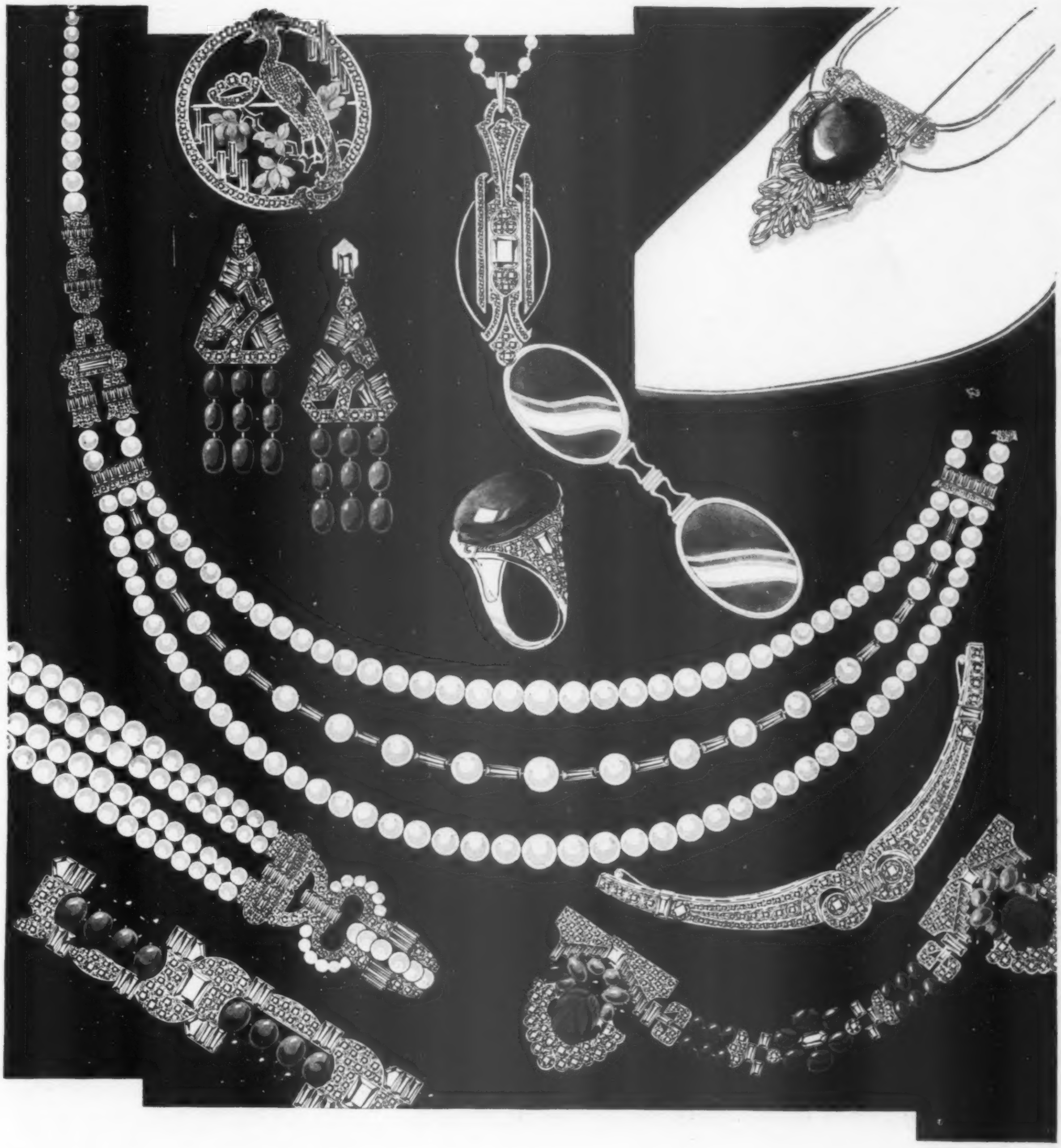
Jewels for the hair are advocated by Lebolt, who presents the diamond barrette below the necklace, left. There are nine baguettes.

The diamond link bracelet, lowest left, is mounted on a platinum frame so that it may be used for the hair. Black Starr and Frost-Gorham.

The brooch at the right, below the necklace, is particularly chaste in its combination of carved crystal, marquise and other diamonds. Caldwell.

An oblong, diamond-edged watch, from Udall and Ballou, lower left, has a bracelet alternating baguettes with finely paved diamond circlets.

The diamond bracelet at the bottom, right, from Udall and Ballou, comprises two slave bracelet links and panels in basket-weave design.



MODERN NOTE OF EXQUISITELY CHARMING FEMININITY

Drawings by Walter Frame

The circular peacock brooch, top of the page, is of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, with carved jade leaves and black enamel. Caldwell.

The earrings below it have three strings of ruby beads pendent from triangular modernistic plaques of diamonds. They are by Mauboussin.

An oval sheath of diamonds and onyx conceals the lorgnettes above, which are suspended on a fine pearl and platinum link chain. Schumann.

The cabochon ruby ring in the centre of the page is also by Schumann. The intricate diamond mounting employs two bullet-shaped diamonds.

Marcus makes clips to be used on evening slippers, as shown at the upper right hand. This one is a star sapphire, mounted in diamonds.

Paul Flato combines pearls and diamonds in the necklace in the centre of the page. The two single-strands may be worn as bracelets.

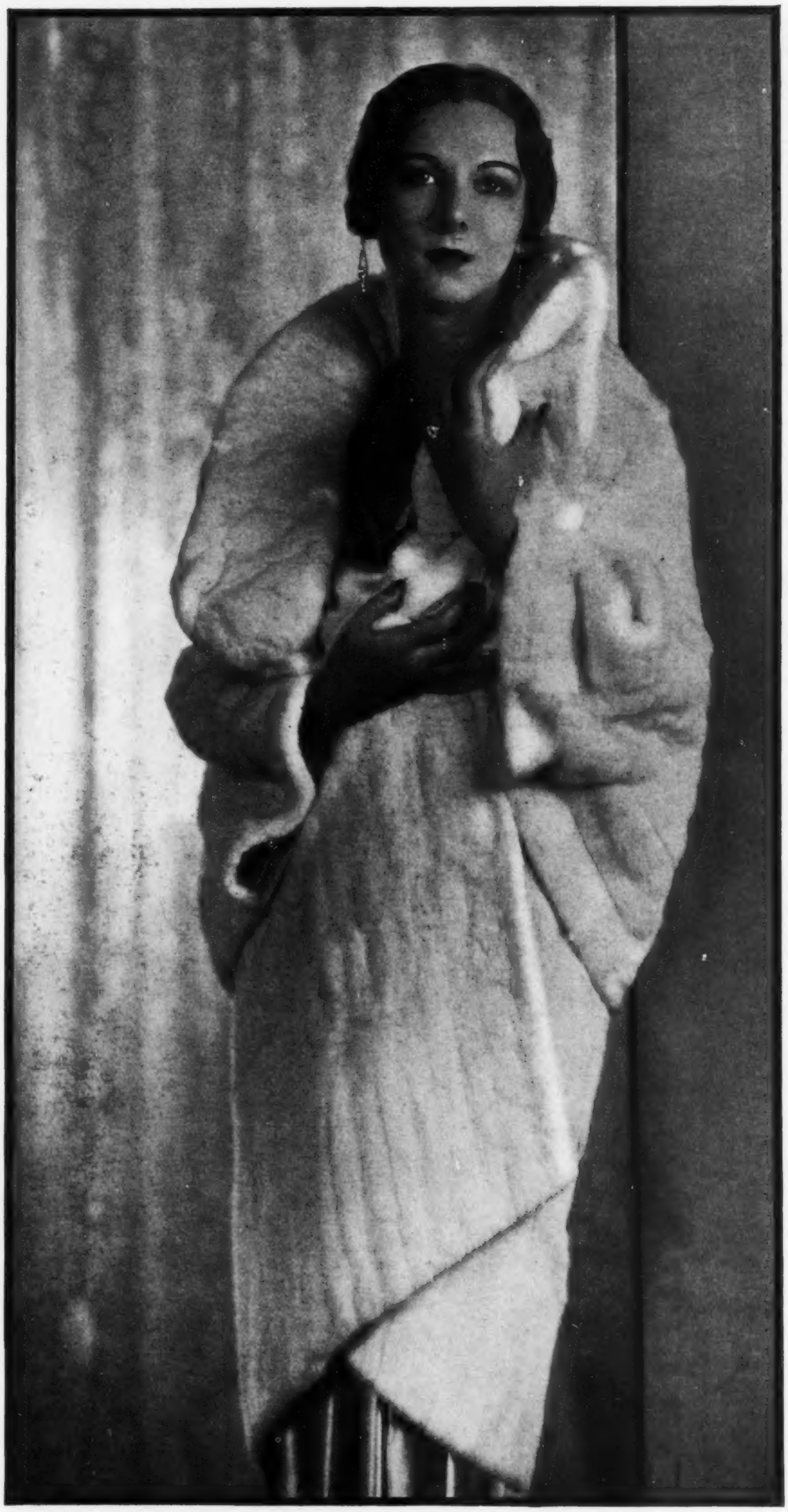
The bracelet at the left below the necklace is also by Paul Flato and comprises four strands of graduated pearls with an elaborate clasp.

In the left-hand corner is a sapphire, emerald and diamond bracelet matching the earrings on the left-hand page. Van Cleef and Arpels.

At the right, below the necklace, is a diamond hair barrette, one of a series of three designed and executed by Black Starr and Frost-Gorham.

In the lowest right-hand corner are two galliera clips, ruby, emerald, sapphire and diamond, joined by a jewelled chain. From Marcus.

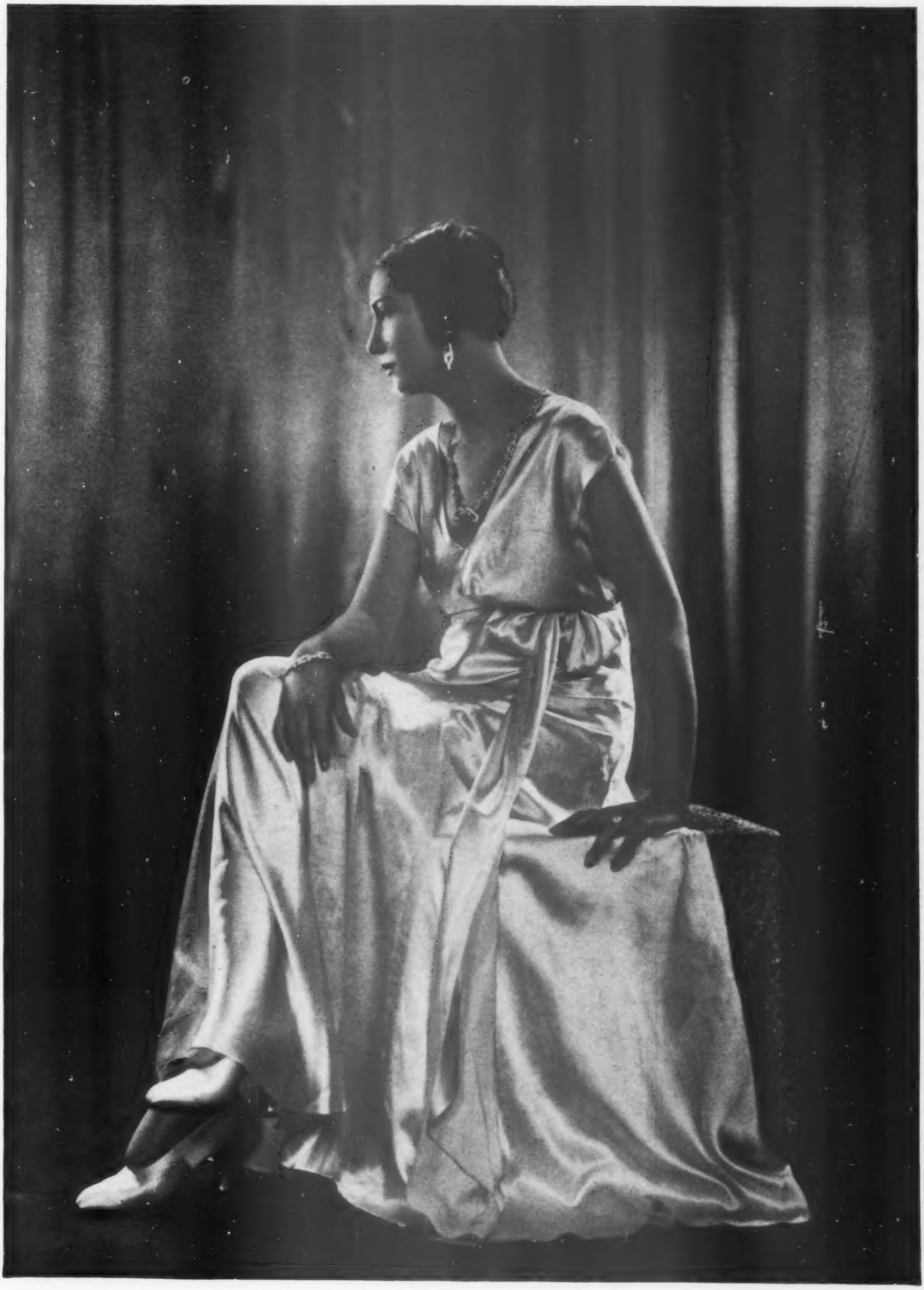
The slippers on which Marcus displays his shoe clips are made especially for this purpose by Delman. They are of crêpe marocain in pastels.



THE SEASON IS FORMAL IN ERMINE AND SATIN

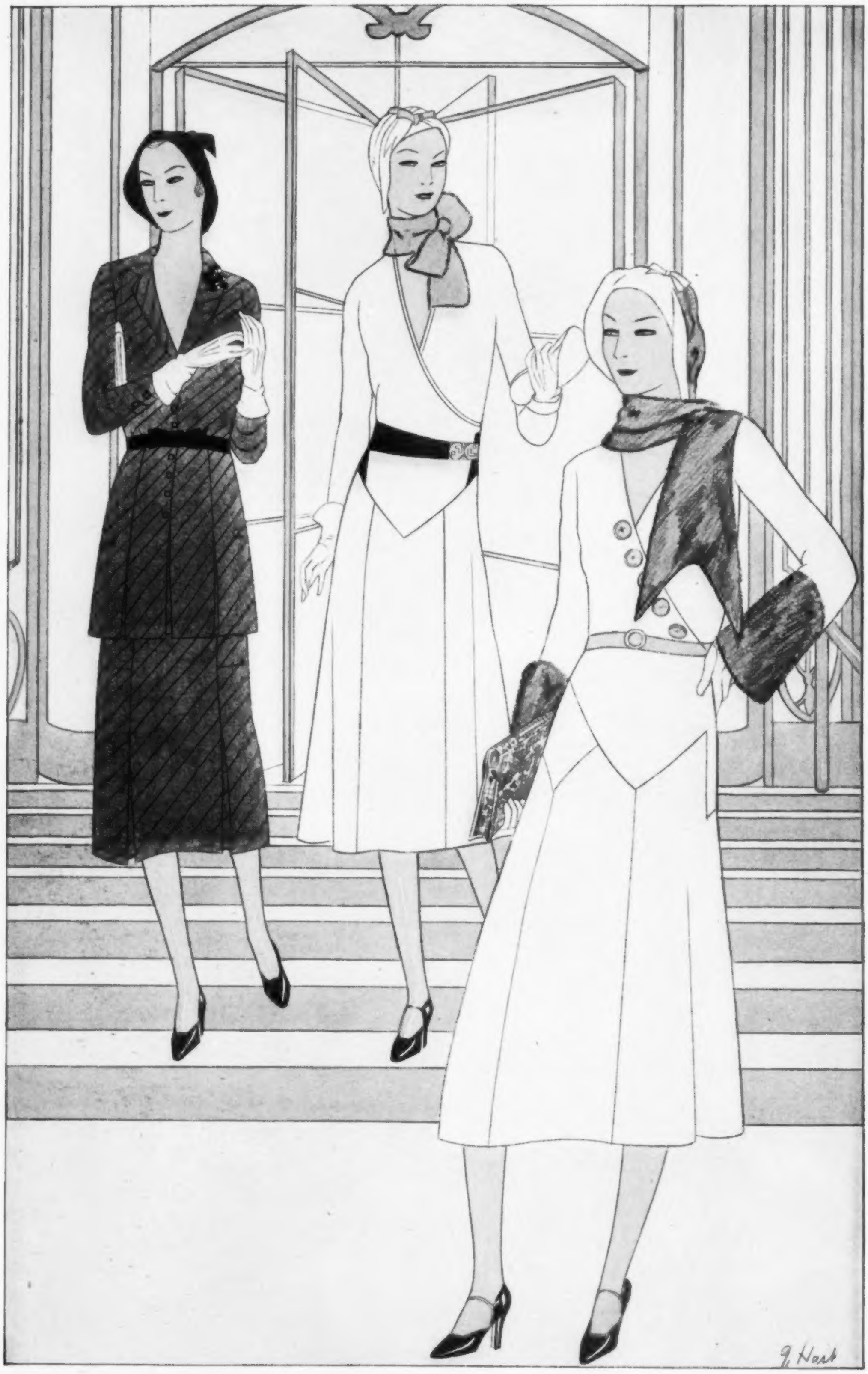
Jay-Thorpe works ermine horizontally in the cape-sleeves of this three-quarter length wrap, and vertically in its coat. An important collar is shaped to stand away from the wearer's head. Long diamond earrings, unusual in shape, and a square-cut diamond ring with baguettes, Brand-Chatillon.

Photographs by Count de Miro



Vionnet creates an incomparable satin evening gown in her new shade of pink. The belt begins in the back as a part of the décolletage. Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne. A diamond necklace is by Lebolt; the bracelet is one of its detachable sections. Earrings and ring by Brand-Chatillon.

Drawings by Grace Hart

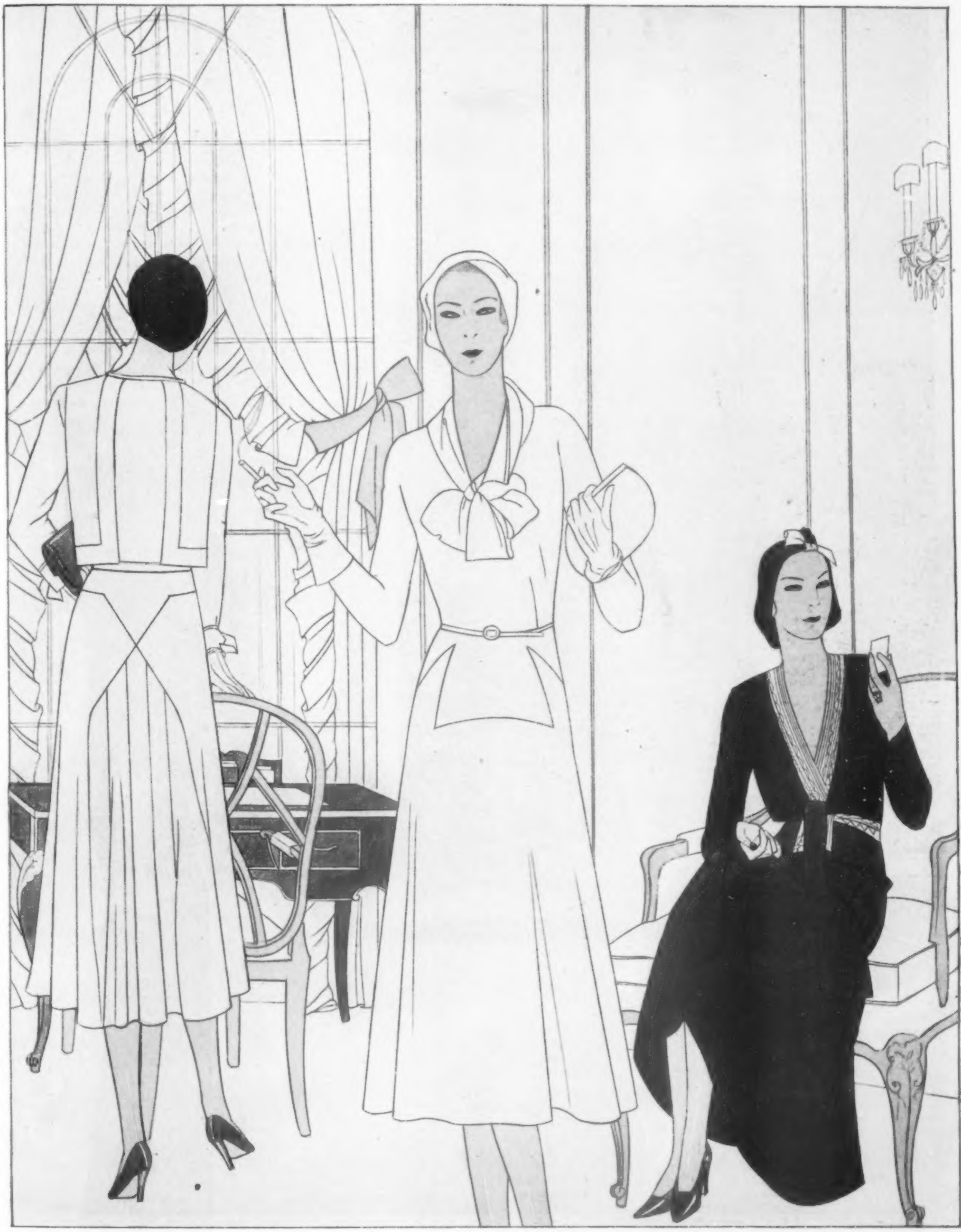


SHEERLY SMART IN WOOL

Black crepella of firm weave with a diagonal white stripe is used for this slimly tailored tunic dress. The inverted plaits achieve a discreet swing. The black felt hat is of béret persuasion. Hollander.

Black wool voile made on simple lines distinguishes this street dress. Interesting details are the unusual black suède belt and the panelled skirt. The hat of black felt is draped close to the head. DePinna.

Sophisticated chic in all black. The dress has an adjustable scarf collar and cuffs of galyak. A subtle flare in the skirt softens the severe silhouette. Maria Guy uses black felt and galyak in the hat. Bonwit Teller.

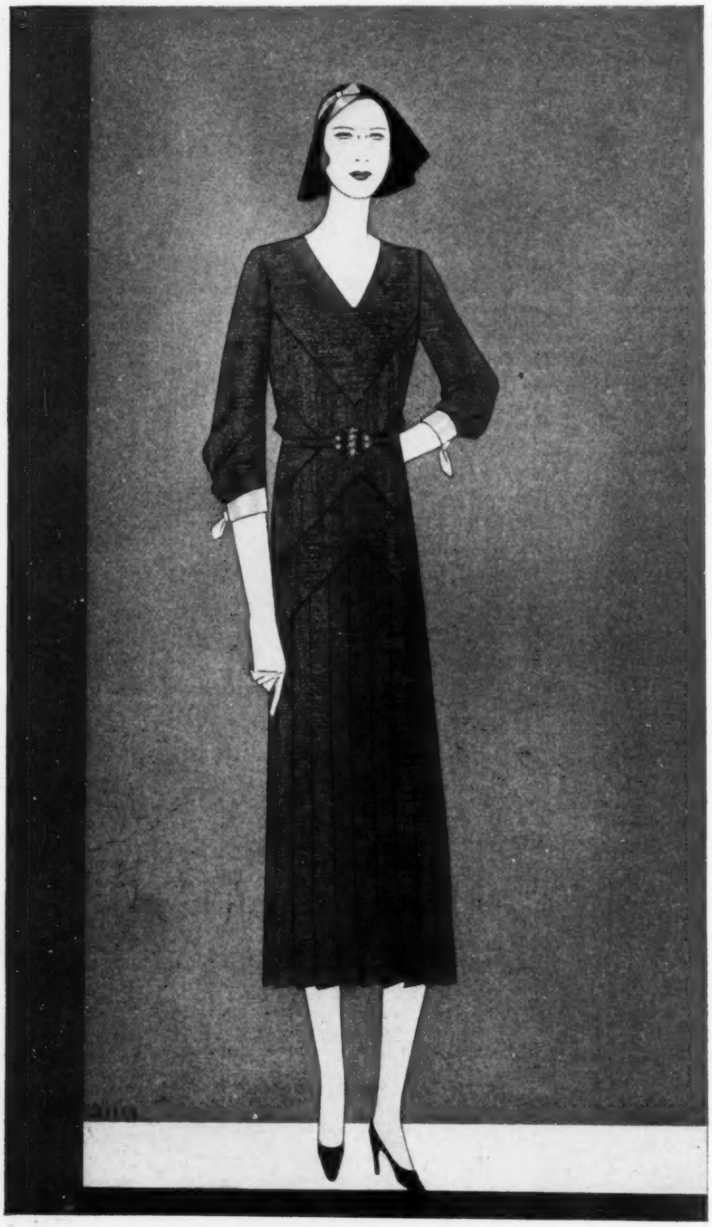


DARKLY CHIC IN SHADE

This boxwood green wool crêpe dress is a charming example of detailed simplicity. The semi-bolero starts at either side of the back and has a tuxedo curve in front. The black béret turban is felt. Wanamaker.

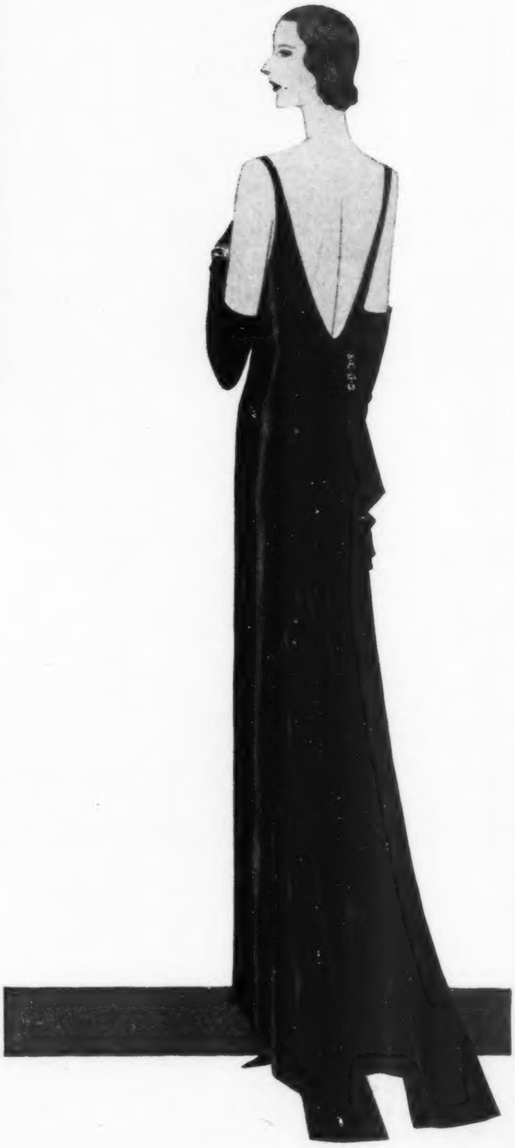
Dark brown moussa cloth is cleverly cut by Vionnet, in this dress with an intricately casual bow collar. The brown felt hat, Maria Guy, of skull-cap inspiration, is jauntily off the face. Best and Company.

This dress of closely woven, sheer black lace tweed has a charming note of colour at the neck and accented waistline: blue embroidery on bright red crêpe. A black felt off-the-face hat. Franklin Simon.



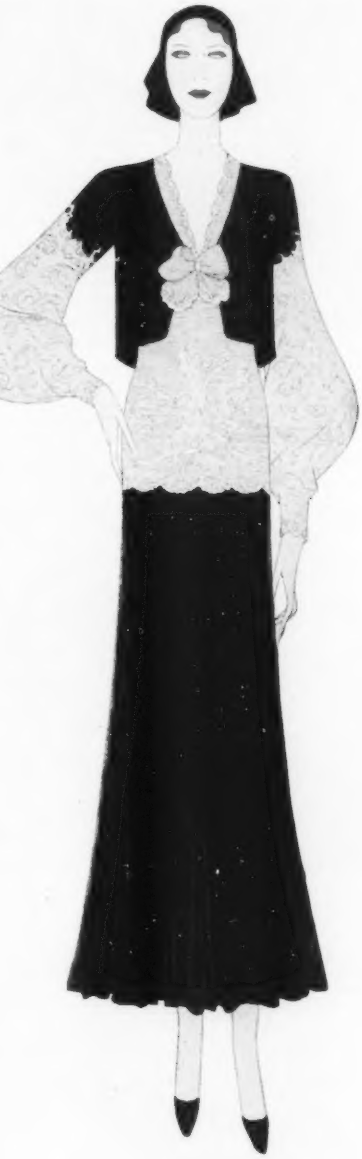
A softly tailored effect is noted in this afternoon dress of black chiffon and silver thread lamé. Turquoise velvet bands the sleeves and waist and is repeated on the distinctive black velvet hat. Kurzman.

Satin is a key-note to chic for the evening. This lustrous black satin gown has a diagonal flare across the entire back. The dress is on the floor at the sides and the back with undulating fulness. By Milgrim.

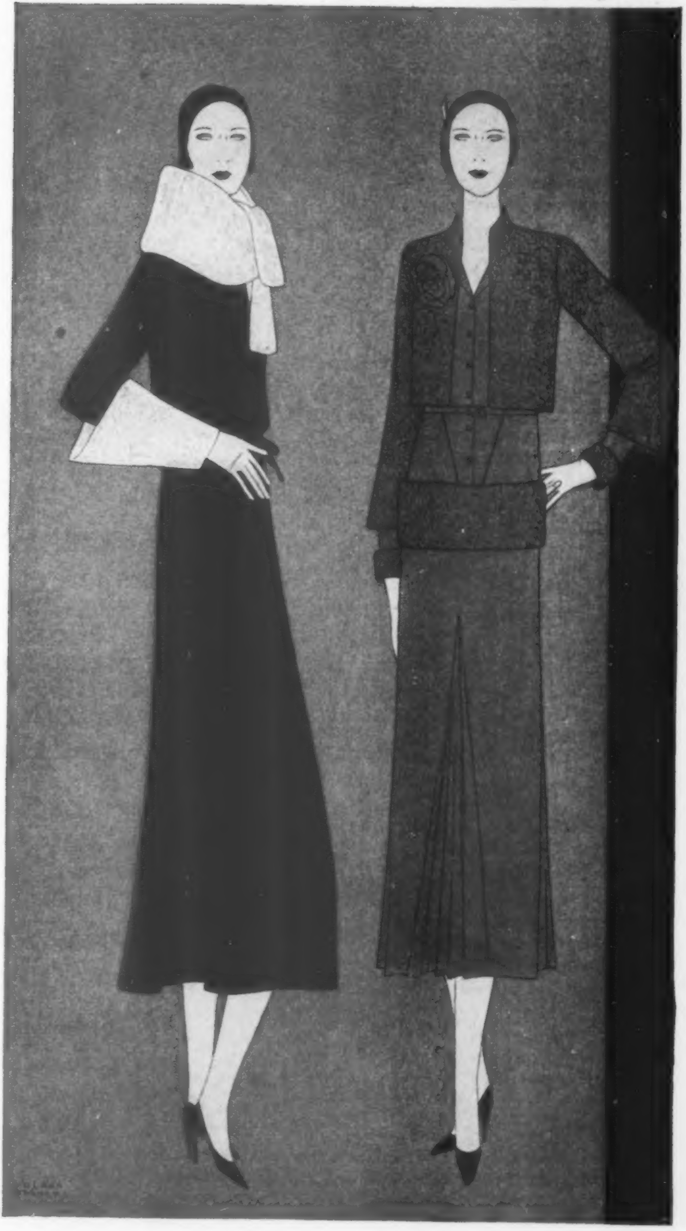


THE EARLY SEASON HERALDS A NOTE DISTINCTLY ITS OWN

BROWN AND BLACK ARE TWO OF AUTUMN'S FAVOURITES



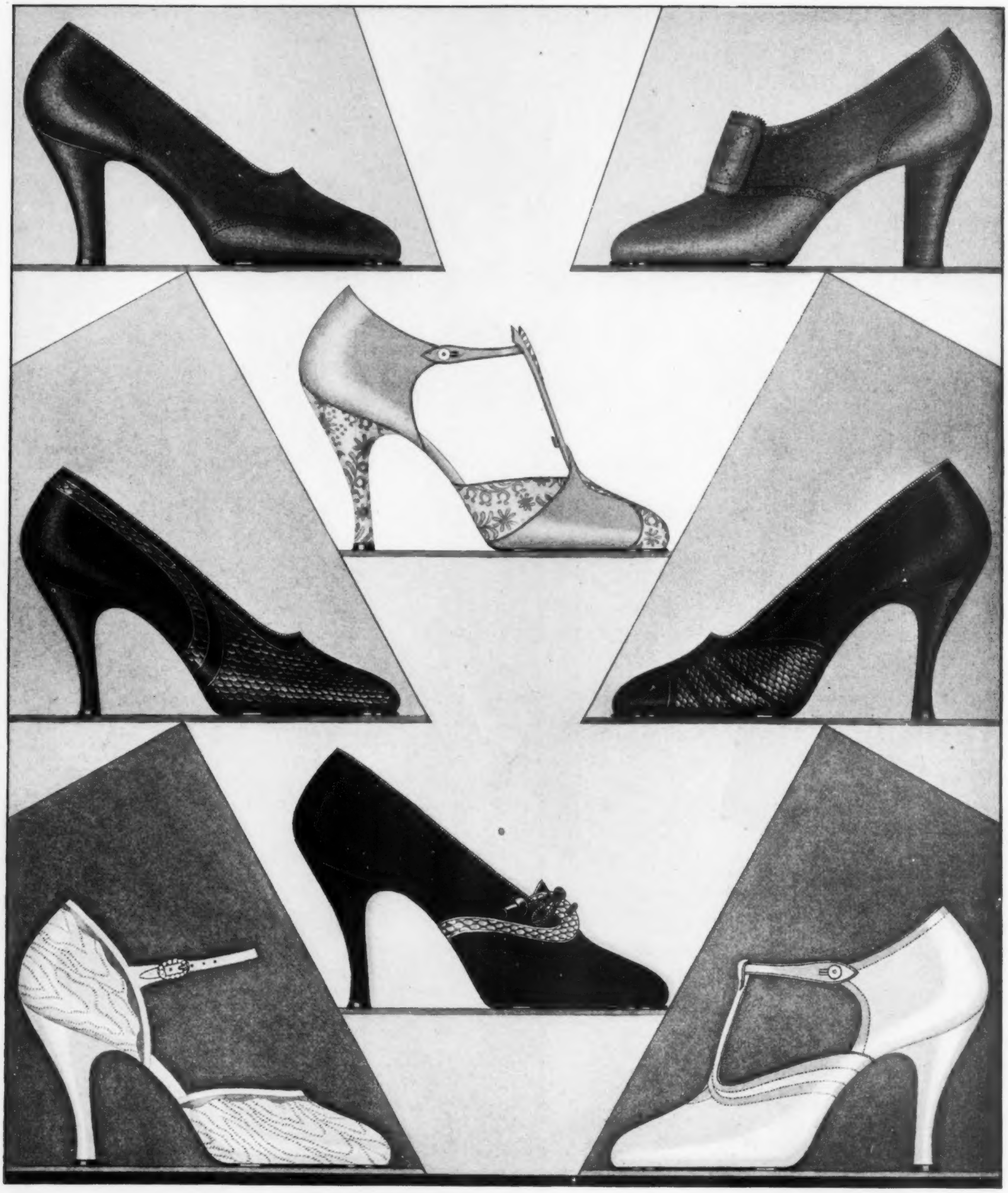
Drawings by Malaga Grenet



This gown of black transparent velvet combined with off-white Alençon lace can be worn formally in the afternoon or, without the bolero jacket, informally for dinner. Hat also of black velvet. Stein and Blaine.

Bergdorf Goodman's casually formal costume for daytime. The coat, Russian in contour, has white Persian lamb trim; it is worn over a black cloth skirt of the same fabric and an important blouse. Felt hat.

An altogether new version of the street costume. Brown Persian lamb bolero, worn over a dark brown renillic crêpe dress, which has a hip band of the fur. Alpine hat of felt, from Agnès. Hattie Carnegie.



SHOES IN THE NEWEST TRADITION

The street pump for this year has been executed by Best and Company in an ox-blood red calf, the lines accentuated by perforations.

Black kid, gracefully combined with lizard, is sponsored by Martin and Martin for fall street wear. Curving lines are distinctive.

A white evening slipper, sketched in moire, is made also in satin or crêpe. Gold and silver kid trim, and a gold heel. Bonwit Teller.

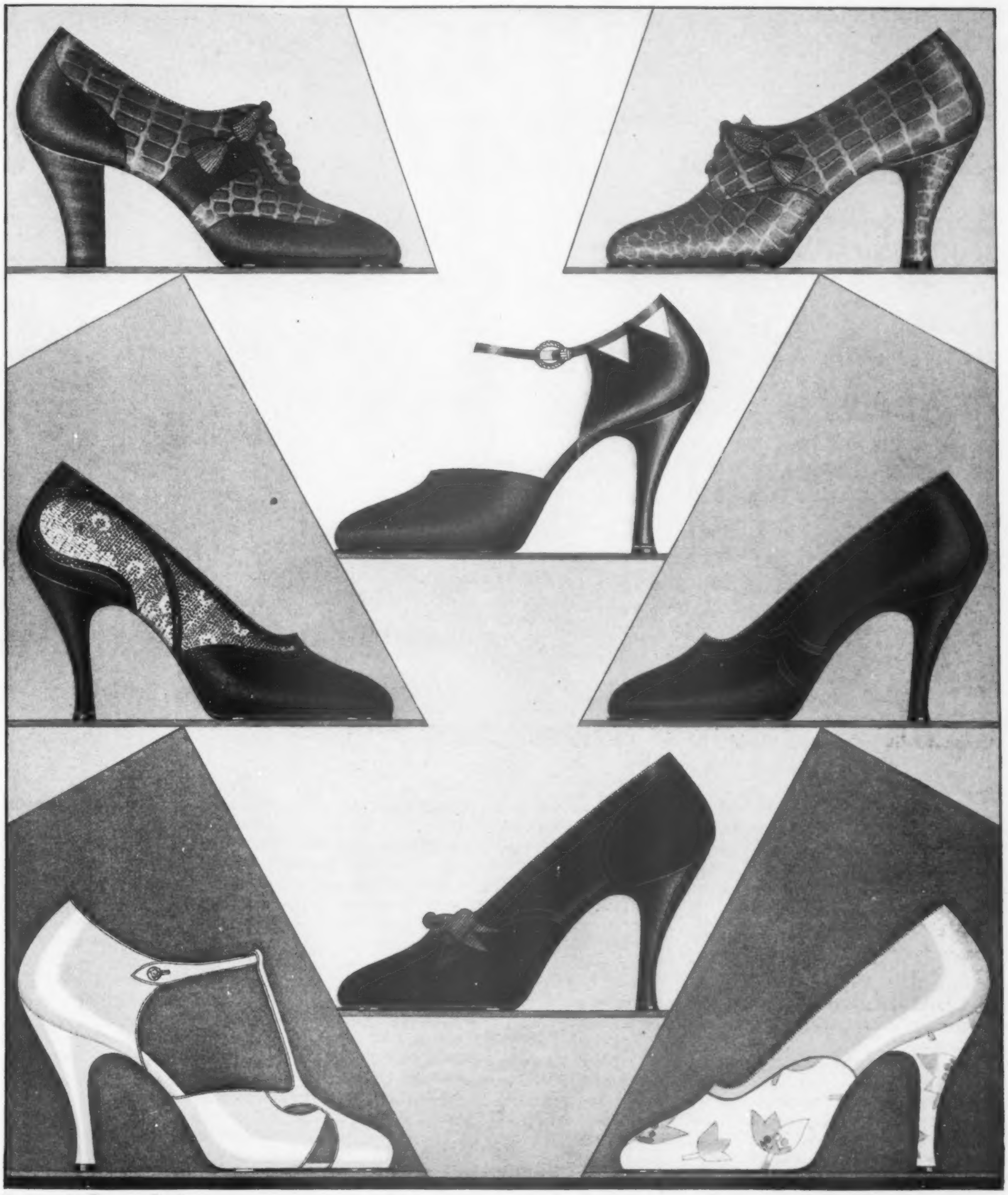
J. and T. Cousins at Kurzman's use satin and brocade to fashion an evening sandal, piping its edges narrowly with gold or silver kid.

For the formal afternoon costume I. Miller designates the two-eyelet "demi-oxford" in black suède with a narrow overlay of lizard.

Colonial simplicity dignifies the brown calf town walking shoe. Note the practical height of the sturdy leather heel. From Shoecraft.

Straps are deftly appliquéd in an original daytime pump by Andrew Geller. Black kid and lizard are the materials, in smart contrast.

Satin, an important evening fabric, in a new slipper from Sommers. Narrow bands of silver overlay add charming detail to simple lines.



Drawings by Florence Blecker

SLIPPERS CHASTELY DECORATIVE

The brown alligator and Russian calf oxford. Its toe has perforations, with the heel of leather and moderate in height. Frank Bros.

Distinguished in its marking is Java lizard, used by Cammeyer with black calf for a street pump. The perforated calf bands are original.

A masterly treatment of white satin is exhibited in Saks-Fifth Avenue's gold-piped sandal. The heel is gracefully high and slender.

An unusual afternoon sandal, made by Vanity, employs patent leather with an overtone of dull bronze. The ankle strap is noteworthy.

Brown or black, a one-eyelet tie-in calf in combination with suède. The bow is important; the Spanish heel suède covered. By Delman.

I. Miller's brown alligator oxford gains distinction from its utter simplicity and from the beautifully tailored shape of the vamp.

For the afternoon, a black calf pump created by J. and J. Slater. The use of an inset of suède with undulating edges is decorative.

A white façonné brocade, gold figured, makes vamp and heel of this slipper; its quarter is white satin, gold piped. Bergdorf-Goodman.

GERMAN SPAS AND PLEASAUNCES

by HENRY JAMES FORMAN

IF THE usual man from Mars were to arrive at one of the German watering-places—say, Baden-Baden—he would have his usual reaction: the reaction of a man from Mars always begins with a *Why*.

Why all the luxury and richness, the gorgeous parterres and flower-beds, the opulent halls and spaces, the excellent food, the fine music, the airy pleasaunces—why all this for the sick who cannot enjoy it? Why not the same care and luxury and attention for the hale, and so forestall illness altogether?

The kur-director, who is a sort of counsel of public relations—in short, a press agent—would instantly make that right. A press agent always makes things right. Confidentially he would lean toward his visitor, particularly if he thought a man from Mars had any influence with the public, and he would intimately murmur enlightenment.

"Your Martian intelligence," he would say, " is almost as profound as the German. The vast majority of people who come to us are not really sick at all. They are as well as you or I. They only imagine there's something wrong with them or their insides. They come because of all this"—with a wave of the hand. "They stay because they like it. If you are desirous of proof of that, go to the Trinkhalle where the health-giving waters bubble up; see how many people you will find drinking them."

The Martian strolling over to the fountain hall where the chalybeate, as English novels used to call it, is dispensed, and finding it empty, would shake his head and return to his former perplexity, the native state of enquiring Martians. And if he tasted the waters, which Sam Weller somewhere described as suggesting warm flat-irons, he would understand the emptiness and forlornness of the Trinkhalle, but nothing else.

The Trinkhalle, however, is the only spot in Baden-Baden that is forlorn. Everywhere else the management has engendered that serene serious playfulness peculiar to watering-places. It is as though they said: "We mustn't be too playful and thus give the show away. We must cling to it that people come here to recover from something—though why drag in illness?"

Besides, even some of the dominant ills, for which the baths and waters are panacea, are of the playful sort. If a man has drunk too many cocktails and too much wine for a season, or a woman eaten too many good dinners and taken no exercise, and their respective livers turn otiose and slipshod—isn't that always, somehow, humorous? Hence the waters, hence the baths, hence the scores of pieces of Swedish apparatus, veritable schoolmasters to the naughty livers.

But always, one suspects, the well far outnumbered the ill at the German Bads.

Baden-Baden, Bad Homburg, Kissingen, Wiesbaden, Bad Nauheim—Bad This and Bad That!—Germany abounds in them. They attained their height in the nineteenth century, the Victorian era, when pleasure had, somehow, to be cloaked with the hood and mantle of utility. Thackeray is full of the German Bads. Major Pendennis had to have his annual cure, because the Marquis of Steyne and all Society went to make good the ravages of the London season at a fashionable German Spa. And what forty-ish person does not remember the Homburg hat of green velours that King Edward wore and made the fashion?

"And he always took tea on the terrace," the major-domo of the Homburg Casino even today lowers his voice to murmur reverently, wistfully.

Ah! Those halcyon days when all the Court and all the kings and queens in the deck, and the celebrities, and those who wished to see them, annually migrated to the baths! The Kaiser still has a palace at Homburg, and at Baden-Baden royalties were so thick the tradesfolk had to learn the Almanach de Gotha by heart.

In Baden they still tell you the joke made by King William I. of Prussia, when he met his tailor in one of the walks.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" asked the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty—though I find the society here somewhat mixed."

"But, my dear fellow, we cannot all be tailors!" laughed the King.

Tailors and kings—they all came if they could afford it.

Horse-racing and polo are sometimes described as the sports of kings. The true sport of kings is the German baths. They used to be replete with kings and queens—and Englishmen.

With the death of King Edward, the tide of the English ebbed away and receded, gradually, indeed, but markedly. The present sovereigns of Britain are a home-staying couple. And then there was the war, that Dark Age of the public pleasures. The English royal house even gave up its German name. It is no longer the House of Hanover, but the House of Windsor.

But when I recently visited the baths,

Drawings by GUY ARNOUX

The Rarefied Atmosphere of the Golden Days of Royal Patronage Still Clings to These Amazing Watering-places

"Who does not remember the hat that King Edward made the fashion?"

there was a glow of exultation in the eyes of spa managers and kur-directors.

"They are coming back, the English—they are coming back! They must come back! They must be lured back. Since there is no more Russian aristocracy and since the impoverishment of all other aristocracies, who but the English and Americans are to be the mainstay of the baths?"

As regards Americans, at all events, it was not always so. Mark Twain, when he visited Baden-Baden more than half a century ago, found the most brusque insolence on the part of shopkeepers and Kurhaus employees toward his countrymen. In those days one had to be either a Russian or an Englishman to gain attention, but preferably a Russian. The town prided itself that Count Rostopchin, after burning Moscow in the face of Napoleon, in 1812, ultimately came to Baden-Baden to recover from that unique bonfire. Rostopchin's countrymen kept flocking there ever after, spending money with proverbial Russian profligacy.

The Russians' taste for pleasure was unerring. They knew what they wanted; they did not find it in Russia and, like homing pigeons, made for pleasanter countries. Turgenef actually settled in Baden for a period of years, even bought a house.

Where Turgenef was concerned, however, a woman was the attraction. Pauline Garcia-Viardot had made her home in Baden and that was enough for Turgenef. He was never far away from her large Spanish eyes, if he could help it. That romantic and reputedly Platonic attachment, which interested all Europe, ran much of its course among the walks and flower-beds of Baden. How people used to laugh at the immensely tall Russian novelist, full-bearded and dignified, always dancing attendance upon the dark, hot-eyed Spanish singer who was living an intense domestic life with her French husband and manager. The husband was not jealous. All the household accepted Turgenef as they might have accepted a friendly mastiff.

If a Viardot child was ill, Turgenef it was who ran for the doctor or to the chemist. If Madame Viardot was arranging a concert or a miniature opera at her house, Turgenef was busy as a bird-dog carrying, fetching, retrieving, or writing the libretto. Yet he towered in intellect as well as in size over all the other celebrities, over the crowned heads, the grand dukes and the innumerable German princelings who came to hear the Viardot.

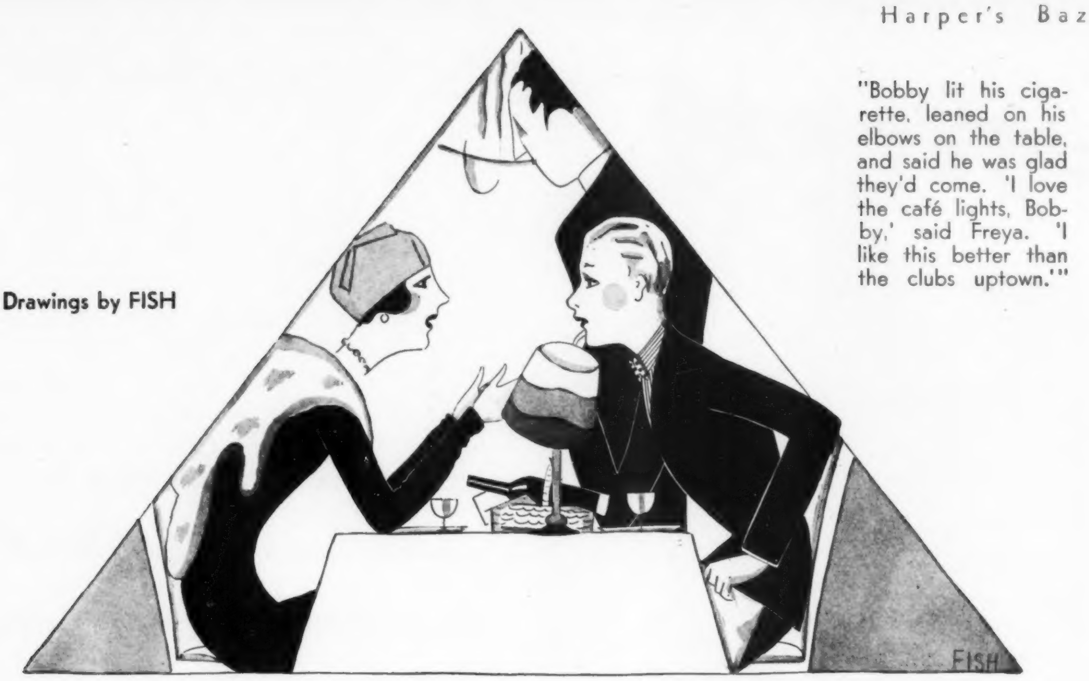
Dostoyefsky, who hated Turgenef poisonously, not improbably chose Baden-Baden for his vacation precisely because Turgenef was there—since, as we know, hate is virtually as great an attraction as love. He hated Turgenef's fine manners, he hated his high-pitched voice, his attendance upon Pauline Viardot, his wealth, his great fame.

He had come there to play at the gambling tables, Dostoyefsky. He needed money and that was his way of attempting to obtain it. Baden-Baden was then the most famed gambling place on earth. Millions were wont to change hands there in a day. Dostoyefsky desired some of those millions. He played like a fanatic, like some half-mad character in his own novels, and persistently lost. His letters to his wife, describing his agonies, would be screamingly funny if they were not so moving and pathetic. There is a bookful of them. Finally he was obliged to borrow money to enable him to leave Baden-Baden.

But for a long time now gambling has been outlawed from German watering-places. At Homburg—punting at Homburg, in the Victorian phrase—the gambling is confined to an arrangement of a billiard ball and a revolving arrow. The croupier shoots the billiard ball, which hits the arrow and causes it to revolve until it finally rests and points to a number. During all the hours I have watched it, I never saw anyone staking more than five marks.

At Baden-Baden the playroom, on a similar scale, is open only at certain hours and has no attraction for gamblers. Baden, however, has horse-races in which, as its publicity informs us, "horses of all nations run." Maybe they do. But Baden is not specializing in gambling any more. Its favoured cults (*Continued on page 136*)

Drawings by FISH



"Bobby lit his cigarette, leaned on his elbows on the table, and said he was glad they'd come. 'I love the café lights, Bobby,' said Freya. 'I like this better than the clubs uptown.'"

LO AND BEHOLD!

A Novel by CHARLES J. PELTON

PART FOUR:

MONDAY morning, Freya said she was going into town to do some shopping, and Bobby's father said he was going in, too. They all went in together: Freya, and his father, and Bobby. And in the train Freya asked Bobby how he liked church.

Bobby was surprised because he hadn't said a word, but he decided it was because he had put on those clothes. So he said it was all right, only different from what he expected.

He didn't really want to talk about it, but Freya asked, "How different?" And he couldn't say to Freya what he would have said to Jack Hines, because she looked so lovely and anybody would tell Freya anything when she asked you like that. So Bobby just said he hadn't been to any other churches in New York except once a long time ago with his mother. But this church certainly had a high-powered preacher, and the music was grand and the place was packed.

Freya puzzled a minute and then laughed.

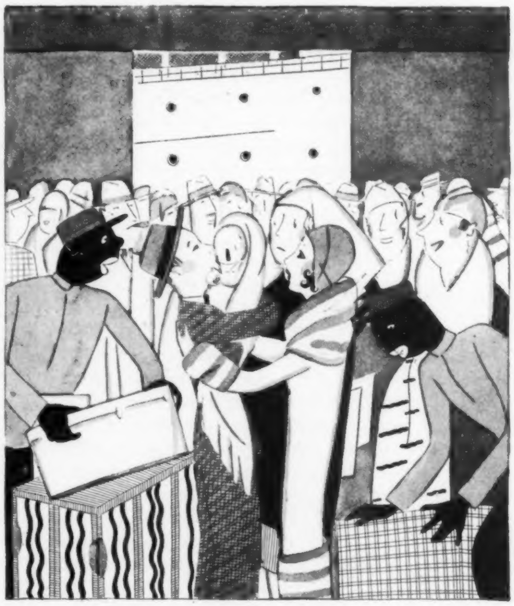
But Bobby didn't want her to think he was disrespectful, because he wasn't, so he said in Europe you went to church to rest and pray, and to get rid of whatever was on your mind.

After that Freya talked about something else.

At lunch Bobby met some friends and stayed longer than usual, and was just going back to the office when Ollie Thomas, the one-armed Canadian, got up from another table and walked over and met Bobby at the hat-stand.

"Just a minute, Bobby," Ollie said. "Where's Clare Fox?"

"Don't know," Bobby replied shortly.



"Robert Alexander was in his father's arms, screaming, wriggling in terror to escape."

"Thought you did," Ollie seemed surprised.

"Well, I don't." Bobby realized that Ollie Thomas didn't believe him.

But Ollie just squinted at Bobby and would have let it go at that, when something flared up in Bobby's mind. A scene. A meeting. In his house. Freya and Ollie Thomas. He hadn't noticed it at the time. Didn't think anything about it, anyway. But he did now. He saw it all again, clear as daylight, right in front of his eyes—Ollie Thomas coming in. Seeing Freya. Stopping, saying something about ghosts. Then backing off. That was it—backing off. Ollie Thomas had pretended he didn't know her; that it was all a mistake. But it wasn't a mistake. Ollie Thomas did know Freya and she knew him and they both pretended they didn't. Bobby remembered Freya's look. It was quick as a flash, but it knew Ollie Thomas, her look did, and then pretended it didn't know him from Adam.

"Where did you know my father's wife before?" Bobby said. His own voice frightened him as he heard his own words. His father's wife. She wasn't. Freya wasn't his father's wife. Maybe Ollie Thomas knew that.

"Mrs. Delaine?" That's what Ollie said. "I didn't. But for a minute I thought she was somebody else. Somebody

Now Freya, Alinda and Robert Alexander—through Thick and Thin.

I knew in Picardy in nineteen-fifteen."

"Oh, you did?" Bobby said, and he didn't care a damn if Ollie knew that he didn't believe a word.

"Look here, Bobby," Ollie began. "I'm a lot older than you are. You take a tip from me and forget it."

"Same to you," Bobby shot back. "Clare Fox."

What on earth did he say that for? Bobby wished he hadn't the second the words left his lips. It was rotten. It was perfectly rotten. What did he mean? He didn't mean anything, really. Not in his mind. What could he mean? But he felt—somehow he felt let down, and that his father was being let down. And it was rotten.

He went back to the office and Jimmy Blake said that his father had been there and had just gone, because he was in a hurry, and had to go to the bank and a lot of other places, and Bobby was to meet his father at the Ambassador at five o'clock sharp.

Bobby saw his father waiting for him. His father had something on his mind. Bobby knew that. Something important. His father was walking up and down chewing his cigar, and paying no attention to anybody. But he saw Bobby at the same instant. He stopped, he took his cigar out of his mouth and waved his hand. Bobby hurried into the hotel.

"Hello, Father."

"Well, Son."

They walked along together, Bobby's father leading the way to the dining-room. They crossed the room to a table by the window and sat down.

"This is a good place to talk," his father began. "And I've got a lot to say and not much time." He took out his watch and looked at it.

"So have I," Bobby answered.

"Yours will keep. Mine won't. I know Alinda's coming home, if that's what you mean."

"You do? How did you know?" Bobby burst out.

His father smiled.

"Steady on, Son." He struck a match, lighted his cigar, told the waiter what to bring, and resumed.

"You'll know that, too, in time. But first, I'm off to Chicago at six-ten. I'll be back the day after tomorrow. It's that fellow Sam, and another fellow named Oliver Thomas."

"Ollie Thomas! I just saw him at—"

"Steady on, I said. Let me talk now." Bobby's father puffed a minute on his cigar, looked hard ahead, but not with irresolution. He was merely choosing the fewest and easiest words to say something that wasn't easy to say, nor easy for Bobby to hear.

"Sam, first," his father began. "Sam's gone with that girl to my ranch in Saskatchewan. At least they are on their way there. She sent me a wire. She says she wants to buy my ranch. Wants an option to buy it. She can have it."

"Clare!" Bobby's eyes were popping.

"You under-estimate that young woman, my son," his father smiled. "But that's no matter. The matter is this man Thomas. We thought he was dead. Mrs. Delaine and I. He was reported dead. He was once her husband. He still is, legally."

"Ollie! Freya's husband?" Bobby was suddenly speechless.

"They've come to an understanding," his father continued. "Or they had. But he may be a difficult customer to handle when he knows that Sam has got away with Miss Clare Fox. That fool Thomas is—well! You see how things are, Son."

Bobby didn't see, but he was beginning to see. He saw that his father was all broken up inside, but that he was standing by Freya, no matter what. And that Sam had, or Clare had, or somebody had upset everything.

"I'll fix Sam," Bobby said.

Bobby's father smiled:

"You tried that. No. There is only one way nowadays to get rid of a man. Buy him. And it's a pretty poor way, for two to one he won't stay bought."

"Alinda can!" Bobby said. The words just came out.

"Can what?"

"Fix Sam! Sam will do whatever she says. Sam was in love with Alinda. He is yet, really."

Bobby's father looked at Bobby. The look hurt. "My boy, you are going to wake up some day, hard. Men don't do that."

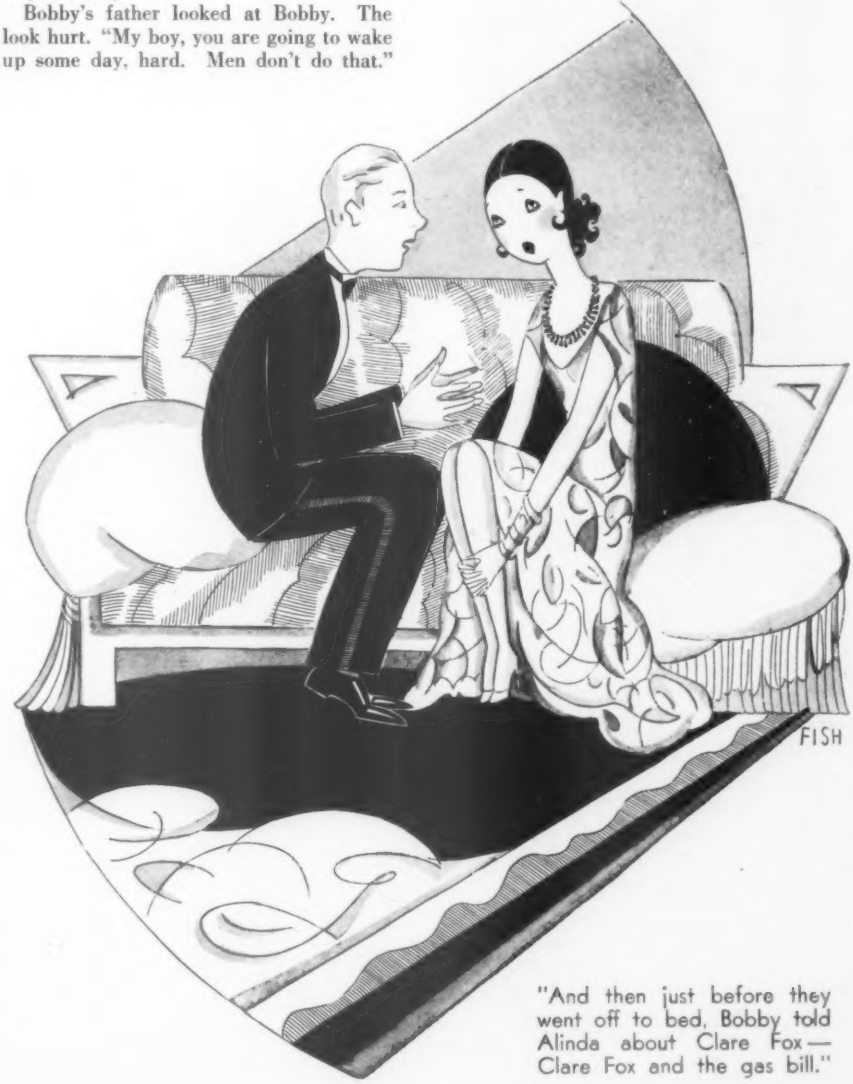
"I didn't mean—" Bobby was miserable. "I didn't—" Bobby was getting angry. Bobby was mad through and through. Mad at his father. Mad at himself. "I—"

"I hope not," his father broke in. "And you didn't. I know that." He took out his watch again. "But when Alinda gets home, you just stick close to her and Robert Alexander, through thick and thin, and leave the rest to me."

"But you said—"

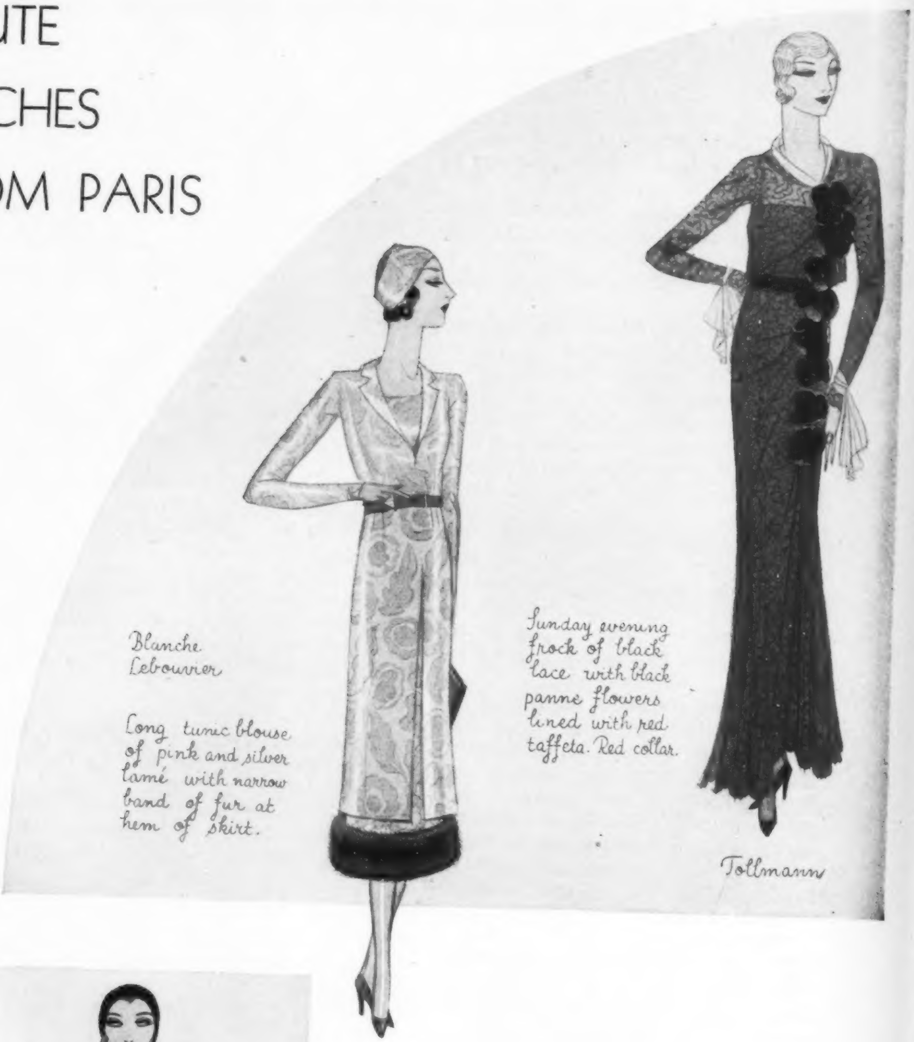
"I've said enough for now." Bobby's father got up. "I'm off. I've just time. You go home and talk it all over with Mrs. Delaine. Tell her everything. Get everything off your chest. She will stay out there with you until I get back. Now, good-by." He held out his hand. Bobby squeezed it, and watched his father stride off across the restaurant and out through the door.

Bobby dropped back into his chair in a maze of uncertainties. He just sat and drummed on the table-cloth with his fingers, looking at nothing, thinking unregistered (*Continued on page 154*)



"And then just before they went off to bed, Bobby told Alinda about Clare Fox—Clare Fox and the gas bill."

LAST-MINUTE SKETCHES FROM PARIS

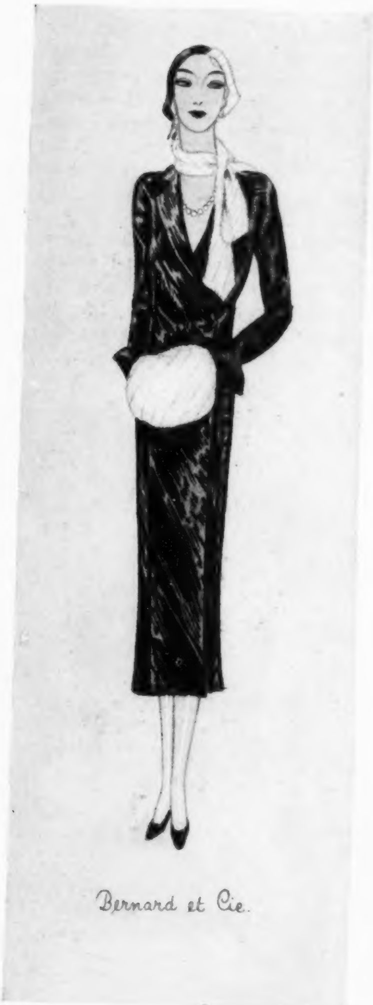


Blanche Lebouvier

Long tunic blouse of pink and silver lamé with narrow band of fur at hem of skirt.

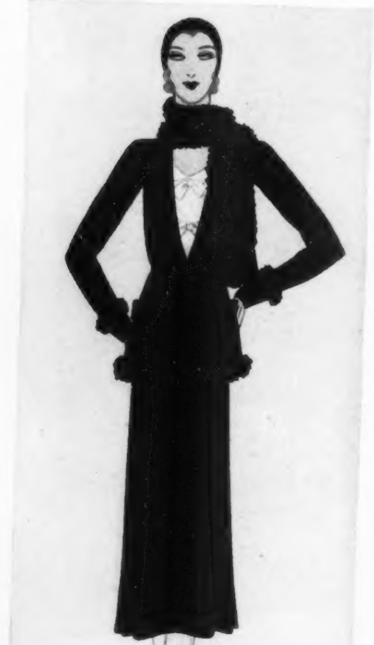
Sunday evening frock of black lace with black panne flowers lined with red taffeta. Red collar.

Tollmann



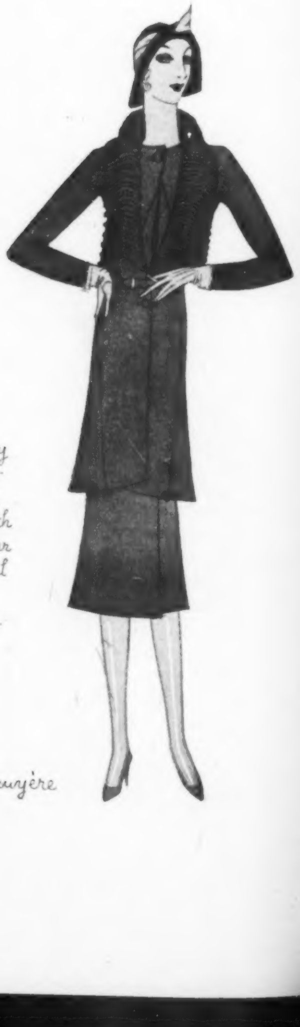
Bernard et Cie.

Imitation broadtail in a coat-dress with ermine cravat and silver buttons. Ermine muff.



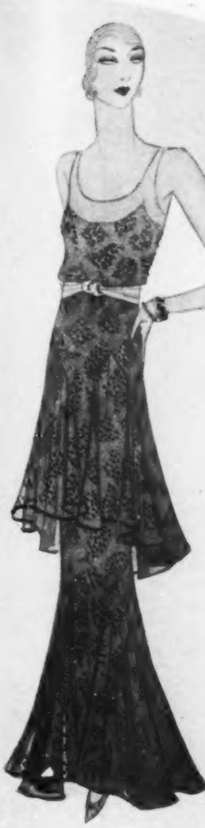
Suit of heaviest black marocain with short jacket trimmed with Persian lamb and cravat scarf.

Yteb



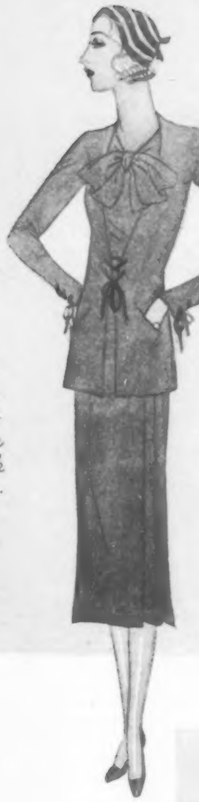
Suit of heavy bure in diagonal lines, with knee-length coat and collar of the material worked in stuffed rolls.

Bruyère



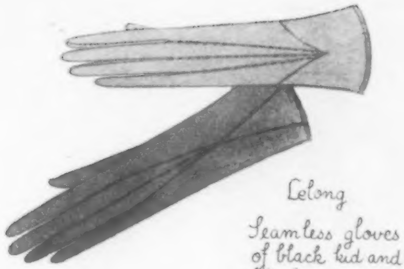
Black tarred net that looks like dull spangles. Tunic edge piped with black crêpe de Chine.

Alex



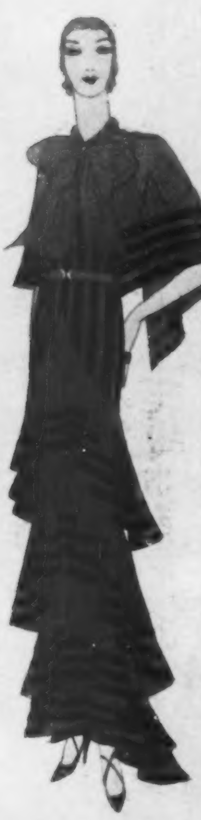
Lyolène

Suit of brown and beige jersey almost without design. Lacings of brown leather strips.



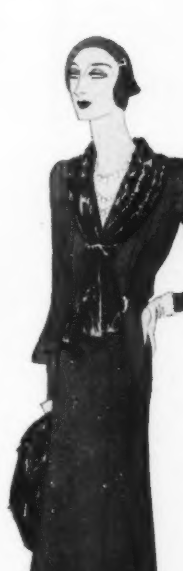
Lelong

Seamless gloves of black kid and black suède.



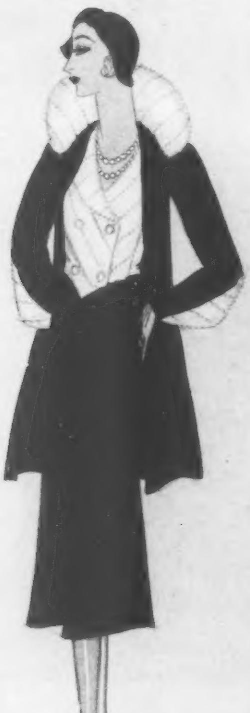
Nicole Groult

Black net gown. Double peplum striped with bands of black taffeta over a pink slip.



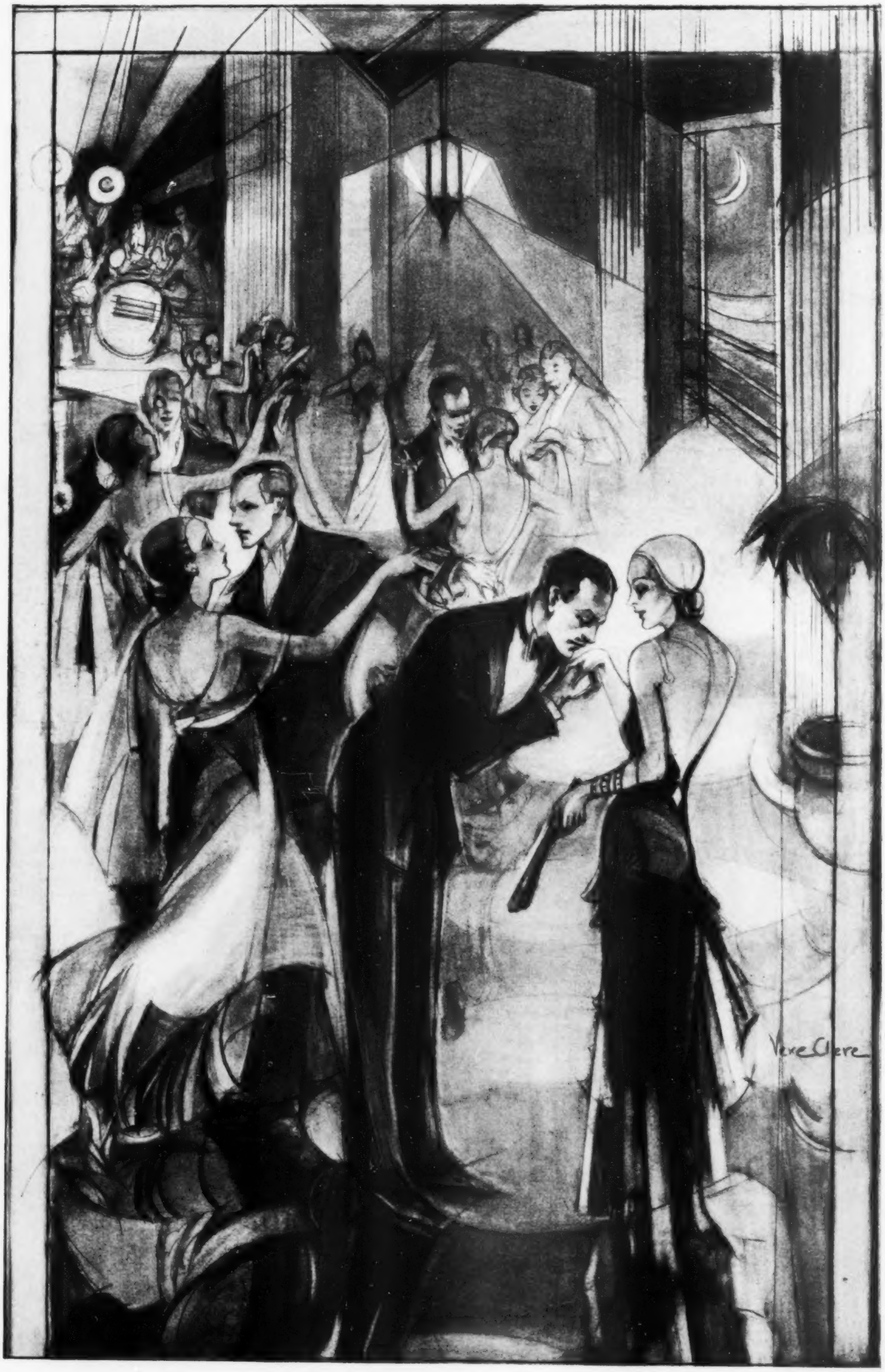
Coat of black Grania, a rough-surfaced Rodier material, with cravat collar of black broadtail and belt of suède. Silver buckle.

Bruyère



Heim

Black raily kasha suit with collar of white ermine and waistcoat blouse of ermine and satin.

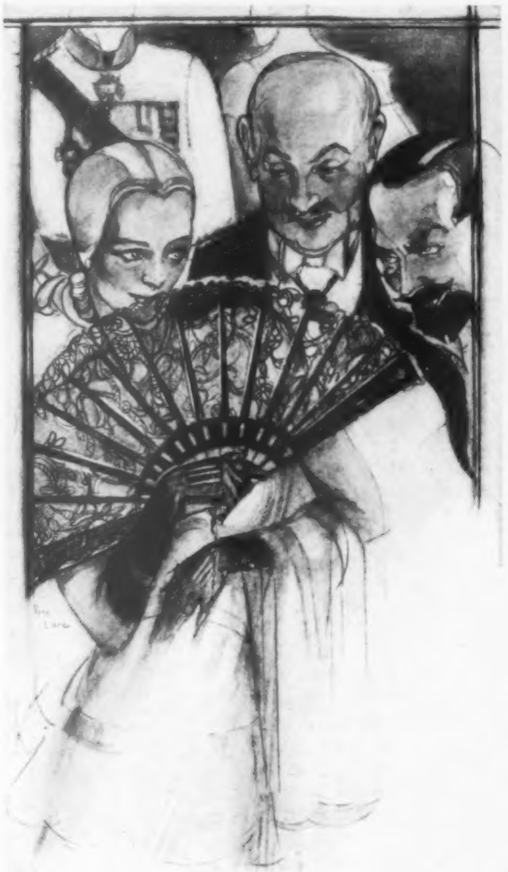


"The Captain made to accompany her, but she put out her hand with the gesture of the angel forbidding a return to the paradise never to be regained. He clicked his heels and kissed her hand."

To Desire and to Dare the Forbidden — the Great Lady had one Flash of Human Temptation

THE AMBASSADRESS DANCES

By RUPERT HUGHES



Drawings by VERE CLERE

THE Ambassador was not a good sailor —not on real water, not on an actual ocean, even on a huge liner. But among the sharp rocks and perilous shoals that threaten a ship of state, he was a pilot of consummate skill and never felt a qualm.

That was why his native country was sending him to Washington, where there were complex trade treaties to be negotiated and the gigantic powers and prejudices of Uncle Sam to be amused, diverted and turned to profit.

He took with him his wife, of course, his notoriously faithful wife, whose domestic virtues and demure housewifely obscurity were almost a national joke. Only the Ambassador and a few of her victims knew how much of his public success was due to her diabolical skill in political intrigue, her gift for diplomatic flirtations, fugitive invitations, half-promises and eely elusivenesses. Some of her victims never learned the truth about her coquetries and the others kept their chagrin to themselves.

Marvelling, as he often did, at her native skill in forging deceits for other people and her ruthless willingness to don whatever mask was best for the conquest of any man whom her husband needed to cajole, he never suspected that she might also deceive him at times.

He was never afraid to ask her to be "nice" to any politician of his own or any other country. He was sure that she would be nice indeed, and never go too far, never be fascinated while being fascinating, never be set on fire however she juggled fire. He trusted her to have a diplomatic sense of honour within honour—or, is it dishonour within honour?

Once on a visit they made to Italy, he chanced to buy a box of wax matches, one of those that always carry on the cover a little ribald picture. On this an elderly and amorous statesman was all aglow in the clinging arms of a beautiful, languishing woman of very evident matronly proportions. She was murmuring:

"Oh, Mr. Prime Minister, please promote my husband!"

The Ambassador and the Ambassadress laughed at the confused ideals of this devoted wife. Then the Ambassador turned serious abruptly. An icy terror of the use he made of his own wife may have frightened him, for he seized her hand and pleaded:

"I owe all my advancement to your skill, my love, but none of it, thank God, to your infidelity. Never forget that I would rather be back in obscurity, rather go back to it forever, than owe anything to any real sacrifice of your dignity and honesty."

She loved that sudden throe of premonitory jealousy. But she was often driven to her wit's end to find a way of alluring some difficult personage to her side of the borderline when she could easily have made him hers by crossing it herself.

This mission to America had been her supreme test. Her husband had his heart set on it, not only as the crown of his whole career but as a labour of love for his country. There were many rivals for the post and they spun out prolonged and intricate intrigues to secure it. Wives of all sorts offered bribes of all sorts. It took caution and audacity to overcome that competition, and when at last she won, the Ambassadress was good and tired—still good but very tired.

Everything human suffers from fatigue; virtues no less than vices, fidelities no less than profligacies. The Ambassadress did not know it, would have been horrified at the suggestion of its possibility, but a lifetime of clinging to her duty had produced an unconscious ache in the—can we say the muscles of her heart?

Not all of the men whom she had managed for her husband's advantage had been unattractive in themselves; not all of them had been tricksters to be tricked. A few had been honourable gentlemen, as patriotic as her husband and as devoted to their wives, reluctant to be decoyed yet graciously reluctant to deny so charming a woman her heart's desire. When a woman of a good warm soul finds herself sincerely loved by an honest man, it is not easy for her to harden her heart against him.

There had been instances when she and the particular he of certain diplomatic contests had had to skirt the very edge of the precipice of actual sin. And there is a something about precipices that makes them beautiful through their very horror. They exert a tug that must be resisted, if at all, with an exhausting exertion of all one's strength. The Ambassadress, more than once, had almost wished that she had fewer scruples so that she might enjoy the refreshment of yielding to some of these temptations. She well-nigh envied the woman on the match-box cover who, while gaining laurels for her husband, plucked a few primroses for herself on the path of dalliance.

Yet these were but flitting moods of evil, and she was glad that she had kept both her character and her reputation, since in America her unclouded name would be of infinite importance to her husband's success. She had been told that the United States makes a fetish of domestic virtue in its politicians. American Cæsars must have Cæsars' wives.

This innocence of hers had been, indeed, the final argument for her husband's selection. The wife of his chief rival was a brilliant woman, but spectacular; one of those who inspire suspicion, who collect gossip wherever they go. She had conspired a little too well for her husband and had scattered her favours too recklessly. Her beauty was too flamboyant and provocative to export to the puritanical United States.

Her victory over such a woman was a double glory to the Ambassadress. She had won for her husband his coveted honour and for herself a national diploma as a wife of irreproachable honesty.

And this very reward of virtue made her peculiarly liable to temptation. She was like a successful athlete who has won his medal and is now permitted to break training, and is frantic for luxurious relaxation.

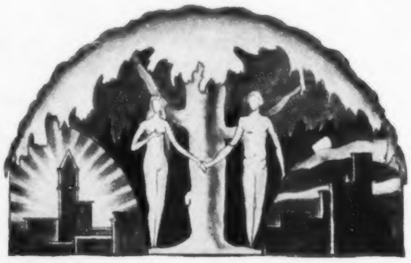
The Ambassadress knew that she was weary, but never suspected that she was weary of being so supremely virtuous.

It was only when she was actually on board the ship that the triumphant Ambassadress realized how much her victory had cost her, how much of her strength she had expended, how heavily her reserves of energy had been drawn upon.

She was ready to fling herself down and weep, but the *cabine de luxe* was so packed with flowers and fruits and books and candies that even her bed was covered with orchids and lilies and roses in baskets and boxes. The moment the last visitor had murmured the last "Bon voyage!" and been warned ashore, the Ambassadress startled her husband by sweeping an avalanche of gifts to the floor, and wailing:

"In Heaven's name, have these damned things taken out!"

The Ambassador had been almost childishly greedy about reading the cards and exclaiming on the eminence or the prodigality of the tributes from his defeated rivals, from true friends and false. The flowers from his enemies and toadies were the sweetest of all. But he knew that when his wife swore, she was at the breaking-point. He rang for the steward and ordered the room cleared.



PARADISE

THERE isn't any Heaven, say the wise.
Perhaps they know. But there is Paradise,
Because I've been there; I shall go again;
It starts round seven; ends, perhaps, at ten.

The gate's locked—yes—but not so very tight
But that tired men may swing it wide by night,
And enter, checking boredom, work and sorrow
They need not wear again until tomorrow . . .

The angels have tied close their robes and wings,
And masked, as one may read, in shabby things,
But gay and humble as all angels, wait
Lightfooted, smiling over glass and plate . . .

A place whose keeper's wise, and understands
There must be tables, to tent clinging hands,
And music for a kindly wall of song
Round words like "Darling . . ." "It has been so long . . ."

"I love you . . ." That there's need of wine and food
And mirth, to keep tired lovers gay and good;
And that this bread we break and wine we pour
By a pierced Hand were lifted once before,

That we may say our little love-words over,
Made kin to Him who is the Greatest Lover . . .

Paradise has pink lampshades shining bright.
There's Paradise. I'm going there tonight.

Margaret Widdemer

The dazed young man gaped at such an order:

"Does His Excellency wish everything kept on ice?"

The Ambassadress answered: "No, no, no! We don't want to see the things again! Give them away."

"To whom, Your Excellency?"

"To the fish! Throw them overboard!"

The Ambassador's face was streaked with embarrassment. If this should get out! But he dared not intercede for the famous donors or even for the pretty flowers. He motioned to the steward to remove the offensive opulence. When the last of it was gone, the Ambassadress was crying softly, and very much ashamed of her petulance, but all the more petulant for being ashamed.

The Ambassador knelt by her and babied her and they clung together like two young honeymooners, in spite of her white hair and his corpulence.

He rose soon from his aching knees with some difficulty, puffing like one of the squat tugs that were dragging the great hulk away from the dock. The moment the ship began to move under her own speed she began to roll and pitch. The Ambassador was soon regretting not only his success in winning the post in America but also, and especially, the excellent farewell luncheon he had eaten. He regretted this in every detail and all of his diplomacy was vain against the intolerable slow rolling, reeling and writhing of the creaking ship.

Before long he was prostrate and his exhausted wife had to be up and about on errands of the least possible dignity. Like most of the people from inland Europe, she had a profound horror of the ocean and felt herself doomed to unbroken nausea. The rolling motion had an almost occult influence on her, and if her husband had not gone sick first, she would have enjoyed a magnificent illness. But the first woful noises he made cured her completely of any desire to imitate him.

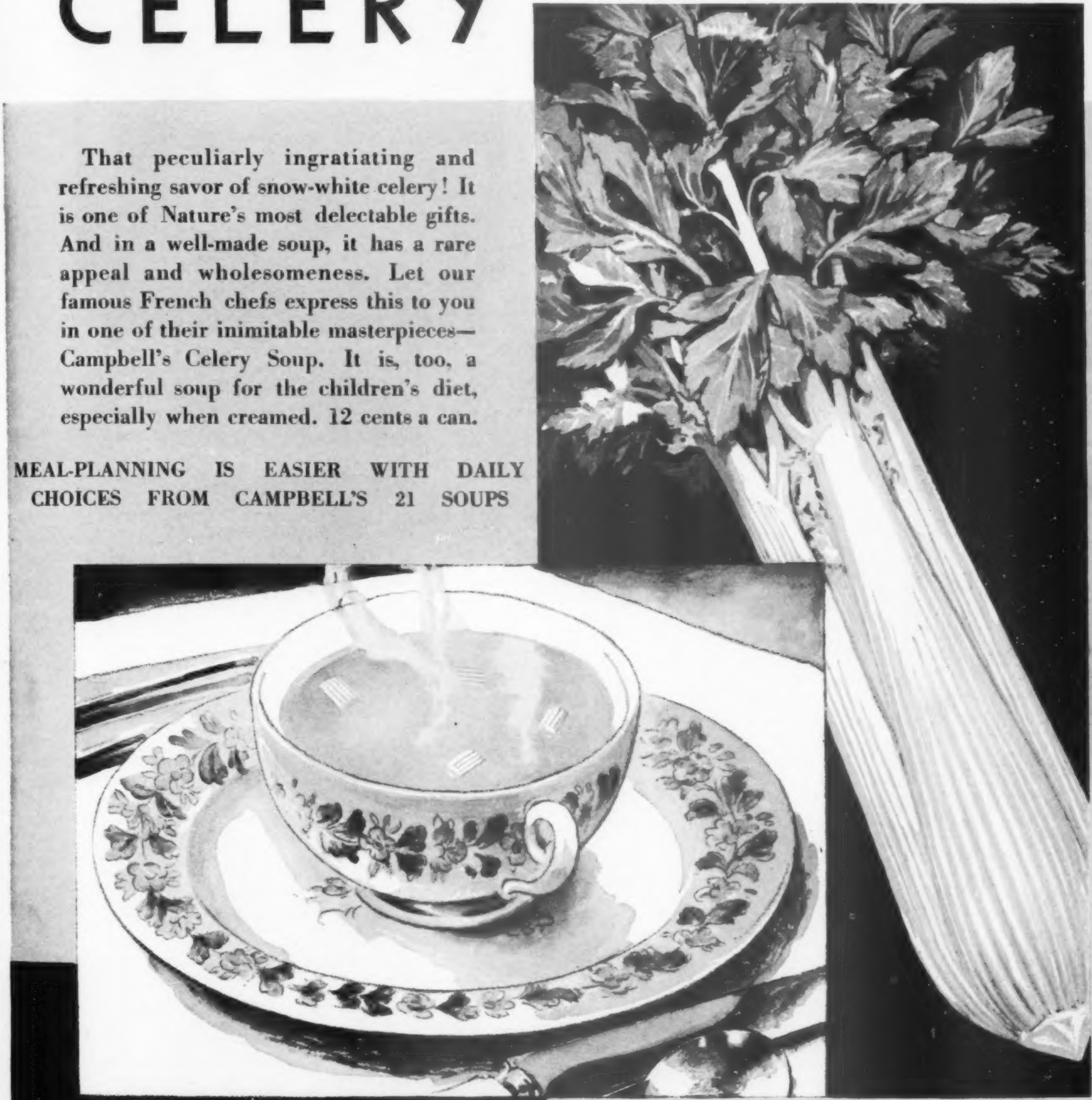
She was not at all happy in her immunity. She was more wretched than ever. Her mind suffered from a sort of green-sickness. She found her husband a very disgusting and pusillanimous creature. He would have been far less diminished in her esteem if she had discovered that he was keeping a mistress. His unpardonable sin was his inability to keep anything.

But ancient habit held her faithful to him even in this miserable crisis and she could not leave the room for days. It was not the least of his torments that he realized the spectacle he was making of himself in her eyes, and he begged her to be gone, but stubbornly rough weather made the promenade deck unpleasant and head gales held the ship back on her course.

Suddenly she ran into almost level seas and still air, and proceeded as smoothly as a railroad train. But by now the Ambassador was too weak to appear even for the ship's concert, of which he was announced as the distinguished presiding officer.

He begged his wife to represent him and she consented. It was only when she escaped the (*Continued on page 138*)

IT CAPTURES ALL THE FLAVOR, ALL THE TONIC GOODNESS OF SNOW-WHITE CELERY



That peculiarly ingratiating and refreshing savor of snow-white celery! It is one of Nature's most delectable gifts. And in a well-made soup, it has a rare appeal and wholesomeness. Let our famous French chefs express this to you in one of their inimitable masterpieces—Campbell's Celery Soup. It is, too, a wonderful soup for the children's diet, especially when creamed. 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

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SOUP
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Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

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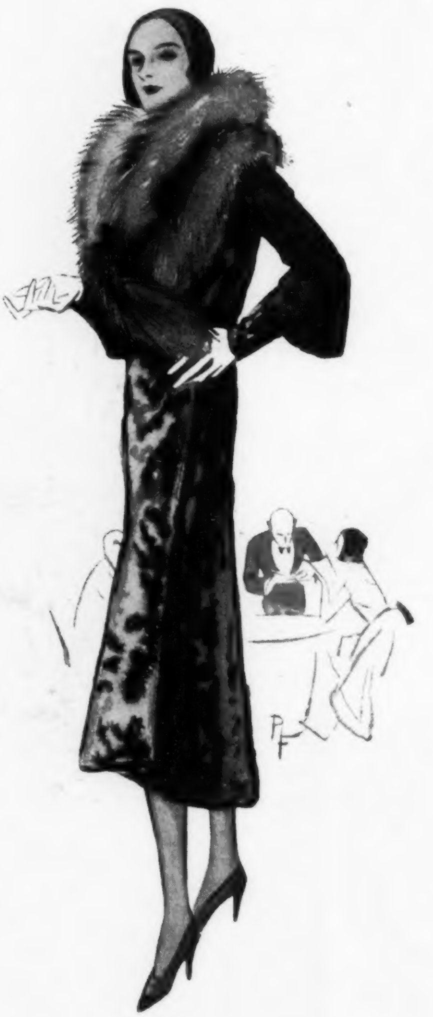
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Dobbs
FURS
With a Distinguished Background
and a Brilliant Future

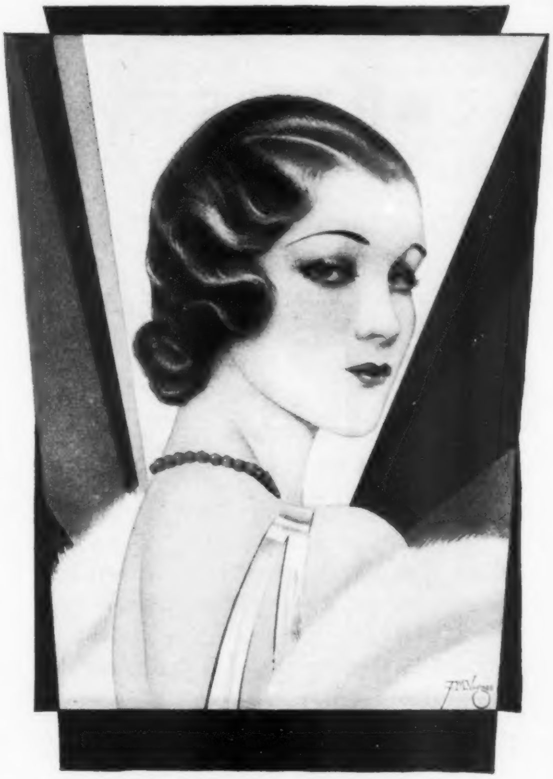


Furs from the Dobbs salon, whether an aristocratic ermine wrap . . . sleek broadtail coat . . . casual lapin jacket, or any other model from our important collection, carry the Dobbs assurance of excellence and our unerring aptitude for fashion creation.

Black Russian moire caracul coat, Leipzig-dyed and deftly fitted in the new manner. Finished with a luxurious silver fox collar.

FUR SALON — FOURTH FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET



The formality of the evening mode requires a type of coiffure such as this very distinguished one from Charles Bock, which may be modified to suit the individual head.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By HELENA LEIGH

JUST about now the sunshine at the beach begins to be a bit wan. The air is chill and we are forced to admit, though reluctantly, that summer is on the wane. Depressing notion, that. The very thought of getting back behind closed doors and windows and having your glorious sun-tan turn a pumpkin hue, causes sad reflections. Life is like that. The only thing left is to take stock of the summer's devastations to skin and hair, and try to repair the damage. The salons are chock-full of new things: new packages, new preparations and new treatments. I am mentioning only a few of the charming things that await your pleasure.

PERPETUAL YOUTH

TO SEE Madame Helena Rubinstein is to believe in eternal youth. Her contour and skin texture are those of a girl. I went away, making mental vows to be more faithful, more patient, to spend more time and take better care, and all the other good resolutions. For Madame's recipe is just that: use good products and take ample time to apply them. Every skin needs lubricating and toning and stimulating, and to pat in one's cream and astringent vigorously and assiduously, so that the circulation is aroused, is the crux of the whole thing. "I do it twice a day," Madame declares, "and I wish I had time to do it three times." She was good enough to outline quick, practical daily treatments, one for the college girl or young matron, and the other an effectively rejuvenating treatment for the older woman.

For the youthful skin, at night cleanse the face and neck with Liquid Cleanser, one of her delightfully pleasant new products. Remove, and then moisten a thin strip of cotton with Extrait, preferably warm, and place it over the eyes for a few minutes. After removing the compresses, fold them in half and use as patters, going all over the face and throat. This liquid is mildly stimulating and makes the skin receptive to the nourishing cream. Next apply Youthifying Tissue Cream with upward, outward movements. Pat and stroke this in thoroughly, working lightly down the front of the neck, then turn the hands and stroke firmly up the back of the neck. Work upward and across the forehead, coming inward under the eyes toward the nose and outward over the eyelids describing a small circle. In the morning cleanse the face with cold refreshing Extrait, and then use a very small amount of Water Lily Foundation, applying it with the palm of the hand and working it in gently. This marvellously protective cream is an ideal basis for make-up.

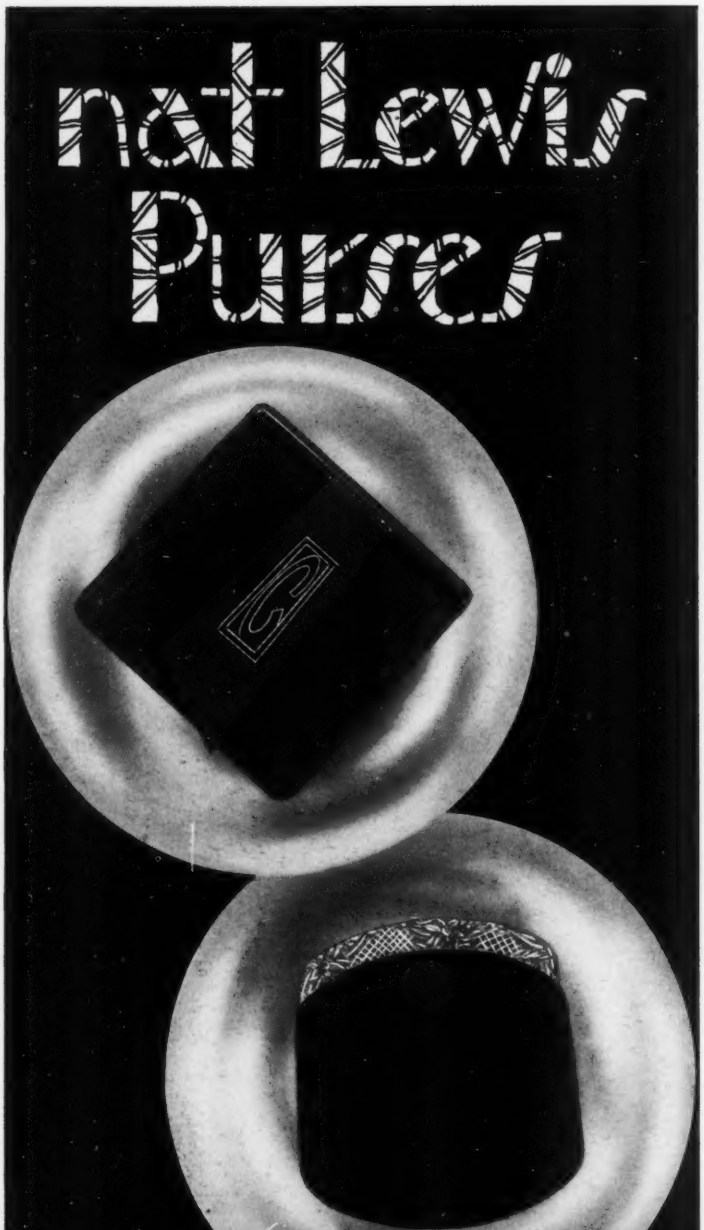
The treatment for the older woman is a bit more elaborate and quite properly requires a little more time. We must compensate for the slowing up of nature, but most women of this group are eager to salvage their fleeting charms and are willing to give a little more time to their beauty rites. Remember Madame, who wishes she could do it three times a day!

First use Water Lily Liquid Cleanser or Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Remove, and after patting in Extrait with a pad of cotton, pat Eau Verte well into the face and neck, concentrating on lines and relaxed muscles. If this astringent lotion is found a bit strong, try the milder Rejuvenating Stimulant instead. Next spread on a small quantity of Georgine Lactee, marvellously effectual as a muscle tightener, overcoming puffiness about the eyes without any undue drying of the skin. This heavy liquid should be briskly patted in until absorbed, using the backs of the hands under the chin. Puff out the cheeks and pat firmly with finger-tips upward from the corners of the mouth to the ears, finger-printing gently about the eyes. Then use Youthifying Tissue Cream, with the same persistent patting movements. The morning treatment is the same as for the younger skin.

(Continued on page 122)

Nuit de Noel Caron
Nuit de Noel Caron
Parfums CARON
Paris

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



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Satin Suede or Dull Smooth Calf with Personal Monogram or Motif of Galalith $20.

Satin Suede or Dull Smooth Calf — Hand carved tortoise shell Prystal or clear Prystal Top $25.

Available in all Autumn Colors
Obtainable at exclusive shops in every city in America.

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Rebele

At the left, Worth's new Eau Astringente from Franklin Simon. A de luxe atomizer from Lord and Taylor. Hudnut's new blue Eye Shadow, and Kathleen Mary Quinlan's Skin Stimulant.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(Continued from page 120)

Two of Madame Rubinstein's make-up requisites seem so outstanding that I cannot refrain from mentioning them: Novena Powder in Mauresque tone is a perfect shade for present fashions, also Enchanté lipstick, which comes in beautiful permanent colours and which, in its elegant little silver case, looks like a jeweller's piece.

ROSY FINGER-TIPS

CHARLES of the Ritz is the sort of person who always has his finger on the pulse of Fashion. Not the slightest nuance of change escapes him; therefore, he is always ready to cope with new thoughts and new influences in the mode. At the moment he feels that this very feminine era of dress requires an equal measure of subtlety in every detail of the smart woman's toilet. If you would be truly *soignée*, there must not be one weak link in the chain of your ensemble. The make-up, the coiffure, the manicure are all influenced by the cut of the jib. In other words, they must all complement the elegance of your costume. Though it sounds a bit *outré*, some go so far as to match the nail enamel to the frock. Charles of the Ritz has seven gorgeous new shades, in case you're interested in having decorative fingernails. One can wax quite enthusiastic over these new tints, for aside from the very glory of their colour range they have lasting qualities which will (praise Allah!) carry over to the next manicure, and the gloss of them is a marvel of brilliance. I hear you say that pink nails strike a note of artificiality. Perhaps, but they are also very sophisticated, very feminine and altogether charming. Do you not agree?

You have the following divinely alluring shades from which to choose: Blood-red is most brilliant and smart for evening, particularly with a frock of black or white. Carmine is a perfect flame colour with an undertone of orange; excellent to be used with lipstick of the same tone. Evening Rose is a shade of slightly less intensity than the first two, but it is equally lovely for evening, especially good for the cool blonde type. Scarlet Lake is as sophisticated as the name implies. Ivory Glow is sufficiently subdued to blend well with a bright-toned frock. Rose Bloom is just pink enough to be in excellent taste for any occasion. Rose Tint is especially designed for the older woman of conservative taste.

By the way, an excellent pedicure may be had at the Salons of Charles of the Ritz. This sort of grooming has become vastly important in an era of barefoot days spent on the beach, when the human foot, alas, none too beautiful to start with, shares the lime-light with one's hands. Really, the little one can do to make bare feet easier to look at is charity in its highest form.

THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY

THERE'S a lot to be said in favour of the new masque treatment of Alexandra de Markoff, and, incidentally, it quite definitely does do things for one's face. It is an excellent general tightener for the skin and muscles, and lifts the sags right up and out. Not one treatment, of course, but the continued use of the masque. It is strongly stimulating, but not in the sense that it irritates the skin. There is not the least stinging sensation and yet it brings up the circulation marvellously, until the face and neck are all aglow. The very process of bringing the blood surging to the surface feeds the atrophied muscles and carries off impurities so that the skin which is sallow and sluggish begins to look alive. The fragrant paste of the masque, when in the jar, looks like yellow bee's-wax and goes on the face in the thinnest film imaginable. For the average skin it is left on about twenty minutes. In cases where the throat shows extreme crêpiness it may be spread over that portion first and left on a wee bit longer.

The lovely part is that no bad aftereffects can possibly follow this treatment, because it is based on a perfectly natural process—that of rejuvenation through stimulating a nourishing blood flow. For the woman who is reducing, this treatment is especially recommended, for with a fast decreasing girth one is very apt to get a haggard, worn look. A series of masque treatments taken simultaneously with diet, banting, exercise, or what have you, will do wonders toward keeping the facial contour what it should be. The masque is sold in the Salon for home use. A few minutes given over to it after a hard, grinding day, is a grand pick-up treatment and will make you bloom again for the evening. Spread the thin translucent mixture over your face and after a little while look at yourself. The amazing astringent qualities of the masque have contracted the whole contour, and your face will look all smooth and ironed out and nicely lifted up about the jowl.

A BOUDOIR MANICURE

HAVE you by any chance seen the brand-new manicure box of Du Barry? There's not an essential item lacking in its very complete make-up. You will be fascinated by the many little gadgets which will contrive to give you a very professional manicure in your own bou-

(Continued on page 124)

Mrs Howard Spreckels A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER SALON . IN THE FORMAL FRENCH MANNER . IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS OF MILES from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées . . . its rose and blue a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels, in deep blue lace, wearing her sapphires and diamonds.

Mrs. Spreckels is one of the best-known members of this distinguished California family. Widely traveled, she is as much at home in Paris, London and New York as in her native San Francisco. A gifted hostess, she entertains brilliantly at her country estate, with its charming rose gardens, at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel . . . eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who use the four famous preparations. "They are a boon to every woman," she says, "who must keep her skin nice with a minimum of time and pains.

"That wonderful Cold Cream! It cleanses so perfectly, and the exquisite Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream.

"I like the Freshener for its charming faint perfume and because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin. The Vanishing Cream is an ideal powder base—it keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day."

Follow these four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, super-absorbent.

(New! Tissues in peach-color—the enchanting hue preferred by Paris—now, as well as white.)

Third—pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to banish lingering oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, promote natural color.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues. If your skin is dry, pat in a little fresh cream and leave on overnight.

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POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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KURZMAN

This is a TRICORNE YEAR!

The models illustrated are from Kurzman, Patou, and Alphonsine. Copied to your order by the same sort of milliners who make the originals. $25 to $40

We've imported the best of the tricornes from five of Paris' star creators. There are Kurzman models of equal importance. Together, they form the most enchanting three-cornered collection in New York!

Models for the trade—Original Kurzman models and Kurzman imports are available for shops outside New York City. Weekly showings in the season.

importer Kurzman

661 Fifth Ave.—52nd-53rd Sts.

Rebele

La Gerardine now comes in this handy new silver package containing the hair-curling lotion with an atomizer, brush and dish for its application.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Continued from page 122*)

doir. This box is all pink on the outside with brick-red bakelite tops on the innumerable little jars and bottles. The buffer is red, too, with a renewable pad; and fascinating files, sticks, brushes and emery boards galore inspire one to set to work for better-looking hands. A little daily care of the cuticle will make the weekly stint less of a mental hazard and with these nice unguents and cuticle removers in such handy little containers you will probably be tempted to spend a good deal of your time from now on beautifying your hands.

A New Cleansing Process

THE *anticeptique* shampoo is an old story in Paris, where the water is hard and results highly uncertain. But good news for the New Yorker is that shampoos negotiated with a very superior dry-cleanser called Vapon are now available in the Salon of Madame Louise Berthelon. This new cleanser is by all odds the best of its kind of which I know, for one very good reason: it has no drying effect on the scalp or hair. A small tin of the liquid is poured over the head and rubbed through the hair and on the scalp as one sits in front of the basin. One is a little embarrassed at the dirt that flows off with it. Vapon smells a little ethery, with just a tinge of benzine, but the odour is not unpleasant and disappears almost instantly, leaving the hair smelling clean and fresh. It seems to loosen the dandruff, which may be lightly brushed out. Then a little compensating tonic is rubbed into the scalp and presto! both scalp and hair are pristine without any undue dryness. The whole process requires not more than a quarter of an hour and (thank goodness!) leaves your wave intact. This is one of the big features which make the treatment a marvellous summer measure, when sitting under the scorching blast of a dryer is little less than torture. Indeed, I can think of no time of year, nor any type of hair for which Vapon would not be a life saver. For excessively oily hair the too frequent shampoo is admittedly bad; it only aggravates the condition. For the woman with dyed hair it offers the solution of a big problem. Anything that lengthens the periods between dyeing (both laborious and expensive) should bring pæans of praise from those who belong to this cult. If you have a soiled head and fifteen minutes to spare, a trip to the Berthelon Salon will well repay you. You will come out, as I have said, with your wave unharmed, your hair too lovely and fluffy for words and with no feeling of dryness on your scalp. Small tins of Vapon may be bought at the Salon for home use. The Vapon treatments are a specialty with this Salon but not exclusive with it.

Pat Persistently

"PAT your face," says Reta Terrell, and when she says pat she doesn't mean gentle little love taps, but real honest-to-goodness slaps with the finger-tips that make the sagging muscles sit up and take notice. "Fifteen minutes a day," is her slogan, and if you will follow her advice for a month and don't lie down on the job, you will see some pretty marked changes in the topography of your face. Have you the will-power, or whatever it takes, to go through a somewhat boring performance for a quarter of an hour a day? There's a handy little booklet that will tell you just how to give yourself this home treatment. First, cleanse the skin with Reta Terrell's Cleansing Cream which she recommends as a substitute for soap and water, and apply a generous quantity of Deep Tissue Cream. This is very rich and an excellent lubricant for the dry and sensitive skin. Then one pats and pats, and when your face feels all het up, then you pat some more, on and on for the specified fifteen minutes. You'll get tired and your face will resent such strenuous treatment, but you can't be bothered by that. The first time you are going to feel, "What's the use!" but every time that thought tempts you, pat the harder. It's surprising how much punishment one's face will stand, and like it. Of course, one must be discreet at first not to bruise the tissues, but the force of the patting may gradually be increased until the strokes are quite firm, always with the pads of the finger-tips and with a loose wrist motion.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Miss Terrell's method and the explanation of the wonderful results achieved by the use of her preparations, is the fact that she asks active cooperation from the client. In fact, she insists that each woman shall give herself a daily home treatment, which increases the benefits of the frequent salon treatment. Her contention is that to shorten relaxed muscles, the facial esthetics must be performed every day. She has worked out an excellent patting technique which one may study with illustrations in her booklet. It is all done by count: beginning at the point of the chin give five pats around the throat ending at the spine; then five from the point of the chin outward and upward toward the ears, then four from the

(*Continued on page 126*)

LOVELINESS RETURNS SWIFTLY

IN THE SALONS OF ELIZABETH ARDEN

Sky and wind and ocean and sun, you have enjoyed this summer. Sport...exhilarating...breathless! Fun...no end! But this same wild air...and strong sun rays that strengthened and leaned and firmed your body, have...let us be frank about it...they have done damaging things to your skin...things you must correct at once! • Little crinkly lines simply baked around your eyes...little brown freckles, perhaps...and, of a surety, an unwanted thickening which is the skin's own protection from exposure • Most unattractive! Especially when the new clothes demand a soft prettiness...a dainty and feminine face • You will need a few reconditioning treatments at Elizabeth Arden's Salon to bleach and soften and refine your skin. It is amazing how quickly this is done • You will rejoice to see the smooth whiteness of your face after using that famous enemy of tan...Elizabeth Arden's Anti-Brown Spot Ointment or her special bleaching creams. Or if you wish to keep your tan, you may have simply the refining treatments that will leave your skin creamy and silky-soft.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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YOUR AFTER-SUMMER SKIN NEEDS:

• VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM...to be used with refreshing liberality three or four times a day, so that your skin never becomes dry or dusty, but achieves a new softness that makes it readily susceptible to bracing and toning treatments. $1, $2, $3, $6.

• VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC...to cool and refresh your face. Frequent drenching and patting with Skin Tonic will wake your skin, keep it delicately moist...alive...radiant! 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

• ARDENA VELVA CREAM...to smooth and soothe away all dryness and to restore the cared-for look. It is ideal for the full face. $1, $2, $3, $6.

• ORANGE SKIN FOOD...to bring new smoothness to the thin face. Pat quantities of it into the summer-parched skin. Use it liberally on your neglected throat. $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

• ANTI-BROWN SPOT OINTMENT...to whiten the skin and so stimulate the circulation that your face will be quite renewed. This creamy tingling ointment will remove your freckles and tan. $2.50, $5.

• ILLUSION POWDER...Always finish with a soft dusting of this transparently beautiful powder...of indescribable lightness and purity. Choose a shade to blend so invisibly with your own coloring that it rests like a natural bloom on your skin. $3.

• Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

Important Fabrics... *for the Fall and Winter*

The fabrics listed below have been chosen as representatives of the season's smartest silks and woolens. We shall be glad to send you samples. Your mail order will be carefully and promptly filled.

Velvets in black, white, daytime and evening colors. Exquisite imported qualities. 40 inches wide. **Chiffon Velvet, $7.50** a yard, **Lyons Velvet, $12.50** a yard, **Salome Velvet, $12.50** a yard, **Transparent Velvet, $11.50** a yard.

Imported Metal Brocades in sheer or heavier qualities. Multicolor printed designs that are smart for frocks, blouses and evening coats.
39-40 inches wide, **$7.50** to **$17.50** a yard.

Canton Crepe, the leading fabric for daytime dresses, very smart in black or white for evening. Wide range of colors in all-silk, heavy quality.
39 inches wide. **$2.50, $3.95** and **$4.95** a yard.

Travel Prints feature tweed-like designs on heavy silk crepe. The perfection of smartness for daytime dresses. 39 inches wide, **$3.50** a yard.

Tchinella Crepe is the loveliest of all wool crepes. Smartest in all black, dark brown and green. Wide range of rich colors. 54 inches wide, **$4.95** a yard.

Rodier's Novelty Jersey in diagonal or vertical stripes. Light-weight for suits, dresses. 40 inches wide, **$7.50** a yard. **Embroidered Jersey, $6.50** a yard.

Silk and Wool Tweed is light, soft and very new for dresses or blouses. In green, brown, oxford or red mixtures. 54 inches wide, **$4.95** a yard.

Imported Tweeds in flecked, nubbed or monotone effects. 54 inches wide. **Scotch Jacquard Tweeds, $9.50** a yard, **Scotch Coating Tweeds, $11.50** a yard, **English Tweeds, $6.50** a yard.

Wool Challis has adopted tweed designs in indefinite effects and squares. A wide range of designs and solid colors for women's and misses' dresses.
31 inches wide, **$1.25** a yard.

Send for samples

●

Address Department No. 17

Our new Fall and Winter Catalog lists other smart fabrics, Housekeeping Linens, Handkerchiefs, Wearing Apparel, Liberty Novelties, etc. Write for a copy—it is free.

Reg. U S Pat. Off.

McCutcheon's
DEPARTMENT No. 17
FIFTH AVENUE AT 49th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rebele

Altogether different is this new travelling box of Dorothy Gray's, in the likeness of a miniature hat-box, with all the necessary cosmetics commodiously stowed inside.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Continued from page 124*)

chin to the corners of the nose. Lift and knead the forehead beginning at the eyebrows and working upward. Did you know that one's eyes sink into the sockets with age, and this movement tends to pull them back into place? Lastly, pat, oh, so gently, about the eyes with the lightness of butterfly wings, so as not to bruise or pull or stretch. You will be surprised at the quantity of the Deep Tissue Cream which will be absorbed. After the residue is wiped away, use Orange Blossom Skin Tonic, and so to bed. Or if in the morning, apply Foundation Astringent Cream, an excellent protective powder base, thick and creamy and pink.

The Reta Terrell preparations have the glamour of a French background, for she assembled her line in Paris, where she had a salon for several years. Among the most interesting of her products is Crême Bordeaux, an extremely nourishing cream, incorporating the essence of the grapes of Bordeaux, where the women are famed for their fine skin and youthful appearance. The high spot in the line is "The Austrian Formula," a rare rejuvenating cream used successfully both in Vienna and America for amazing restoration of the contour and the eradication of lines. The Reta Terrell products may be had at B. Altman's.

Clever Concealment

I WAS reminded the other day of that old bromide, that most of us don't half realize what we have to be grateful for. But see how true it is in this instance. We agonize over some trifling little facial blemish that we fear may be marring our classic beauty. But what of the small, yet quite tragic group of people who were born with a birthmark spreading its purplish tinge over a portion of the face? Over this particular affliction the M. D.'s shake their heads. Science has not yet found anything that will remove such a blemish, though radium, electricity and many other expedients have been tried.

Here's some grand, cheering news which is going to make life a whole lot more rosy for all concerned. Miss Lydia O'Leary has perfected a simply marvellous make-up foundation, which through the clever manipulation of colour obliterates completely the reddish-purple stain and makes the whole face a uniform colour, receptive to the usual make-up process. Tremendously clever, don't you think? She worked on the product eight months, till it was quite perfect and now she is ready to share her discovery. It is a pinkish liquid of heavy creamy consistency and its success is largely dependent on skilful application. One paints it on the discoloured area with a soft brush, blending the edges with the fingers. After one coat has dried, another is applied and blended in the same fashion, when lo! the colour in the application obliterates the dark stain and there is no trace of anything but a perfectly normal skin, and one is all ready for the regular make-up, rouge, lipstick and powder blended over the whole surface. It's an ingenious discovery, and absolutely defies detection. It's good to know that we can all look perfectly normal now.

For the Make-up

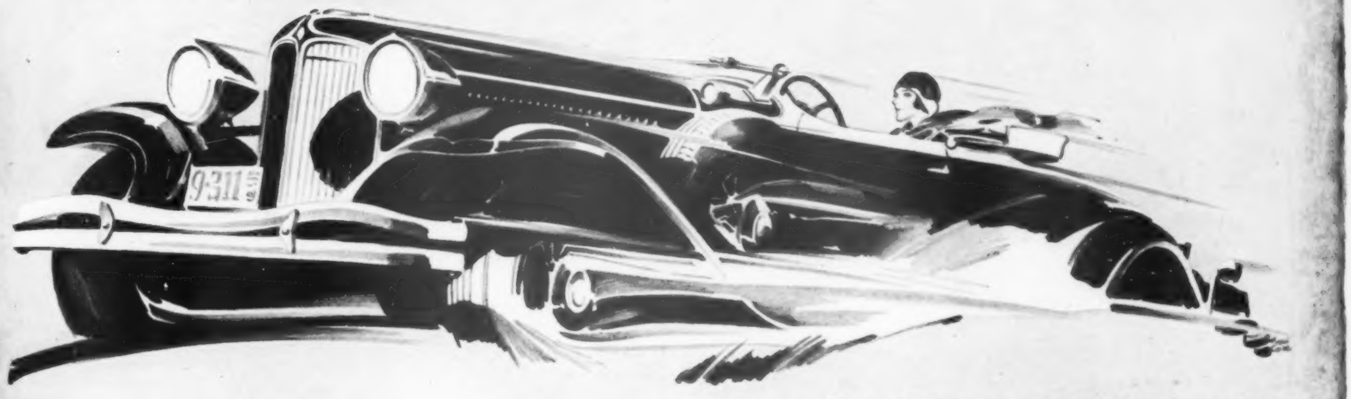
TANGEE rouge, like its companion lipstick, can do all things for all people. Don't be deceived by the bright orange tone of it in its little glass jar, for it is as changeable as a weather-vane and will look like three distinct shades on you and you and you. Curious the way it takes on the tone of the skin to which it is applied. I've seen it turn raspberry, geranium or pomegranate to order, according as it was used on blonde, brunette or Titian-haired types. That's the magic of it and that's why one might say of it: Here's a universal rouge; a stand-by for yourself, or your guest chamber where all who come and go, regardless of age or colouring, may find a delightful colour which will harmonize with the skin tones and flatter one and all alike.

One of the many virtues of this rouge is its permanency; it is both greaseless and waterproof and if carefully applied will jauntily survive the bathing hour and come up after due submersion with flying colours. There is nothing else on the market quite like the Tangee products because they are based on a new principle that is different. They are not just a pigment applied to the skin but an orange-coloured base which changes colour when it comes in contact with the flesh. That's the awfully interesting thing about these preparations: they somehow become a part of the person who uses them. Tangee Creme Rouge may be had in tiny glass jars for the dressing-table.

Still another Tangee product of unusual merit is Cosmetic, a waterproof darkener for the lashes and eyebrows. One of its big talking points is that it contains no soap; therefore, you may weep with impunity while wearing it.

(*Concluded on page 128*)

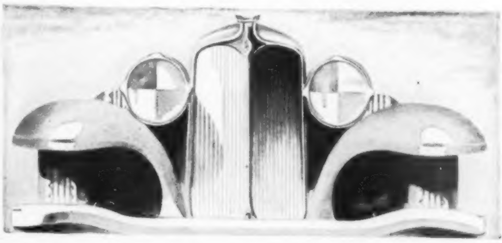
CHRYSLER
NEW STRAIGHT
EIGHTS



NEW CHRYSLER EIGHT ROADSTER, $1495
(wire wheels extra)

STYLE — PARIS FOR GOWNS; CHRYSLER FOR CARS

Again the country is Chrysler-wild. Chrysler, with its two new Straight Eights, again has captivated all America with a new style as distinctive and as charming among cars as the newest creations of Paquin or Worth are among Paris gowns . . . Never before has Chrysler, always famous for beauty and smartness, created anything so pleasing and refreshing as the new Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight . . . In these magnificent new cars Chrysler combines the very latest in eight-cylinder design and practice with striking new lines—enhanced by an extremely low center of gravity that not only produces ultra-smart appearance but contributes immeasurably to riding ease and safety . . . So low-swung are the bodies of these new Eights that all side-sway is eliminated and you can round curves safely at high speeds . . . With Chrysler's greatest beauty is linked Chrysler's greatest performance. Both Eights are equipped with the Chrysler 4-speed Multi-Range transmission which gives you a quick, quiet gear shift and dual high gears — one gear for city traffic or hill climbing and the other for the open road . . . With this remarkable transmission of exclusive Chrysler design joined to an eight-cylinder engine as Chrysler engineers and builds it, these beautiful new Chrysler Eights achieve a smooth alertness and fleetness so easy to handle that to drive a Chrysler Eight is motoring's most fascinating, most thrilling sensation.



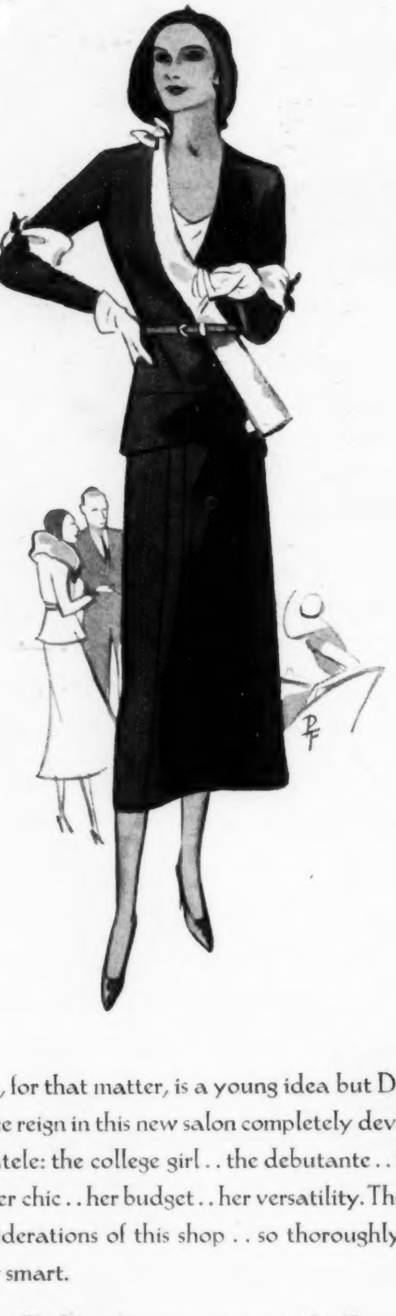
CHRYSLER EIGHT—Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525—Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595. All prices f. o. b. factory. CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—Five-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All prices f. o. b. factory. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, fender wells, trunk rack, bumpers and specially-painted fenders.

Chrysler Eight and Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

Dobbs

Indulges the Young Idea In A New

Misses' Dress Salon



All fashion, for that matter, is a young idea but Dobbs gives it special free reign in this new salon completely devoted to its young clientele: the college girl . . the debutante . . the young matron . . her chic . . her budget . . her versatility. These are the prime considerations of this shop . . so thoroughly young . . thoroughly smart.

Black wool crepana costume with yoke and sleeve details of sheer lapin.

MISSES' DRESS SALON — THIRD FLOOR

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

THE COSMETIC URGE

(Concluded from page 126)

A delightfully intimate use to which it may be put is darkening the roots of the hair between dyeing. Each box is handily equipped with two brushes, a thin wafery little one for the lashes and a thicker one for the hair. All these nice Tangee preparations may be had at the better shops and drug stores.

The Age of Elegance

NO LESS than the ancient portrait of a Spanish *grande dame* was the inspiration of Armand's new cold cream powder "Symphonie." The study of the warm flesh tones of the charming lady revealed the fact that a much more subtle aim for powder than concealment is simply to let it add a dull finish to the lovely natural tones of the skin. Working along these lines, studying the old masters, revealed the amazing fact, that five of those magnificent old painters were of one mind about flesh tones. Taking these artists as models of the ideal of what flesh tints should be, the idea of "Symphonie" was arrived at. According to this theory, it doesn't really matter whether you are blonde, brunette or somewhere between, the rule still holds good that the same general tones pervade all our faces, and that what our face powder should accomplish is to make us more lovely by blending imperceptibly into the skin. This is the secret of being truly natural, which should certainly be the goal of a successful make-up.

There is something intriguingly feminine about this new powder idea. It seems to complement the very charming fashion era in which we are living. In other words, it makes your face look as though it were a fit companion for your new Patou frock. Both belong to this age of elegance, in which a complete effect of harmony is required of us. Look into the cunning little pink plaid Hat Box for yourself and discover the altogether charming scent and texture of "Symphonie." It is extremely fine and adherent in a nice way; that is, without being in the least heavy or clogging to the pores. It is the cold-cream idea behind it, which gives a very soothing feeling to the skin and which guarantees that it won't fly off at the first windy corner. But, above all, it is the bewitching tone which makes "Symphonie" a powder with a modern feeling: warm, creamy and rich. The whole idea of being like an old painting is quite fascinating. It somehow gives us a superiority complex, the thought that Velasquez might have liked to paint us as we are. The Armand preparations may be had at the better shops and drug stores.

THE COMB

(Continued from page 93)

very thing was before his eyes now. Beneath a large oak tree, the little group lounged in wicker armchairs on the close-cropped lawn which led down to the river. The white flannels of the men, the brightly-coloured dresses of the women, made a fine impressionistic splash of colour. Tea was a meal so called by courtesy: it was really a kind of early cocktail party, but a peaceful one, he thankfully noted; unlike those which he had been to in London where effeminate youths bleated the latest scandal to precocious débutantes and to their flapper mothers, while a gramophone blared jazz tunes in a corner. He identified Wanda by her generous whisky-and-soda. She was elegant and she had a marvellous figure, and she was certainly smart. Mrs. Peters introduced him.

"Mr. Marshall, did you say? Then it's you I'm practically sleeping with this week-end, isn't it? Roy, dear," she turned to her host, "I'm too made up to play tennis in this heat. Let's go up the river in your launch for an hour, first."

They sauntered off in the direction of the boat-house, and he was left with a retired major-general who turned out to be a kind of uncle of Mrs. Roy's. He had been asked for another week-end but had mistaken the date. Harold had not changed, and he watched the rest of them arranging themselves on the tennis court in what looked like poses from the Russian ballets.

He did not see Wanda again before dinner, and then observed that she was an adept at skimping the courses. Immediately after the meal, she disappeared, to practise a new dance, she said.

The night was perfect, but suddenly he felt lonely. Mrs. Roy came up to him and said, "Mr. Marshall, you look definite enough to be able to make anybody do anything. Couldn't you get some of them to play bridge?"

Wanda, who had come back, was standing by his side.

"Do *you* play bridge?" he asked her.

"Contract, beautifully. But I can't even score at the old bridge." (He might have guessed it. He had never played contract. 1880 again!) "But never mind, it doesn't matter. I'll play anything you like," she continued, "only be a sweet and find cards, and a table, and the others."

Harold had an uneasy feeling that she was flirting with him; but he obeyed her meekly. It had to be the "old bridge," as no one available could play contract. They cut together; she played abominably, and talked cheerful rubbish all the time. After the third rubber, she sprang up and ordered Roy, who had suddenly reappeared, to take her on the river again. Somebody took Wanda's place, and it was only then that the bridge became good and serious.

But oh! so dull, thought Harold.

After he had been in bed for an hour or more, he heard Roy and Wanda come up the corridor. "I won't be called in the morning," she was saying; "just let me sleep. Good night, sweetheart."

Sweetheart! He heard her close the door of her room and move about behind that very thin wall. He would have liked to call out good night—but she had probably forgotten his existence, he thought. He heard her switch off her light. He lay still and thought about her undeniable attraction. The ticking of his watch kept him awake for hours, but at last he went to sleep.

Next morning tennis was the order of the day, and it was nearly noon when, walking back to the house after some strenuous sets, he met her.

"You're very lazy in the morning," he said.

"Thank God, you don't snore!" she answered impertinently; and then her mood seemed to change suddenly.

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

He told her of his impending departure. The whole of his need for a picture of old England suddenly centered itself in this gay and glittering person. There was nothing in the world, on this bright morning, that he wanted so much as her sympathy with his renunciation.

"My dear," she said after a while, "I do believe you are trying to make me sorry for you. It's no use. I can't be. No one so lovely as you can possibly have an unhappy moment!"

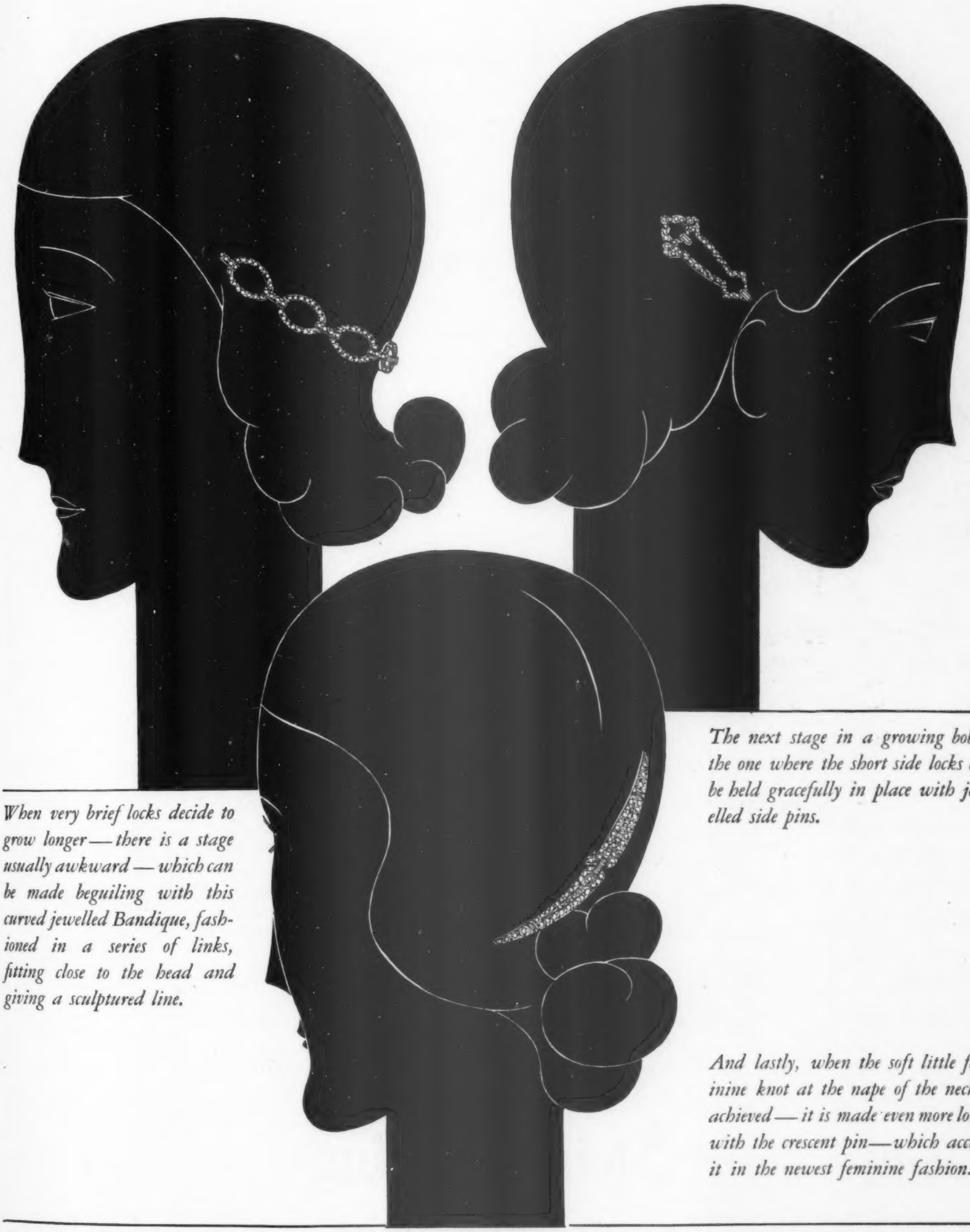
Lovely! What a ridiculous word. But what an adorable woman.

AFTER lunch the guests were collected to go to a garden-party near-by. Hearing Wanda excuse herself because of a headache, Harold suddenly remembered he had some farewell letters to write.

They spent the rest of the day together, headache and correspondence forgotten. A designing female, Harold's Victorian self warned him, but she had

(Concluded on page 192)

ORIGINAL CREATIONS BY BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM, INC.



When very brief locks decide to grow longer — there is a stage usually awkward — which can be made beguiling with this curved jewelled Bandique, fashioned in a series of links, fitting close to the head and giving a sculptured line.

The next stage in a growing bob is the one where the short side locks can be held gracefully in place with jewelled side pins.

And lastly, when the soft little feminine knot at the nape of the neck is achieved — it is made even more lovely with the crescent pin — which accents it in the newest feminine fashion.

BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM, Inc.

FIFTH AVE. COR. 48TH ST., NEW YORK · SOUTHAMPTON · PALM BEACH · · *Associated with* SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*

Announcing

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES

which is

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR STEIN & BLAINE

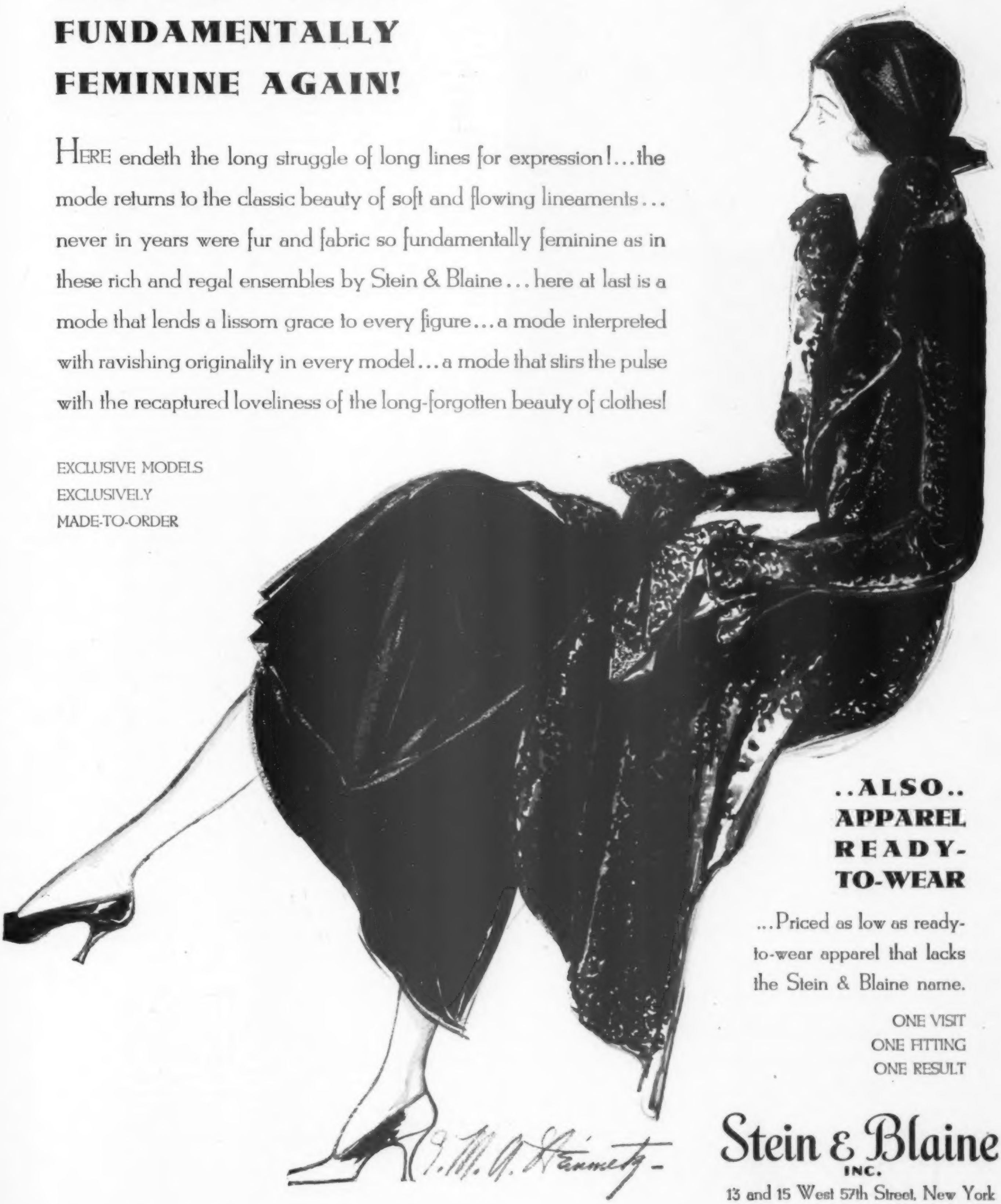
IN the matter of clothes the younger generation is older than it used to be! . . . it knows more and demands more . . . for, today youth is the spirit of the mode and the young are its most spirited exponents . . . the younger clothes of all ages are inspired by the younger ages . . . but styles change so quickly that the problem is to keep pace with the mode and still keep within one's income . . . and, frankly, there are many shops where one can do both . . . but there are also many members of the younger generation who seek in many shops the mode which they know is only to be found in ONE! . . . and for them this new Young Ladies Department has been created . . . presenting The Younger Modes, sponsored by Stein & Blaine . . . interpreting the trend and the taste of the teens and the twenties . . . formulating new canons of beauty for the young in years and the youthful in figure . . . imparting to moderate-priced ready-to-wear clothes the birth and breeding of an aristocratic origin . . . more youth, more distinction, more originality than they have ever had, more of the elusive spirit of loveliness than they have ever known!

Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

FUR AND FABRIC FUNDAMENTALLY FEMININE AGAIN!

HERE endeth the long struggle of long lines for expression!...the mode returns to the classic beauty of soft and flowing lineaments... never in years were fur and fabric so fundamentally feminine as in these rich and regal ensembles by Stein & Blaine... here at last is a mode that lends a lissom grace to every figure... a mode interpreted with ravishing originality in every model... a mode that stirs the pulse with the recaptured loveliness of the long-forgotten beauty of clothes!

EXCLUSIVE MODELS
EXCLUSIVELY
MADE-TO-ORDER



..ALSO..
APPAREL
READY-
TO-WEAR

...Priced as low as ready-to-wear apparel that lacks the Stein & Blaine name.

ONE VISIT
ONE FITTING
ONE RESULT

Stein & Blaine
INC.
13 and 15 West 57th Street, New York

THE RUSSIAN ACCENT AND LUXURIOUS FURS CONTRIBUTE GRACIOUSLY TO THE WINTER MODE OF ELEGANCE

Furred in the imperial manner, this formal black broadcloth suit has a wide stole collar of flattering grey fox, which turns under at the ends to form a muff. The "Cossak" hat is a smart example of the Russian note sponsored by Bruck-Weiss.

BRUCK WEISS

20 West Fifty-Seventh Street
New York

FROM COAST TO COAST BY AIRPLANE

(*Continued from page 83*)

clouds, fields of grain, farm-houses, cities—these are units of design with which nature makes endless, pleasant combinations. The attempts of man to cultivate the earth are in rhythmic design. This is the view of nature which the Greeks saw from their mountaintops and which was the foundation of their art. One ride in an airplane is more illuminating to a student of modern art than five years of lectures, because an airplane view reveals to him that design is not artificial, but is the rhythmic motion of nature herself.

The view from my window was a series of modern art pictures. Wheatstacks were tiny yellow billiard balls on a green billiard table. Black worms of trains crawled beneath us over railroad ties that resembled the intersections of worm bodies. An irregular grove of trees sprawled like a spider over a hillside. A group of gasoline storage tanks formed a childishly pleasant design of circles. How straight the roads are in America! They reach from horizon to horizon: roads that go somewhere. Sophisticated cattle in Kansas paid no attention to our passing airplane. Farther west, the drone of the airplane sent the cattle swarming like a cloud of insects that one scatters from one's window screen with a fly-swatter. Sometimes the patterns of cloud shadows on the ground resembled giant trees; at other times they suggested the struggling and powerful creatures of Michelangelo and Rodin, elemental nature striving to assume human forms. Red roofs and bright blue roofs were stunning from the air. Surely it will not be long before City Beautiful Associations will charter airplanes to study means of improving roofs and creating roof-gardens and developing the outlines of cities so that they will assume the forms of stars, pentagons, parallelograms and even octagons.

THE ever attentive courier distributed morning papers and magazines—not the kind of magazine one finds in doctors' offices, which is always six months old, but the kind that publishes its October issue in September. The courier also presented us with packages of gum at frequent intervals and urged us to chew it in order to equalize the pressure in our ears. I responded to his suggestion by chewing gum all the way from Columbus to Los Angeles and back again. A pilot's record is measured in flying hours; a passenger's, in chewing hours. We placed cotton in our ears, which shut out the loudest noise of the engines and enabled those to converse to whom talk is a grievous necessity. These addicts quickly learn to adjust their voices below the airplane drone instead of trying to shout above it. One passenger, who was quite deaf in one ear on the ground, could hear with perfect clarity two thousand feet up with cotton in his ears. To me the rhythmic droning of the engines is far less disagreeable than the irregular noises which beat upon one's sensibilities through the open windows of a train: cinders falling upon the roof, the sound of wheels upon the rails, the shrill tooting of passing trains. Nor are there any odours: the acrid smell of smoke or the stench of gasoline-run automobiles. I hope that the airplane drone will not be eliminated entirely, for then passengers will forget to look out upon the geometrically designed fields and writhing cloud shadows and will exchange comments upon the stock market and the reasons for Rosalie's leaving John. Why make it easy to talk? Did Moses take a gossiping Israelite up Mount Sinai with him when he transcribed the Ten Commandments? It is good for us to be alone for a few hours, to think and to let the wonders of a strange new world spur the imagination. For some people an air journey is a means to an end. They think only of the case to be tried or the business argument to be settled at the end of the trip. They read or sleep for three thousand miles. For me, the journey was an end in itself.

Although the airplane was flying at ninety miles an hour, we had the sensation of being in a steady, slow-moving ship. The cushion-padded aluminum seats enable one to recline as in a deck chair or to sit erect. There is plenty of leg room and plenty of head room for the tallest passenger when he chooses to stand. The air which comes through the easily adjusted window at one's side is cool but not too cold. Even in midsummer, when travelling in European airplanes, I have longed for woollen hose and fur-lined boots. The American planes are so perfectly insulated that one receives ventilation without drafts. Then, too, there is no unpleasant vibration to brace one's nerves against. Occasionally, the plane undulates in an air pocket, particularly over the desert, but there is none of the jarring one receives in an automobile or a railroad train. Have you attempted to sign your name in an automobile or to write a telegram in a train? Are you able to read your own writing? While on the airplane, I jotted down notes at random and my handwriting was as legible as if I sat at my desk at home. It is the absence of vibration and the lack of dust, dirt and odours that enable an air passenger to step from a plane at the end of a journey of three thousand or six thousand miles without a trace of fatigue, ready to start blithely upon a day's business or an evening's social pleasure, with a costume that has remained immaculate throughout the journey, with a serene mind and an expanded vision that make him more valuable in business and a pleasanter social companion.

We were in the air a thousand miles per day from eight-thirty in the morning until five-thirty or six in the evening, but during that time we came down to earth every two and a half or three hours. The first day, after leaving Columbus, we made stops at Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, and Waynoka, Oklahoma. The second day, after an overnight rail journey between Waynoka and Clovis, New Mexico, we boarded another airplane at Clovis and made stops during the day at Albuquerque in New Mexico, at Winslow and Kingman, in Arizona, and we landed in Los Angeles at five-thirty—forty-eight hours after leaving New York.

EACH stop has a fully equipped airport: a lounge, retiring rooms, showers for ladies and gentlemen, and plenty of attractive attendants. We walked about for fifteen minutes and chatted with the other passengers while the airplane was being refueled. We also took a good look at the two pilots in charge of our plane, fine-looking young men who were personally selected by Colonel Lindbergh. A pilot must have a record of five hundred solo flying hours before he is even considered for a position. While one pilot flies the plane, the second is in constant radio communication with the airports and with the eighty-two weather offices maintained by the organization. It all makes one feel perfectly safeguarded.

In the middle of the morning and the afternoon, the courier proffered lemonade, bouillon or tea to the passengers. At noon he served a delicious luncheon which was put upon the plane in a large container. The ritual of luncheon was a fascinating one. A tiny aluminum table was placed before each passenger, spread with a lavender linen table-cloth and napkin. The service was of gold-plated aluminum: knives, forks, plates and cups. The T.A.T. searched all over the world for a light-weight ware to replace heavy china and silver. Their happy selection of gold plate conveyed the delightful intimation to each user that he was indeed a member of a royal family. The luncheon was planned by a dietitian to prevent airsickness and was particularly juicy and fresh. Cold meats, delicate sandwiches, salads, a compote of fruit, and hot tea or coffee, formed a typical luncheon in summer.

(*Continued on page 134*)

RENEWED BEAUTY FOR YOU

In the interest of your charm, read this message. It points the way to radiant new-born beauty for you... Helena Rubinstein, international Beauty Authority, describes here home treatments suited to your individual needs as well as to your income—treatments whose extraordinary value you will be quick to recognize. Invest in your beauty this sane and proven way!

HELENA RUBINSTEIN • *World-Acclaimed Beauty Authority*

ALL the smart world is turning townward. And their first destination is Helena Rubinstein—for Beauty must be groomed to greet the Fall... Sallowness, tan, freckles must give place to radiant clearness. Squint lines must go. Parched weatherbeaten faces must regain lost youth... And Helena Rubinstein has a genius for such things!

For years she has studied the skin-ageing penalties of exposure, and she has created creams and lotions to counteract them. No one else in the world has contributed so much to this all-important branch of beauty culture. The instant you use these famous creations, you sense their beauty-building powers. You feel them bringing new life, new youth to your skin. You realize why among the numberless beauty products existing today, the masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein rank first!

Helena Rubinstein outlines below a Personal Schedule of Beauty Treatments for you—treatments as delightful as they are resultful. The first is designed for women with little time.

THE QUICK BEAUTY TREATMENT

Cleanse with the exquisite Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream. 1.25

Skin-Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood) gives the skin new life, new youth! It restores radiant transparency to dull, sallow skin. It clears away tan and freckles. A beauty necessity to all skins. 1.00, 2.50. For stubborn freckles and tan, use Valaze Freckle Cream. Does not dry the skin. 1.50.

Close the pores and brace the skin with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion. Excellent for preventing and correcting fine lines. 1.25
Complete Beauty Treatment 3.25 and upward. A most extraordinary beauty value.

CORRECTIVES FOR OILY SKIN—AND BLACKHEADS

Wash away blackheads and oiliness and refine large pores with Beauty Grains or Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. These unique super-washes are so much more thorough than any soap. 1.00 each.

Valaze Refining Lotion—a most remarkable beautifier of the skin texture. Also reduces redness of nose and broken veins. 3.00

BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR THE FASTIDIOUS

Cleanse with Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Contains youthifying essence of water lily buds. 2.50, 4.00

Follow with Youthifying Tissue Cream, the perfect cream for dry, lined, ageing skin, especially about the eyes. Unexcelled for removing crows'-feet and wrinkles. 2.00, 3.50

Tone with Valaze Extrait, the exquisite anti-wrinkle lotion. Lifts fatigue from face and eyes. 2.50, 5.00
Complete Treatment 7.00 and upward

Brace relaxed, ageing contours with Georgine Lactee. It restores the clean-chiseled facial outline of youth. Wonderfully effective for puffiness under the eyes. 3.00, 6.00

MASKS OF YOUTH

One of Helena Rubinstein's newest inspirations is the Water Lily Rejuvenating Mask, an ancient beauty secret in the modern manner. It has a magic for transforming dull, ageing skin into a thing of vibrant, young beauty—instantly! The perfect before-dinner treatment for every skin. 3.00

The Grecian Contour Mask is for more mature skins. An uplifter of weary contours—a regenerator of ageing skin tissues. 5.00

THE KEY TO A CHIC ENSEMBLE

The cosmetic masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein are the final touch of smartness. They add the necessary accent of distinction to every costume, to every personality.

Valaze Foundations are in a class by themselves because of their superb quality and their perfect suitability to the individual skin. Cream of Lilies 1.50, and Water Lily Foundation 2.00, are as enchanting as their names!

Valaze Powders are the highest achievement of beauty science. Water Lily is clinging, fragrant and flattering. 1.50. Enchanté is a powder masterpiece. 3.00. Other Valaze Powders 1.00 to 5.50

Only in Valaze Rouges can you get such rare and becoming tones as Red Geranium, Red Raspberry and Coral—the essence of chic! Compact or en creme 1.00 to 5.00

In Lipsticks, Fashion's favorite is Enchanté; indelible, soothing and simply ravishing in color. 3.50. Other smart Lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein, 1.00 and upward.

Persian Eye Black, the super-mascara, makes the lashes look long, silky and luxuriant. And it stays on! In smart new shades 1.00, 1.50

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener 1.00

HELENA RUBINSTEIN INVITES YOU TO HER SALONS

You are most welcome to drop in any time for individual counsel on your home beauty care and for expert advice on make-up art... One model treatment will reveal to you new heights of beauty and will help you to make your self-treatments doubly effective!

The creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, where qualified assistants will aid you in selecting the most resultful preparations for your skin.

helena rubinstein

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Mrs Franklin inc.

Announcing our new collection of sweater suits, wherein chic takes an important turn . . . For the essential costume of black, white and grey, we present this three-piece model . . . Matching bag, scarf and beret.

NEW YORK - 16 East 53rd St. • PHILADELPHIA - 260 South 17th St.
CHICAGO - 132 East Delaware Place • PALM BEACH
BOCA RATON • BAR HARBOR • YORK HARBOR • WATCH HILL

FROM COAST TO COAST BY AIRPLANE

(*Continued from page 132*)

When luncheon was over I settled myself to observe the changing landscape. Both days were brilliant, and we flew at an altitude of eight to thirteen thousand feet. The great wings of the plane shielded the passengers' eyes from the glare, yet we felt as if we were suspended in sunshine, bathed in sunshine. The windows did not shut one away from the landscape, as they do in an automobile or a train.

We passed over cities that had taken years to build, fields that had been cultivated since pioneer days; we passed over them and felt aloof from the self-importance of men. All these things man has done; still greater ones he shall do. But he won't boast about his achievements, if he has once had an airplane view of life. Glancing at a photograph of five hundred college graduates will reveal what a large proportion are wearing spectacles for their near-sighted eyes. Near-sighted eyes have been cured by a summer in a country with vistas. A near-sighted mentality might be improved by an air journey.

The boy in "The Great Stone Face" was transformed into the likeness of the face he looked upon. As you gaze from your airplane window you feel yourself becoming part of the landscape. Yellow to golden-brown, faint grey-green to black, orange and red-browns—one is saturated with colour. You feel that you have never seen colour before. You breathe red, blue and orange; you taste yellow and green. You are amazed that you retain a grey or brown suit; that you haven't turned rainbow colours like a chameleon.

ALL the old fairy-stories are true: the magic carpet and the seven-league boots. Below you is the serpent of the old Norse legends encircling the earth, or is it the red bed of the Colorado River twisting a tortuous way from horizon to horizon? The sky and earth melt together in a magnificent chaos as they were in the beginning before the Lord God separated them. Dry river courses and tributaries are the leaves of a tree showing all the veins or the vertebræ of the human body and its nerves like the chart of the human body hung in an osteopath's office. A great flock of white clouds wing their way on a level with the airplane, wild white geese swiftly passing into the infinite sky. Below, crossing the immeasurable extent of earth, lie like a slim ribbon of grained silk poplin the railroad ties of the Santa Fé, crossing the desert.

Preconceived notions are upset by an airplane journey. A desert isn't flat. It begins very suddenly, a sharp line of yellow where the bright green of irrigated land ends. Sand dunes protrude. The red rocks of Gallop are cut intaglio, down into the earth, not forced up above it. The pilot brought the airplane low enough for us to see the fantastic shapes and myriad colours of these strange rock formations.

The desert is not a dead thing but something which is not yet born—a slumbering giantess; a drop of water and the desert wakens to fertility. In the meantime, before man performs the miracle of turning yellow sands to irrigated green, the Painted Desert is the playground of the rainbows. There they shimmer in iridescent beauty and dance close to the desert sands—thousands and thousands of rainbows. They cover the vast extent of desert. Some of them are called upon to brighten the sky after a storm, but they return after that brief duty to play with the other rainbows over the Painted Desert.

During the late afternoon of the second day as we approached San Bernardino Pass, through which we were to reach Los Angeles, the brilliant desert landscape gave way to mountains. Mother Earth moved sleepily in her bed, heaving her thighs and mammoth breasts under her dark rocky coverlet. In the sky we saw, not one electric storm, but eight; apparently all taking place independently of one another. The lightning played about the horizon in vertical flashes—now here, now there—as if the storm gods were sending radio messages to one another.

AFTER the rain, the atmospheric effects became even more startling. Pools of water in hollows on the earth seemed to float above the ground, opaque pools of shining quicksilver. In one direction, we saw a bright green lake, and not far from it a pink one. In the horizontal light of late afternoon the mountains turned to blue velvet; the fields to smooth green satin and pale yellow damask. At intervals, beige chiffon sand patches with frayed edges were flung down.

Then the airplane traversed San Bernardino Pass and we saw to our left snow on the mountains and below us the orange groves of southern California, the Japanese gardens, the Hollywood Bowl, and the beautiful city of Los Angeles. The city spreads prolifically in all directions. Only a few tall buildings extend above the rest of the houses which are content to remain low on the ground and surround themselves with luxuriant gardens. Swimming-pools, a brighter blue than even the sky, dot the city. The immediate impression Los Angeles conveys to an air traveller is that here are people who enjoy living, who love flowers and sunshine and happiness. The character of a city is more apparent from the air than from any other approach. One judges a new acquaintance by the outlines of his face and figure. An industrial city thrusts smoking chimneys into the air, suggestive of a bony nose, high cheek-bones and angular chin; other cities grow parks like bushy eyebrows and develop a fringe of country estates like a full-grown beard; still others have marcelled and manicured their natural loveliness.

What kind of people travel by airplane?

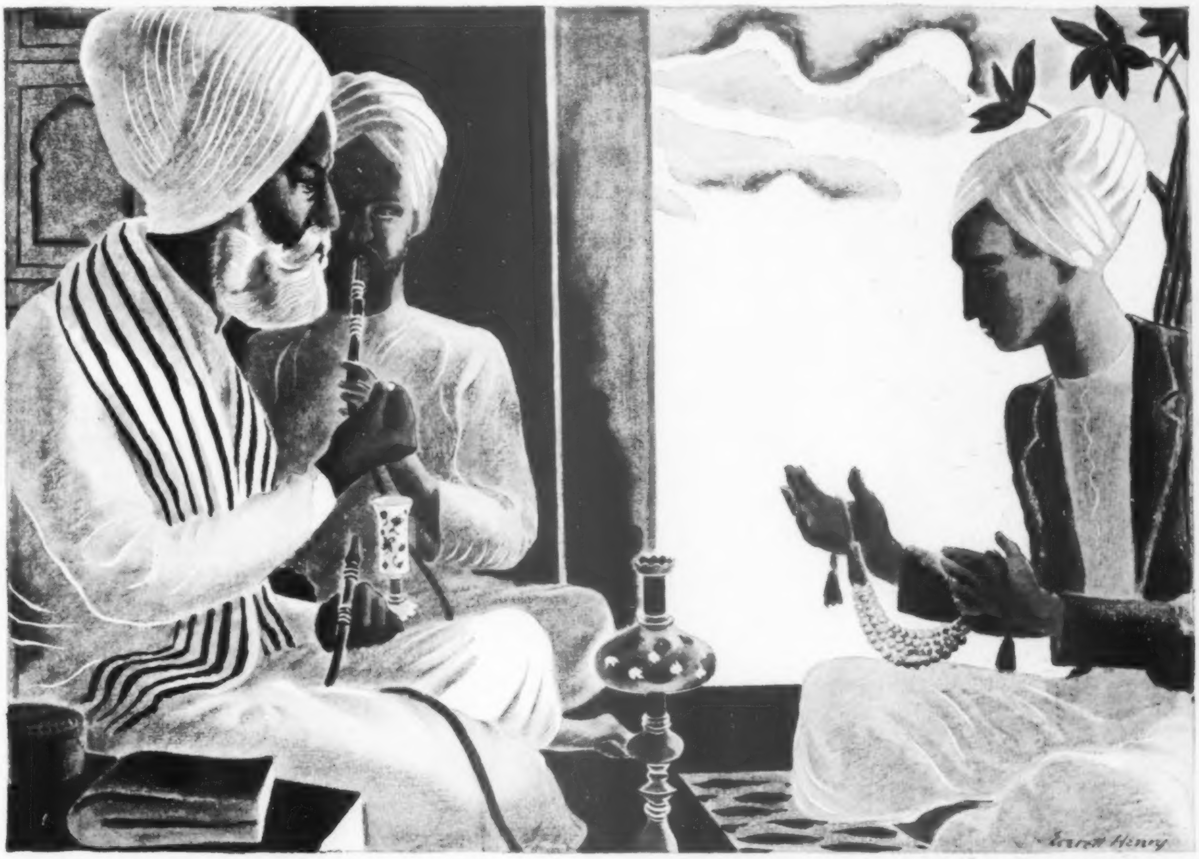
Our companions upon the return flight to New York included two young men who had been visiting their families at Santa Barbara. One of them was an expert on period furniture. He belonged to a research department of a motion picture organization and was commissioned to make purchases of Early American furniture in New England. The other young man, who had spent several months recently in Germany, flying in German passenger planes, considered the American airplanes even more luxurious and comfortable than the European ones—with the added attraction of the American courier. A patent lawyer returning to his home in New York was another passenger; he had been called upon a case in Amarillo and as patent lawyers are highly paid from the hour they leave until the hour they return, it was to the advantage of the corporation to route him over air mail. His hobbies were writing plays and keeping a diary, and in the past four years he had written two million words in his diary. Needless to say, he proved a most philosophical and observing companion. A member of a manufacturing firm was another passenger. His firm had sold a large consignment of expensive boilers in Los Angeles. He had flown there and spent one day in settling an argument about the boilers.

A fifth passenger commented frequently upon the remarkable progress of aviation in the United States. We discovered that he was a competent judge, as he had owned and managed for four years the first commercial aviation service in the United States.

And then, of course, there were Mr. Willett and I—the usual type of person who enjoys travel. We have been airminded for years. We live in a roof bungalow on the top of a Chicago skyscraper, our favourite club is on the top of another skyscraper, and the sport which gives us the greatest pleasure is

(*Concluded on page 137*)

OUT OF THE EAST



Pearls have an ageless affinity for woman's beauty. What woman do they not become? . . . And so it is that in all ages and every land men have gone out to seek them in the most remote corners of the Orient.

It is in this tradition that a member of the firm of Marcus & Company visits India, where, in the Arab markets, the most precious pearls are always to be found. There, from glowing heaps of pearls in silken cloths and curiously ornamented chests, he chooses those of that rare *crême rosée* tone, which are the loveliest . . . judging them in the light of very definite standards, familiar only to those experienced in their appraisal. Thus, this establishment is able to secure pearl collections of real importance under most favorable circumstances . . . at prices which give a singular advantage in the American market.

For this reason many people turn to Marcus & Company as an establishment bearing an enviable reputation for authority and integrity in pearl transactions . . . a house which also specializes in the art of blending and matching loose pearls for additions to necklaces. . . . In the present collection you will find strings of pearls from $125,000 to $200. Loose pearls, from $20,000 to $10.

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PARFUMS
LUCIEN LELONG
I consider Perfume though unseen, the most important accessory of dress
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

GERMAN SPAS AND PLEASAUNCES

(*Continued from page 111*)

today are beauty and art and grape-cure.

It desires to hold in memory that among its visitors and inhabitants have been some of the world's greatest musicians and composers, including Liszt, Clara Schumann, Wagner, Brahms and innumerable others, German and foreign. Brahms composed some of his most famous music there. Painters painted. Poets wrote. With the abolition of gambling, Baden tried to cling to that tradition. Now that the great war is more than a decade behind, it is hoping to restore it.

"There are only two capitals in Europe," a Frenchman wrote, "Paris and Baden-Baden." But that was long ago. When the visitors included Bismarck and Napoleon III., Pauline Viardot and Hortense Schneider; when Brahms was composing and Paganini playing there, and Offenbach writing *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, then Baden-Baden was, indeed, a kind of capital of Europe.

Today it is simply a beautiful spot, and its prevailing members are not French or English or American; but, as at Homburg and Nauheim and Wiesbaden, Germans—the solemn Germans, who seem to be meditating or praying when indulging themselves.

Why the Germans are solemn or thoughtful when they are rejoicing and paying high for pleasure, I do not know. But so it is. An American editor, observing them in that mood, once said, "Germans should not throw confetti." They should not. Even at Baden-Baden they should not. Yet it is touch and go. At any moment, one feels, they may do it right. For, at a spa like this one in the Black Forest, no stone is left unturned by the management, the mayor and corporation, to propitiate and domesticate the goddess of gaiety, if she be a goddess. In Germany she achieves mainly a sort of thoughtful, naughty serenity.

ONE sees the kur-patients on the terraces by the hundreds, with glasses before them, listening to the excellent music which all these watering-places seem to have; and even at its merriest the music leaves them serene. Sunlight dapples the tables. The little river, as at Baden, ripples down the gentle stairway of small cascades laid for it (it is a disciplined little stream); fashionable frocks move about the paths. But the patients remain patient, thoughtful, serene.

The excitements are derived chiefly from the arrivals of distinguished visitors. The King of Sweden, one of the few kings now able to travel, supplies that necessary touch of royalty which no watering-place should be without. Chamberlin and Levine, after their flight, gave Baden-Baden, in 1927, the thrill that only a Rostopchin could have given in 1817, but could not give today. And if Hortense Schneider is no more, Miss Anna Case and other latter-day singers keep coming.

They must come. Baden-Baden is doing its utmost to make them come. Singers and composers have always been a kind of royalty. And now, in the absence of actual royalty, celebrated artists who arrive in Baden-Baden are fêted, photographed, honoured, put in the Hotel Stephanie, the abode of kings, and in every other manner convinced that Baden yearns for them.

An Englishman told Mark Twain, in the days of his *Innocents:* "If you could disguise your nationality, you would not find any insolence here." How remote is that time! The proprietor of the hotel that entertained Mark Twain almost wept because war chauvinism had obliged him to abandon the name Hôtel de France and choose another, a German name. Now how will readers of *Innocents Abroad* know it? A copy of that volume, said to have been presented by Mark, is still that hotel's most treasured possession.

Today, the most commonplace American name is carefully noted in the newspaper, as though his very nationality made him a celebrity. The way courtesy is lavished upon him goes to his head. The soft air and three orchestras playing constantly can do no more.

And even the veriest free-lance must soon begin to take a cure for something. He takes walks, he listens to the music, he dines and wines. And the more he does of the latter the more inclined he feels toward a cure. To be emptily roaming 'midst pleasures and palaces is, we know, not an unmixed blessing. So a cure becomes in order.

What cure? There's a wide choice. The Swedish apparatus in the vast gymnasium, however disguised, resembles work. The baths are sumptuous, magnificent. In the Friedrichsbad you can descend the marble steps to a pool with a sandy bottom in which every grain of sand seems to have been hand-picked, and the temperature of the water regulated to within a fraction of your favourite degree. And the massage that you get afterward is administered by fingers that have kneaded the sacred flesh of royalty. But even that becomes tiresome, and possibly it takes up too much time. Still, something must be done.

My own humble advice is the grape-cure. Looked at from any point of view, there is no good reason why you should not take the grape-cure, especially if you like grapes.

The grape-cure is the most inclusive panacea I have yet discovered. If you want to reduce, take the grape-cure. If you wish to put on weight, take the grape-cure. If you have digestive trouble; if you are anemic; if you are convalescing from anything; if you are languid and yearning and touched with a nameless wistfulness for *je ne sais quoi*—the grape-cure. The present writer took the grape-cure for all those things at once—it being more economical to lump your ailments together in this way, making a clean job of it—and found it a sovereign remedy.

The terrace at Baden-Baden is peculiarly suitable for this remarkable cure. A considerable portion of it is dedicated to the grape. If the weather is cool or cloudy, the patients are glassed in. Numerous small tables. Girls in the peasant costume of the Black Forest flitting back and forth with plates of grapes, the white grapes of France, received every day. Washed six or seven times, these grapes are so clean and inviting that the mere sight of them makes your mouth water.

Delicate people begin with only a quarter of a kilo, about half a pound. The less delicate begin with a half kilo, or even more.

MORNING after morning of the late summer and lovely autumn days, we gathered there in scores, each at our little table with a plate of the glistening grapes before us. Slowly, thoughtfully, in a certain serene rhythm our medical men would have prescribed if we had consulted them, we ate the grapes and laid down the skins, feeling with every grape a little better. One could see or imagine the anemic growing less anemic, the convalescent growing stronger, the wistful more satisfied and the adipose less adipose, especially if they did not top it off with a heavy luncheon. The thin grew obviously fuller as plate after plate came toward them from the Bacchic counter at the end of the terrace. To be feeling relieved of all the ailments at once, as was my own case, was an experience rich in human and spiritual values.

In time, too, as we fell into the rhythm of the place, we began to discover, some of us, labour-saving devices. There is a press at the counter which will squeeze out the juice of a pound of grapes before your eyes and you see the pearly liquid running richly into your glass. And thus, instead of eating the grapes you drink them, sip them slowly like a gourmet or a grape patient.

I can hardly enumerate the benefits that cure conferred upon me, but that they were many I feel certain. I have never since been quite as adipose, nor

(*Concluded on page 137*)

For a discriminating clientele ~ ~

For the Gonzagas, Medici, Strozzi and other great families of medieval Italy the best artists were constantly employed to decorate both written and printed volumes. Like the 16th century illuminators, Packard today produces its best for families of taste and discernment—builds motor cars for those in a position to know and enjoy truly luxurious transportation

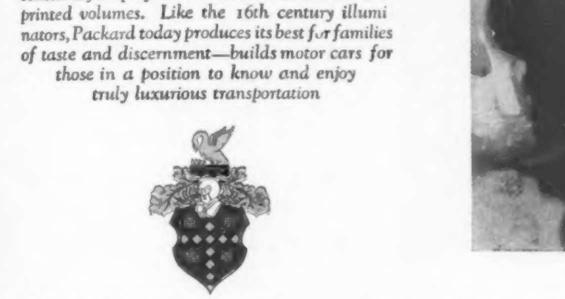
Packard families, in the great majority, keep their cars. Whether they own the costliest of individual custom creations or models of the more moderately priced Standard Eight, they continue to *drive* their Packards with the same good judgment that prompted the original *purchases.*

This is but natural. Those of ample means are seldom extravagant. And when a Packard—of any model or any price—is driven for a period approaching its full and useful life the reward is luxurious transportation at costs that are truly economical.

Packard, of course, makes it desirable for owners to keep their cars. The fundamental and unchanging beauty of Packard lines protects the owner's investment.

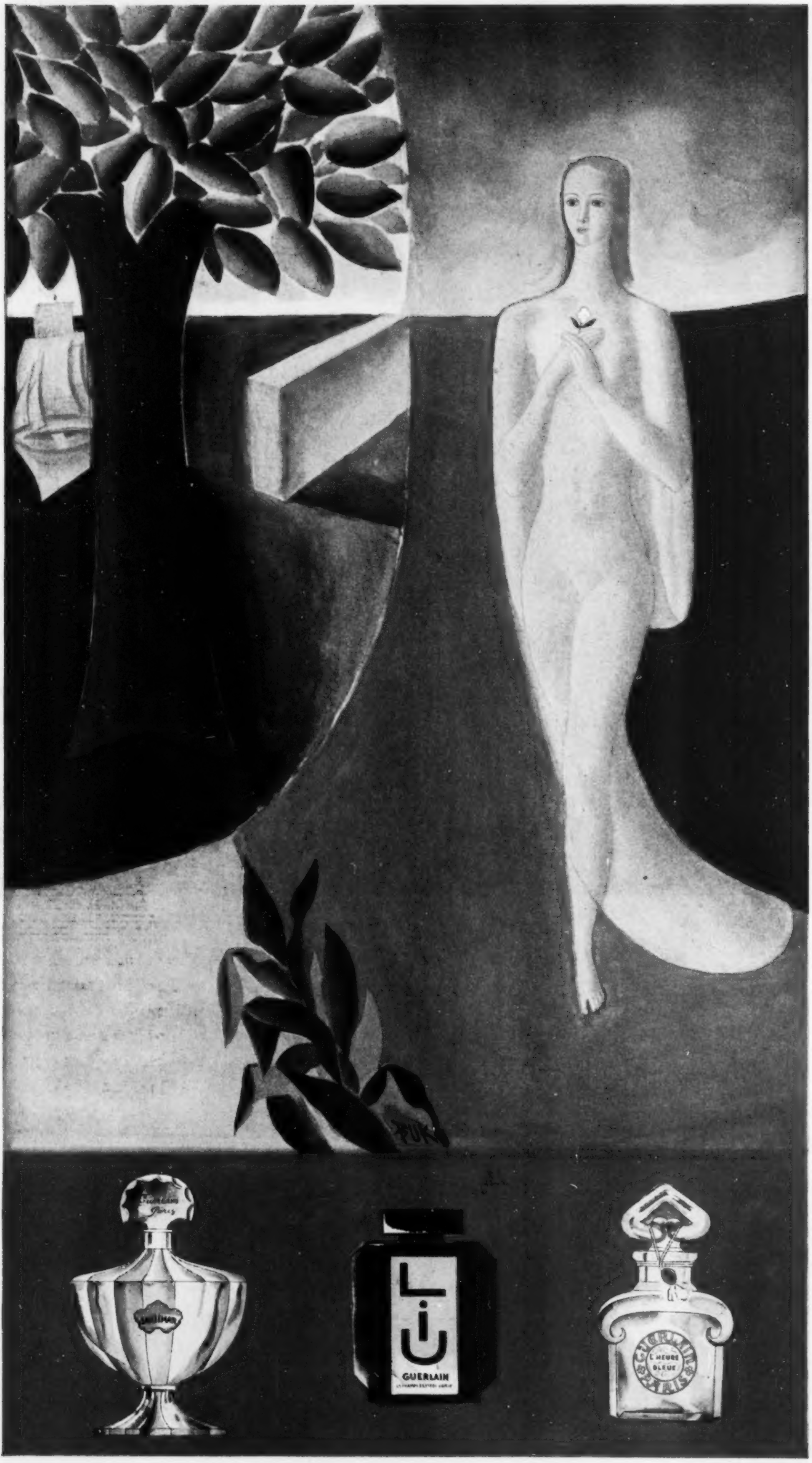
A Packard in its fourth or fifth year of operation is as much a Packard in beauty, comfort and distinction as on the day it was delivered.

The new series Packard cars—Standard, DeLuxe and Individual Custom Eights—are not exceptions. More powerful, refined and improved throughout, they are the finest cars Packard has ever offered. But as usual they embody no radical changes in appearance—and they will be unmistakably and luxuriously *Packards* throughout their long and distinguished years of pleasurable service.



ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION



Elegance is all things

Through all the changes of fashion and fancy, one woman remains eternal . . . she whose passion is for elegance. The perfumes that Guerlain drew from the flowers for some far-off queen or duchess are gone with the spun gold that lay so lightly on their shoulders. But the quality of elegance is still the Lord of Moods . . . and the woman who adores elegance still commands it from Guerlain. For who can deny the power and the beauty of Shalimar? . . . Who can deny the douceur of L'Heure Bleue . . . or the strange modern charm of Liu? Who knows, and knowing resists, the powder of Guerlain . . . touched with the fragrance of Shalimar? And who, feeling the lipstick of Guerlain on her lips, smooth, indelible as fate, does not partake of elegance and beauty? For elegance is beauty and to augment it is an art . . . an art that has no master equal to Guerlain.

Shalimar is $12.50 and $25 . . . . . Liu is $30 . . . . . and L'Heure Bleue is $5 and $15.

Guerlain parfumeur Paris

FROM COAST TO COAST BY AIRPLANE

(*Concluded from page 134*)

mountain climbing. We always choose to travel by air whenever that method of transporation is available.

I happened to be the only woman among the ten passengers. While there was no attempt to become convivial, the friendly exchange of experiences among the travellers, as we walked about the airports or sat at table in the restaurants en route, was very pleasant. The tendency of institutions in America is to become huge and overgrown and to lose all personality. The last time I returned from Europe there were so many passengers on board that not one interested me. Travelling by air offers a refreshing contrast because each airplane accommodates only a limited number of travellers.

Our last afternoon and evening on the airplane before we landed at Columbus provided us with a dramatic finale.

We flew low the early part of the afternoon as the cloud ceiling was only about two hundred feet above the earth. At one time we passed very near a train that would not reach its destination until late the following day, whereas we were only a few hours distant. As evening approached, the objects on the earth began to disappear, to merge into a marvellous blue haze, until as far as we could see to the entire circle of the horizon a nebulous blue mist enveloped everything. Above the blue were swashes of rose, a rose that completely covered the sky vault and softly met and melted into the blue. There were only these two colours in the universe —rose above and blue below. It was as if we were suspended for a breathless moment in a lovely lustre bowl.

When the colours faded we requested the courier not to turn on the lights within the cabin of the airplane, for we preferred flying in total darkness. Of course, the lights that grew on the wings of the plane, like the bulging eyes of a dragon-fly, gave warning of our approach. For an hour the only things discernible within the cabin were the shadowy silhouettes of the passengers, each one peering from his window into an enchanted scene below. Ohio is thickly populated and the plane flew over a series of lighted cities. We had a curious feeling that our relation to the earth and sky was reversed, that instead of looking down upon lighted cities we were gazing at the sky and fields of stars. The small cities were patches of the Milky Way. The large cities were constellations, tracing their city blocks with lights, playing with lights in circles and ellipses, squares and rectangles, triumphantly illuminating entire buildings and crowning them with comet-like search-lights.

We recognized the landing field of Columbus. As we came nearer more lights were turned on, and our final grand sweep down from the sky was greeted by flood-lights that completely illuminated the field. The pilot made a magnificent landing. We descended from the airplane and walked down the covered way into the airport, the covered way which always conveys to a passenger the impression that he has been very well cared for indeed, and that he may walk into an opera house instead of an airport. Aviation fans gazed upon us, smiled as us, and commented upon the beautiful sight of an airplane landing at night.

It had been an unforgettable experience—our first trans-continental journey by air. We might repeat the trip many times, but it would never become commonplace. Always—with farm lands, deserts and mountains, Nature would be busy changing the patterns of her pictures.

GERMAN SPAS AND PLEASAUNCES

(*Concluded from page 136*)

yer as thin. Nor have I been troubled by anemia since that time; and my wistfulness has beyond any peradventure shown marked improvement. And I have little doubt my fellow-patients have fared as well.

When next I return to Baden, I shall without further ado make directly for the delectable terrace of the grape. For that cure and what is called the air-cure seem to this humble observer the least troublesome that a German watering-place can offer. The air-cure, perhaps I should explain, consists in breathing. In that, too, I may claim some little recent experience; and I am not sure but the combination of the two and only an occasional drink of the waters might constitute as good a cure as is to be had this side of paradise.

But, of course, there are so many accessories so difficult to enumerate. To watch the little river, the Oos, racing down the shallow stone steps so carefully laid for it, as at Baden-Baden; to walk in the fragrant gardens and alleys; to listen to a concert on the terrace, as at Homburg or Wiesbaden; to stroll into the Black Forest, as again at Baden, or into the excellent book-shops of Homburg—all of these things have their curative value. For other tastes there is, no doubt, an even greater diversity of pleasures; dancing, flirtation, being photographed, resting and—resting.

Resting was my own chosen specialty. It was interesting to see how many followed my example. And when we saw intrepid excursionists setting off on foot or in motors, it was wonderful to observe the benign light in our eyes, the utter lack of envy or the hot, bitter spirit of competition. Only kindly ungrudging approval for the active ones. Those of us who remained placidly at our tables were all the better men and women for the experience. For us the unhurried grape-cure.

It is well that there should be such pleasure spots on earth. Life outside has long seemed to this writer overstrenuous. The late war has tended to obliterate that truth. But now that not only Germans, but Americans and English, are beginning once again to frequent the baths, this, like all truths, will come into its own once again.

7 For years —women have suffered these annoyances

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NOW END THEM

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THE AMBASSADRESS DANCES

(Continued from page 118)

cell of the cabin that she realized how exhausted she was. If being faithful were not an exertion, there would be less virtue in it.

After the soup and speeches and piano solos of the concert, she found an extraordinary refreshment in the ship's ballroom with a gorgeous company of passengers dressed in their best. She herself was dressed in her best and a soothing and wooing breeze from the halcyon sea caressed her bare shoulders while her eyes feasted on the many-tinted kaleidoscope of the dance floor. It was of glass with coloured lights beneath, throwing an eerie beauty upward about the dancers whose bodies were in twilight and their heads in such a tender gloom that tenderness must have been in their thoughts whether they were aware of it or not.

The music was not at all tender; at least, it was not of a tender intention except in so far as its astonishing cynicism might instil a feeling of tenderness for anything that was not lawful, not one's own. The music had an indefinable quality; it was orgiastic and gloating and rejoiced in its illicitness.

The Ambassadress was puzzled. Here she was crossing the ocean for the first time, toward that nation of oceanic magnitude and power and ruthlessness. Her destiny, her husband's fame, her nation's welfare depended somewhat on her success on that sea. It was the most prudish of nations; it notoriously despised other nations because they lacked the plain domestic virtues, the solid pious home life and home ideals of America. It claimed almost a monopoly of the words "home" and "ideals."

Yet in Europe it was chiefly famous as the last country to give up slavery, the one where the slaves were not yet free; the one where crime raged, where divorces were most frequent on the most frivolous grounds! And its chief exportations to Europe had been the cocktail, the turkey-trot, and now the steps, and the music of the jazz—the Ambassadress called it "yahz."

In all the world's history there had been surely no such undignified dancing or such licentious music. It had swept over Europe as vices and diseases sweep. The European nations had protested in vain, had boycotted it, had wrecked their satires on it, passed laws against it—all to no avail. And now the jazz was so universal, so standardized that everybody accepted it.

THE Ambassadress sat listening to the audacities of the band. The very names of the tunes were outrageous, as the blushing guests repeated them to her. The tunes themselves said what the loosest tongue would never dare give word to. They were the emanation of the jungle, or at least an imitation of the jungle mood, African savagery corrupted by American commercialism!

This was the only original music that America had given to the world. Her national anthems were old tunes borrowed from Europe, but jazz was all her own. Was this not then the very soul of America speaking?

If this was the expression of the nation she was accredited to, the nation she must captivate in her husband's name, was she not wrong in the plans she had made for speaking its idiom, appealing to it in its own vernacular? Would not the Americans expect her to understand this spirit, dance the native dances, be glib in the native dialect! From being disgusted with the music, the Ambassadress grew afraid of it. It was her habit to conquer what tempted her. She listened, analyzed, watched the dancers.

Nice young men and sweet young girls danced and danced with their mammas looking on. The music was something about mammas—"hot mammas"—most maternal! The ship's officers danced with the important ladies, very respectfully lest they lose their posts for offending valuable customers. But many of the couples behaved as if they were quite, quite unobserved. The jazz seemed to make them think they were invisible.

Timidly one or two gentlemen invited the Ambassadress to dance. Plainly this was a mere compulsory courtesy, something to get rid of before they asked the younger ladies of her party. Their relief when the Ambassadress declined was so evident that she laughed in spite of her first feeling that the invitation was as insulting as any invitation could be.

Gradually, perhaps from the insidious raillery of the music, or from getting used to it, she began to be insulted; not at being asked, but at being asked with so manifest a hope of refusal.

WHY should she be regarded as something ancient and inelastic and undesirable? Her hair was white, her years were not few; but she was neither a barrel nor a cripple. Her heart was as girlish as any in the ballroom. By and by she found herself swaying a little to the patternless rhythm of the jazz. She began to feel that its freedom was not lawlessness so much as emancipation from the shackles of the old-fashioned two-four, three-four, six-eight dances of Europe. The music writer had followed his every whim. The musicians followed the written whims with a whimsicality of their own. The male dancers followed that or went against it as they pleased, improvising their steps as they pleased. The women went back to ancient principles and took pride in foreseeing and acquiescing in every step-desire that flashed through their partners' hearts or feet, each twinning herself with her male in a Siamese communion. That was, doubtless, why they clung so straitly together.

She began to see a certain skill in jazz, to suspect that it was, after all, a cleverer thing than any other kind of dance—a kind of intellectual triumph of fantasy. Yet, there was such a profoundly animal voice in the music, such abandonment to the most unspeakable libertinisms of emotion! Yet again, one grew used to that also, as she had long since grown used at home to the peasant dances at the fairs and festivals where the riot grew merriest.

The Ambassadress had watched and had listened for two hours now, and it was coming on toward midnight. The girls in her party were flushed and panting but strangely exultant. The men were flushed and panting and strangely exultant.

Most flushed, most exultant of all was the military attaché who accompanied her husband, a captain in the war, and still only a captain, though he had been a brilliant soldier, insatiable of danger and a glutton for wounds.

On the lapel of his dinner coat now was a little row of pendant medals twinkling and tinkling in a tiny carillon. But he was a modest man and had never asked a favour—hence had not had one. Yet he had never complained when men, whose only audacity had been shown since the armistice, had gone up and up the ladder.

He was a patriot. The Ambassadress was a patriot. They were going to conquer America for their country's sake. He was devoted to her husband and to her. He never ventured the impertinence of a compliment to his chief's wife, but his eyes were always full of deference to her. He knew her different costumes and made more profound obeisances to her when she was in *grande toilette*. She often recognized that he caught back exclamations of praise from his very lips. She liked this in him. She wanted to be respected as a wife. The awe he held her in was dearer than any adjectives of adulation could ever be.

TONIGHT she thought she noted that he looked at her a little more frankly than usual. He seemed to hold his eyes in leash lest they run across her bare

(Continued on page 140)

"It's like me as my shadow"

says BETTY BRONSON

"But, my shadow follows . . . while this new perfume leads me! On and up . . . to new imaginings, to quicker thought, to lighter laughter. My new perfume commands me to keep step with Youth! Sweeps me into its glorious rhythm . . . who'd want to escape? Not I! I intend to wear this buoyant perfume always . . . to meet life under its dauntless spell. I intend to grow no older than its name, its mood . . . both are

SEVENTEEN!"

Eight Toiletries!

exquisitely scented with the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. Smart, modern, in its French-cut flacon, *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . not alone the fragrance . . . but the tinted sheen . . . the delicate texture . . . the peach-bloom softness . . . of youth itself. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . very discreet . . . very refreshing . . . and like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of you. Lasting . . . delicate . . . such a subtle way to wear your favorite perfume. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold . . . the powder faintly scented. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brillantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

Seventeen

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THE AMBASSADRESS DANCES

(*Continued from page 138*)

shoulders. They were good shoulders. There were no better in the room, but they must not be noticed.

The Ambassadress smiled to find herself guilty of the ancientest trick of womankind: exposing beauty and then rebuking its observation. But it was the custom to go décolletée. She would hardly have dared enter the dining-saloon or the ballroom at night in a high-necked dress. And yet, since she must reveal, it was not unpleasant to be well-shouldered, fair-throated, deep-bosomed.

The music or the breeze or the dizzying effect of the merry-go-round of the dancers, or something made her—well, not angry at the Captain for having a hard time restraining his gaze and his praise.

Twice, by looking out under the half-closed jalousies of her eyelashes, she could see that he was staring at her in almost hungry approval. She flushed until it seemed as if nature drew a scarf over her flesh. But it was a scarlet scarf. Her flesh beneath it felt tremulous and gleaming like the surface of a lake moonlit in a breeze. She felt herself all moonlit—yet not in the American sense.

A few of the Americans, realizing that they were soon to return to their native land where they could no longer lift a glass of wine honestly, were making swine of themselves, but the foreigners sipped discreetly and the Ambassadress had not neglected an occasional tribute to the vineyards of her own country.

She was not in the least intoxicated, yet she was a little less locked up. She had, as it were, the windows of her soul all wide open to the night air. It blew through her; blew the years away like dust, woke in her a longing to be young again, to be young always, and reassured her of an eternal youth, in spirit at least. She had not danced since her girlhood, but much then, and well. She had danced wildly well, mastered the intricate dances of her country. She wondered if her feet had forgotten. She was sure that they must be nimble still. They felt nimble, eager to be footing it.

Twice, the military attaché had humbly invited her to dance. Twice, she had politely declined. The first time he asked her before he asked anybody else, and had almost thanked her when she shook her head with a matronly smile at the impossibility of the suggestion.

The second time she declined with a little sense of regret at being too old and too officially stately to step out and jig to such barbaric music. The Captain had looked as if he were really sorry. He looked as if he were about to urge her to reconsider; then he remembered his place, bowed low and asked another woman, a gross, heavy-hoofed creature who danced worse than the Ambassadress could ever have danced. After that the Captain danced only with girls.

And now the Ambassadress felt in his manner, in his furtive glances, his restlessness, that he was going to ask her again. She would refuse, of course. Yet why? Why should she refuse? Ought she not, for one thing, to learn this American step? Somebody important might ask her to dance at some crisis in which it would be for her country's good to encourage an intimacy. She might lose some invaluable man by just seeming too frigid or too awkward to join the festivities. When could she be better initiated than in the arms of her husband's staff officer—the very thought of the words "in the arms of" gave her a little shock. Her heart met it with a tiny resentment. Why should she, alone of all women, be forbidden to dance? Other husbands were here, dancing with their wives and other men's wives and daughters. The Ambassadress would have been glad to dance even with her husband. Why must he be so odiously recreant on such an occasion? Yet, even if he were not seasick, he could never have danced. His mind was agile, but his feet! They had often laughed at his clumsiness. She had laughed at it tenderly aforetime, but now she felt in his absence and his disability a certain dereliction.

Really! that music! If it meant what it just said, why did nobody drive the musicians off the ship? How could they mention such subjects even in the dialect of a saxophone or a whining trumpet?

THE Captain was struggling up from his chair, desperately rallying all his courage. He was going to ask her again! She could see that it was like taking a plunge in his airship.

He came straight to her and stood near, turning white and red as he pleaded:

"Won't Her Excellency reconsider? Won't Her Excellency dance just once?"

"Why not?" she heard herself saying. She was on her feet, the Captain's left hand was clasping her right hand, his fingers seeking their places among hers. His right arm was closing about her waist. He was drawing her close to him.

She was startled. She felt an impulse to resent this lover-like posture, break free of it. She remembered where she was in time to avoid making a fool of herself. The next thing was to avoid making a spectacle of herself. She had noted that the secret of the dance was for the woman to obey the man's every motion. At first she stepped on his foot, their knees collided, she misinterpreted his intention. For refuge she compelled herself to close with him in one flesh and to accept his dictation, yield to the least premonition. In a few moments she was doing not badly.

She was naturally lithe and limber, and her various hinges were still supple and willing. She was so delighted to find herself afloat on the dance that she felt brave enough to apologize.

"I'm pretty terrible," she sighed.

"You're terribly pretty," he retorted; then in a rush of terror: "I beg Her Excellency's pardon! I forgot that Her Excellency was not a young American girl."

This was the more convincing for being scared out of him. She laughed:

"If you could forget that for a moment, you must be losing your mind."

"Perhaps I am," he said; then again his hand trembled as he realized that what he meant for a sign of modesty sounded like a most immodest confession of infatuation. He tried to recall the words, but the Ambassadress wailed:

"Oh, don't spoil my little compliment!" She laughed. Then she turned pale. She was actually flirting with this young man, demanding sweet speeches! She could hardly believe her senses.

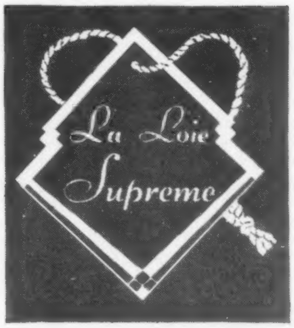
Surely no two people ever danced together with more mutual terror or more common terror. She was a wife—more than that, she was the wife of an ambassador. The honour of her nation was in her keeping.

He was a soldier, an officer, a representative of his nation in foreign eyes. The Ambassadress was as sacred as the flag of her people. Merely to be dancing together was a kind of sacrilege. He ought to restore her to her place and return to his.

BUT there is no primeval trait more deeply imbedded in human nature than the instinct to desire and to dare the forbidden. Automatically any but a born groveller questions the authority that denies it anything. It argues that the denied therefore belongs to one; that it has been forbidden without authority; that oneself is supreme, above all authority; that what is forbidden is alone worth seizing. The music itself said so. The banjo ridiculed all the codes; it turned horror into a silly plinkety-plank. The saxophone gurgled: "Love her! Love him! Love one another! Loveherloveherloveher! Love yourselves up! Love yourselves to death!" Everything was a variant of the "oo" sound—amour! toujours! You—Your!

The dance rhythm was lawless. It seemed an obligation for the Captain to

(*Concluded on page 142*)



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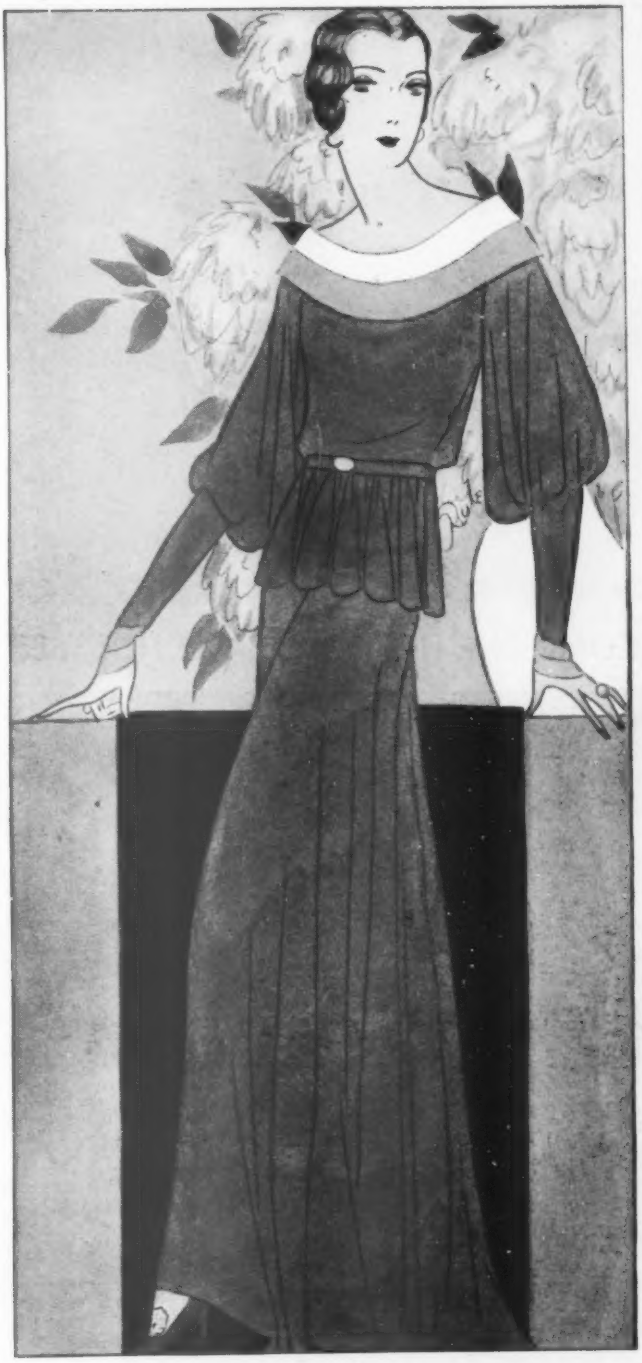

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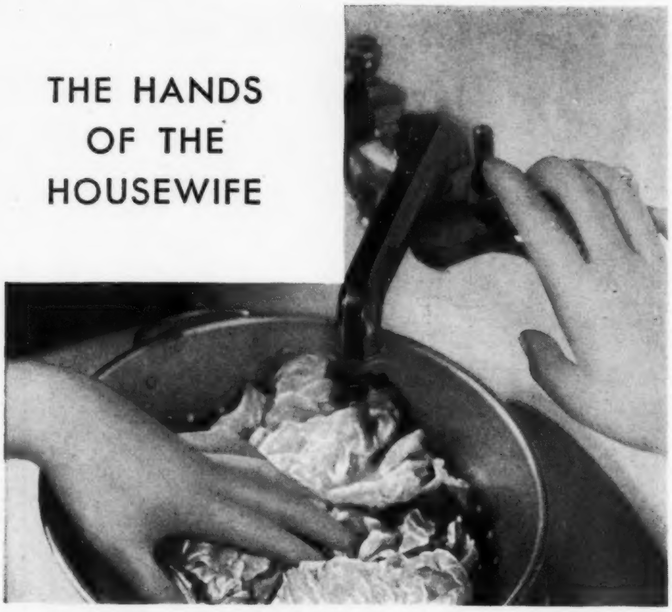
THE HANDS
OF THE
HOUSEWIFE



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THE AMBASSADRESS DANCES

(*Concluded from page 140*)

wrest the Ambassadress from the ground like a great uprooted flower and fling her this way and that. It seemed a higher treason to a magic duty not to mingle all their limbs and braid themselves together. Now she was bent far backward, now whirling like a mænad, now moving with the utmost possible slowness without ceasing quite to move.

A hostile, anachronous, hateful spirit told them that somebody ought to strike them dead. They almost hoped that somebody would. But they must go on and on until somebody did. The music stopped suddenly, before they could stop. It left them dizzy, bewildered, ejected from a realm of fantasy. The Ambassadress was almost afraid to move toward her chair, afraid to look anyone in the face. Before she could quite brace herself to the abrupt exile into reality, the band struck up again, wilder than ever. They were caught back into their planetary path, revolving round one another and around the orbit of the room through the sunset of the wine-red floor.

The Captain's arm tightened about her waist in a throe of coercion. It crushed her breast against his breast. Her cheek brushed his and longed to stop there.

She kept telling herself: "I am my country's flag! What profanation! What infamy! I am a traitress to my people, to my dear, dear husband! No, no, no! I am human. I must dance—just this little moment. Then I shall go back to being good."

The Captain kept telling himself: "I am disgracing my uniform, my office. She is my people's flag. I am trampling the flag beneath my feet. No, no, no! I am clasping it to my heart! She is young and beautiful and her white hairs and her years and her high post and her dear, dear husband, whom I revere, have no right to make her old and to coffin her before she dies. She has a right to this fierce happiness, for she is human and I am human. When the music stops all shall be as before, but the music is playing, the dance is on, on! On!"

The rapturous terror was all in their hearts. Their minds alone were on fire, revelling in forbidden fire. They thought they were spinning through crimson gales, blown on such a cyclone of infernal power as carried Paola and Francesca da Rimini and the other adulterous lovers in an eternal round through that cavern in Dante's hell.

BUT those who looked on saw nothing strange. To them the Ambassadress was but a handsome foreigner, rather awkwardly trying to learn the American steps. And very sweet of her it was to unbend so graciously!

As for the Captain, how nice it was of him to give the old dear a treat. The white scar in his forehead from a piece of shrapnel glowed white and red in his red face. But he was doing his duty by his chief. Too bad the Ambassador was not there to see it.

And now, the Ambassadress added to her fatigues a weariness of lawlessness, a lassitude in ecstasy. Her spinning heart began to die down like a slowing top. The Captain's arm relinquished a little the tautness of his sinews. They whirled a whit more remotely. They were descending to earth and to reason. At the end of the dance she could say:

"Thank you, Captain, for teaching me. Thank you for all you have taught me!"

He caught from this what she had felt and what she dared not say.

"Excellency!" he mumbled with his old-time meekness—there was no music to carry the complexities of his thoughts, the ineffable emotions of triumph, of grovelling shame, of homage, of apology, of importunity for love and for forgetfulness.

An American plutocrat, a toadying bounder leapt to her side demanding: "Now that you have learned to dance, Ambassadress, you must have the next with me."

"Sank you," said the Ambassadress in her English. "My poor 'osban' will be theenking I am falled over the boards. It is better I go see. Good night."

THE Captain made to accompany her, but she put out her hand with the gesture of the angel forbidding a return to the paradise never to be regained.

He clicked his heels and kissed her hand. Her smile was one of eternal dismissal, yet also of unspeakable gratitude, a gift of infinite sympathy, and a prayer for it.

She fled like a ghost caught out at dawn down the tilting companionways to her cell.

She found her husband querulous and old and bulky, on the bed. She was glad he was not young and handsome. There would have been no punishment in returning to an Apollo. The room was noisome. She was glad of that. She wished it had been worse, that her penance might be more complete.

After she had done what she could for the comfort of her distressed and distressing patient, she said:

"I have been getting acquainted with the Captain a little better tonight. He is a splendid man. He has suffered greatly for his country. He is a great hero. He ought to be promoted, at least to major, and soon to colonel."

The Ambassador was startled, a little frightened by this sudden interest in a man so much younger than he. He stammered:

"But we cannot promote him without losing him. If he becomes a major he ceases to be available as a military attaché."

He was ashamed of his first suspicions when she persisted:

"Should we keep back a fiery hero for our own convenience? There is a vacancy at home since Major—— I forget his name, was promoted. He never fought but he climbs, while our poor hero does his duty humbly and is neglected. He is worthy of something better than dancing jazz with these American girls—and others! They, or somebody, will only involve him in some scandal. Send him back, a major. You have the power."

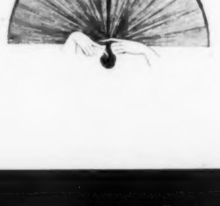
"Anything you say, my dear. I'll promise you that. Now if you would only sink this infernal ship."

"That would solve many problems!" sighed the Ambassadress. "But first we must see to the Captain's promotion. The country needs him more than we do."

She bent and her lips rested on the Ambassador's hot brow. He could not see that her eyes were closed. He knew only that her kiss was long and fervent. He groaned comfortably.

"You are always conspiring for the welfare of your country—and of me."

"For my country and for you!" she murmured.



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With Kleenex there's no rubbing the skin. No stretching it, which experts say induces large pores and wrinkles. You just *blot*. Along with the cream come embedded dirt and cosmetics—which harsh cloths often rub right back into the pores, to cause blackheads and start infections.

Kleenex is simply discarded after using. There's no stained or ruined towel to tell its story of improper facial care! If you don't know Kleenex, start today to give your skin the care it deserves.

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And think of the laundry saved! Kleenex is far, far less expensive than the cost of laundering handkerchiefs. It is perfect for children, and for office-workers. The tissues are soft, gentle, soothing, delicate and marvelously absorbent. Ask for Kleenex at the toilet goods counter, in any drug, dry goods or department store.

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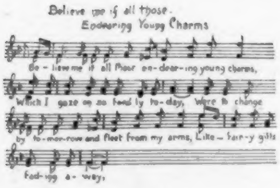
Plates that perpetuate the Songs and Styles of the Past


Believe me if all those
Endearing Young Charms
Be-lieve me if all those en-dear-ing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fond-ly to-day, Were to change
by to-mor-row and fleet from my arms, Like fair-y gifts
fad-ing a-way,

THESE delightful and novel plates perpetuate the spirit of the past most uniquely. They mark off the decades of the last century by presenting the fashions of the period—both in song and in costuming. The face of each plate bears the date and is charmingly painted with a figure or group in the styles of the period—on its back appear several bars of the words and music of "the song of the day." Nothing could make a more diverting gift for the bride than a set of these fascinating plates, which provide a decade-by-decade record of the world's most popular styles and songs, from 1800 when "Comin' Thru' The Rye" was a hit, until the "Merry Widow" days of 1910. The plates come in both Service and Dessert sizes—the former $75 for the set of 12, and the latter $70. They are from the Copeland Spode factory, Stoke-on-Trent, England—are cream-colored with a pasture-green border and a graceful rim-design, embossed in high relief—and are painted in full color after designs made by Isabel Marshall, from old fashion-plates. Nowhere else in America can these unique plates—and many similarly intriguing examples of Glass and China—be found!

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CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(Continued from page 97)

and trying to find out where the presents were hidden and to guess for whom they were intended. Of course, all of us were not allowed in the big ballroom where the tree was being dressed, but my master said *I* could stay and watch. I never imagined that a simple fir tree could be made so beautiful.

And as for the presents! You can just imagine the excitement over these among the adorable children who had come from near and far.

Everybody seemed to get just what he would have chosen himself. After this first distribution came our turn, and then the servants were called in, each one going away the proud possessor of some special parcel done up in tissue-paper, tied with a red ribbon stuck through with a spray of holly.

The only cloud on my happiness was that I had nothing to give Missus, so I decided, instead, to make her very proud of me if I possibly could, and to show my gratitude and my absolute devotion to her and to my master. They were such friends that to love one was to love both.

Of course, Missus had picked out for my present the very thing I had been longing for—a delicious blanket of the softest wool brought all the way from England. As I fell asleep on it that Christmas night my mind was full of lovely pictures of happy people, shining candle-light, glistening holly, brilliant flowers, and plum-pudding all aglow. Above all I could see Missus' smile as she leaned over to tuck me in and say "good night—good doggie," which meant that I had behaved as was expected of me. Altogether, a happy Christmas!

DEEP as was the affection I had inspired in my two dear ones, I had not yet become indispensable to them. Rather indirectly (through the servants, as a matter of fact), I found out that Missus and Master were contemplating a trip to Egypt. I must confess that I did some eavesdropping to try to confirm the report.

"Egypt," I heard Master say, "is no place for dogs. Chi would be miserable there."

No answer from Missus.

"He'll have a wonderful time with your family, as they have chows of their own and understand their little ways."

Of course, after that, I could not show how I felt for fear of hurting other people's feelings, but I was sad, indeed, and I shall never forget the sharp pang of anguish as I saw the motor disappear through the gate and knew that I should not see my dear ones again for many, many months. I stayed out until five next morning, but even this dissipation did not help my aching heart.

The letters from our travellers told of the beautiful time they were having on their *dahabyeh* as they steamed up the Nile. I was happy to know they were being so delightfully entertained everywhere they went. In Cairo, for example, a famous Egyptian, Izzette Pasha, who was married to a daughter of one of the Khedives, and was noted for his lavish and striking entertainments, gave them a most picturesque dinner, at which an Egyptian manservant, wonderfully garbed, stood behind each chair, and all the service was of gold. It all sounded very wonderful and exotic when I heard them talking of it later, and I almost envied them their experiences. I am sure, in spite of what Master said, I should have proved a most useful companion. For instance, I could have kept those donkeys which my Missus was riding all day (Mary Anderson, a lovely white creature, was her favourite one) in much better order than the impudent little donkey-boys, though I understand my people's dragoman, Ibrahim Ali, a magnificent specimen, dazzlingly arrayed, was fairly strict with them. How useful, too, I should have proved if I had been allowed to jump overboard instead of the native who did *not* know how to swim, but who insisted on retrieving the veil which one of their party dropped into the water. They had quite a performance hauling him on board and drying him inside and out. He was given a little brandy, which he was told was medicine (as his religion would have forbidden his taking alcohol) and it did him so much good that he kept clamouring for more. All these amusing stories came in letters which were eagerly read aloud by the family.

BUT this did not make up to me for having lost my dear companions, and I became more and more desolate. If women only realized what fool things the male will do when lonely! My homesickness was to take on a time-honoured form: I discovered that before long I was to become a father. Some dogs are born fathers, some achieve fatherhood, and others have fatherhood thrust upon them. I believe the latter was my case. There was not even a romantic tinge in my adventure. A marriage was arranged for me with a very well-bred blue-blood girl-chow, with whom I must confess I was not the least in love. Our children turned out well, however, and, indeed, they both became champions, but, as is often the case, my wife remained more with her family than with mine so that the void in my life remained unfilled.

Finally, one day, a telegram brought the long-hoped-for news. When at last I heard the sound of the motor on the road in front of the house I made one dash, jumped right through the piazza screen doors and into the car where *They* were and nothing could get me out of it. I said to myself: "If they start off again on their travels, this time they will have to take me with them!"

They found me, so they said, handsomer that when they left me. Of course, I was grateful for the care that had been given me, but I wanted them to be so proud of me that they would never leave me again in anybody's home, no matter how kindly I might be treated.

The time soon came when I was to prove this resolution. It was decided that I was to be exhibited at the Mineola Dog Show. Of course, I had not had any experience with this sort of affair, but I had always hated a mob, and I disliked the thought of being cooped up with a lot of strangers, prize animals some of them, no doubt, but with whom I was not even acquainted. When these ideas got hold of me I said to myself: "Brace up, Chi-Chi! Make a good showing for Her sake!"

Even in my short life the amount of admiration that had been offered me made me realize that I was not only a very rare animal but also a decidedly handsome one. Chow dogs have three varieties of coats: the black, the grey, which some people call blue, and the red. Any other tints you see are signs of an inferior strain. I was born with the finest and rarest tinge of red, neither carrot nor flame, but the true chow tone, and my coat was superbly thick. As to the blue blood in my veins there was no mistake; my pedigree vouched sufficiently for that. I certainly was very innocent at this time, for I thought everyone knew that aristocratic and pure chow dogs have black tongues, so my humiliation and disgust were great at the Mineola Show when, one after the other, ignorant people passed along staring at me and invariably exclaiming: "Oh, say, look at his tongue! I guess he's been eating huckleberries!"

THE judges accorded me all that Missus expected, and I was simply radiant as we drove home to Elsinore with Hilda Holmes who was staying with us and who owned my chow sister, a champion in the Female Class. We had quite an ovation on our return, and as we passed through the hall where the eager servants had all gathered to hear the results, my proud Missus said to Master:

"These are his first ribbons, my dear; we must keep them."

Shortly after this we moved up to New York, a nerve-wracking experience for me. I bade farewell to the beauty of Elsinore with deep regret. All that last afternoon before we made the move, I sat on the porch watching the sea, of

(Continued on page 146)

New 1931 Sterling by Gorham

"THE HUNT CLUB"..

Being used by Masters
of Four Famous Hunts

Middleburg
Norfolk
Harford
Onwentsia

Also being bought by some of the smartest women in America for both town and country homes

THE BRILLIANCE and elegance of the Hunt Breakfast inspired this new 1931 Gorham Sterling—"The Hunt Club."

Already this distinguished, sparkling pattern is being used by the masters of famous hunts—sportsmen renowned as royal hosts.

Daniel C. Sands, Esq., Master of Fox Hounds of the historic Middleburg Hunt, has chosen the new Gorham for the courtly hospitality of "Benton," his Virginia estate.

Henry G. Vaughan, Esq., M. F. H. of the Norfolk Hunt, Austin N. Niblack, Esq., M. F. H. of Onwentsia, Harry I. Nicholas, Esq., M. F. H. of Harford, are now using the "Hunt Club" Sterling.

This extremely smart and sophisticated new pattern has also been bought for a number of this season's outstanding brides.

The "Hunt Club" Sterling—like the hunt itself—is in the aristocratic tradition. It breathes the elegance associated with hunt hospitality. Yet it is as modern as the smart men and women who today ride to hounds.

The richness of decorative detail makes "The Hunt Club" the perfect accompaniment for elaborate entertaining. Its delicate simplicity of line renders it as perfect for informal, intimate hospitality, in town or country house.

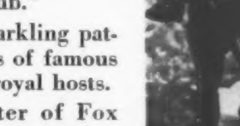
The "Hunt Club" Sterling is not expensive. A complete service for eight—76 pieces—costs only $227. Hollow ware to match is also moderately priced. Each piece is identified by the name "Gorham" on the back or base.

The Middleburg Hunt rides over beautiful Virginia hunting country. Daniel C. Sands, Esq., is M. F. H.

Your own jeweler will give you an illustrated 18-page booklet, "The Hunt Club," showing the popular pieces in the new Gorham Sterling. Or, send this coupon to The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., Dept. K-4.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________



(Left) The genius of Gorham artists is also seen in this distinguished modern Hunt Cup, designed as one of the trophies for the Middleburg Hunt race meet held in the spring.

(Above) Dessert knife, dessert fork, and teaspoon, in the brilliant new "Hunt Club" pattern—a sterling as effortlessly elegant as the Hunt Breakfast itself.

GORHAM

COTY

invites you to try this

PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH

MANICURE LIQUID POLISH COTY
PERFUMED TO THE FINGER TIPS
As you DINE
As you DANCE
As you SMOKE
At BRIDGE

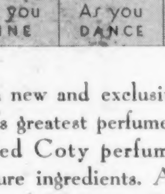
By a new and exclusive process Coty—the world's greatest perfume genius—has skillfully blended Coty perfume with gentler, finer manicure ingredients. And now only in Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish can you be sure of exquisite fragrance without the slightest trace of chemical odors.

A single coat of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish gives your nails a sparkling natural brilliance, without any of the artificial over-coated look smart women avoid. Quickly, smoothly, your nails acquire crystal perfection that lasts a week or more. This Polish does not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

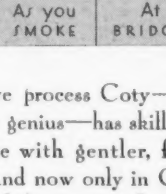
To introduce this marvelous new Polish to you Coty has a charming Trial Size Polish and Solvent Combination Set which can be obtained only by sending the coupon below to Coty.

Four Shades: Clear, Medium, Deep or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.

The Test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do



After six days of continuous exposure to the air ordinary liquid polishes became gummy and practically solid



Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid — easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails

COTY—Dept. H, 714 Fifth Ave., New York.
Enclosed find 25c for Coty Trial Size Perfumed Manicure Polish and Solvent Combination. (Check Polish shade desired.)
Clear.........., Medium.........., Deep.........., Extra Deep..........
Name..........
Address..........
City and State..........

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(*Continued from page 144*)

which we had a beautiful view. The sail-boats plying along looked so peaceful! I hated leaving the lovely country place, up till now the only home I knew; and my apprehension about the city was, I found, more than justified. The clanging of the trolleys, the crashing and booming of the elevated railroad, the humming and honking of the automobiles were like so many blows to my sensitive nerves. I suffered agony. Once in the house there was some relief, but just to cross Fifth Avenue, with all its traffic, alarmed me.

One day, when my master had taken me out for my usual morning walk, and we were waiting on the corner for the policeman to whistle and wave and do all the things that struck terror to my heart but which meant that we could go ahead, I forgot all my resolutions "never to do it again," slipped my collar, and off I ran. I did not even turn back to look at my poor master standing there with no dog and only an empty collar dangling in his hand. I made straight for Central Park. I suppose I "reverted to type," as Missus' friends had said, and, in so doing, I spent a glorious day wandering and dreaming, and above all chasing squirrels, those tantalizing, elusive little grey squirrels which always dashed away up a tree just as I was upon them.

As generally happens after an escapade, I suddenly became a prey to remorse. While this uncomfortable feeling took possession of me, together with the pangs of hunger, I tried to collect my scattered thoughts. I was far too ashamed to go straight home, so I decided to go round to my Master's favourite club, the New York, and wait for him there. I knew he was sure to come along toward the end of the afternoon, and thought it probable that Missus had scolded him a little for letting me slip my collar, so that he would be as glad as I not to make his appearance alone.

MY MISERY was not yet at an end, however. I heard the question of another Dog Show being discussed! Poor me! At Mineola, on Long Island, there was plenty of fresh air and a country atmosphere which made the place bearable, but the old Madison Square Garden had an awful reputation among my kind. It was stuffy and noisy, too little ventilation and too much yelping, and the dogs of my acquaintance who had been shown there said that, though it was terribly smart and top-notchy as to awards, they were always afraid of catching some disease in that crowd.

I found out by experience that all they had told me was more than true. Finally when they took me out before the judges I gave one pathetic glance at Missus and stood on my hind legs. I was pretty far gone, you see. But a remark from one of the judges brought me abruptly to my senses and to my forefeet. Looking at me rather scornfully he remarked, "This is not a trick ring!"

I don't know what I might not have done to him, but at that moment I heard Missus say, more in sorrow than in anger: "Trick ring! Can't you see my dog is not trying to show off? That's his way of asking me to take him out of *this!*"

She put just the right emphasis on "this" for me to feel her entire sympathy and understanding. "This" implied "this disgusting, horrid old place where poor Chi-Chi is so miserable." But her extreme politeness, in spite of her deep emotion, was a lesson to me on how to behave when you are angry. No growling.

The judge (who felt pretty small by this time) apologized, and he even tried to pat me!

I made up my mind that henceforth I would try to cultivate perfect manners and never get ruffled, but in the matter of awards good manners count for little and points are all important, so I was glad, indeed, not only for my owners' sake, but for my ancestors', when I again received the ribbons which I knew Missus coveted for me. This was but one of the various red-letter days which fell to the share of my family in Madison Square Garden, the scene of so many brilliant functions. I have heard my Master tell how he was awarded the first Tandem Prize ever given, when he drove his tandem at the Garden in the good old days, and how his hunter, Hempstead, who was shown there, held the record for the high jump, and carried off many cups and prizes. This hunter was afterwards sold to the well-known and popular sportsman, Foxhall Keene, and Hempstead's portrait now hangs in the Meadow Brook Club.

WELL, I was now really a prize dog—if that means anything! I have always found the expression stupid. People should say an "aristocrat," or an "aristo," for short, as they say in France. That covers all. It was not a few inches of blue ribbon that made me what I was, but the blue in my veins that counted.

And now I must tell you a little secret concerning mottoes. There is one of them written in invisible ink on the family escutcheon, and it is: "Love me, love my dog." On *my* escutcheon, written in invisible ink, are just two words: "Lucky dog!" And those two words incline me to philosophize. How strangely and superficially some ignorant humans speak of us. They say "dead as a dog," for instance, though a dead dog is no more so than any other animal, and, for my part, I think a dead cat is much more to the point. Then they use two absolutely contradictory expressions: they say "a dog's life," and "every dog has its day." They imply by a "dog's life" an existence of deprivation and drudgery, but I am sufficient proof of what a blissful time a pup can have from early morn to dewy eve. Whereas, on the contrary, it cannot be said that *every* dog has his day, as witness those poor little innocent creatures only a few hours old, who ask nothing better than to live, but who are done away with before they have ever had a chance to get even a dog's-eye view of the world, a cruel practice which causes untold suffering to the mother dogs.

IT WAS not long after my triumph at the New York Dog Show that I heard my Missus and Master discussing a possible plan for going abroad again. I was terribly afraid of being left behind once more. An appealing glance at my Missus questioned: "What are you going to do with me?"

"Could anything be clearer?" said Missus to Master. "He wants to know what we are going to do with him."

"Do with him? Why, take him along, of course."

I gave a yelp of satisfaction, and Missus said:

"He really is a darling. But what shall we do with him on the ship?"

Master gave me one look. I fear even my black tongue must have turned a shade paler, for he almost whispered: "Better not discuss it before him."

This, of course, left me in a state of uneasiness which was only increased when we got to the ship on the morning of sailing. It had been decided that, to avoid confusion as much as possible, Missus and I would go quietly down in the motor ahead of Master and the servants with our hand luggage. Mine contained my leashes, brushes, sweater and raincoat, and other really useful things. When we got down to the dock and I saw that huge ship looming up I wondered if I could ever climb the gangplank, but I began to feel greatly in the spirit of the trip. We were taking the Mediterranean route to Monte Carlo. I felt very thrilled as I said to myself when we stepped on board: "Chi-Chi, old chow, your four feet won't touch land again for fifteen days."

A number of very nice-looking stewards in blue trousers and white jackets motioned us along toward a large cabin marked "Purser." Here again I was to receive a horrible shock, for the purser,

(*Continued on page 148*)

Each year new millions discover this priceless secret of removing film from teeth

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Removing it works a miracle in teeth's appearance —gives far greater protection from decay.

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practiced safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by the scores of thousands are discovering the miracle that follows a new and modern method.

Film must be removed from teeth

On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely *film must be removed.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE. . . . Yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

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AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Do These Three Things to have strong, healthy teeth

1 *Follow this diet daily: one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart milk.*

2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*

3 *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

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Waistlines are higher and smaller—so easy to have with the Duo-Sette created by Lily of France! Its subtle darts and light boning are a secret only you need know—but the results are certain to excite envy.

At leading stores everywhere.

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO., at 1115 Broadway, N. Y.

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(Continued from page 146)

who at that moment seemed to hold my fate in his hands, looking first at me and then at Missus, said very deliberately: "You'll have to give him to the butcher."

Butcher! I had heard humans sometimes making gruesome cheap jokes about dog sausage, but I did not know that it was the custom on ships to let the butcher take charge of our kind. I don't know what I would have done—made for the woods, probably—if Missus had not answered the purser very firmly: "Chi-Chi isn't like other dogs. He would never survive if I put him with the butcher."

The purser was a kindly man. Perhaps he had a dog of his own on land somewhere. Anyway, he scratched me behind the ears in an understanding way and he seemed to be thinking.

"Chi-Chi's one of the family, I suppose?" he asked.

"He is, indeed," Missus vowed.

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do. Take him down to your stateroom now and keep him there till we get under way. Try it. We'll see what the captain says. If no one complains I expect he'll let him stop."

I felt that I was on my mettle to see that no one complained of me for Missus' sake, and I thought I would like to make a hit with that captain, who sounded kind and promising, and, incidentally, I did.

THE trip on the *Adriatic* was, of course, delightful. It took me several days to get my sea legs, especially as it was rather stuffy eating in a stateroom, although the weather was fine and we had the port-holes wide open, but I enjoyed the walks on deck with my Master immensely. We attracted attention from our first appearance. Everyone made a great fuss over me, and I must admit I was a success with both young and old. My first introduction had, of course, been to the captain. I was on my best behaviour and he said with a sympathetic look: "Monarch of all he surveys."

Then he asked me to tea with Missus and Master in his own quarters and after that I felt no more anxiety. There was no further question of butchers and I was all the more grateful because of what was told me by the other dogs who were in his care and allowed upon deck only for exercise. They said he was a kind man and that the service was pretty good, but that they never got any fresh vegetables, only tinned stuff, and of course meat, meat, meat, which, as a regular diet, they were afraid might give them skin trouble. One of them told me a pathetic little story about a small boy-passenger who was travelling home to join his relatives. His little steamer pals, noticing that he ate nothing, asked him if he felt seasick. "No, indeed," he replied. "Well, then, why don't you eat more?" they persisted. "I can't afford it," he answered. The poor little chap imagined that everything he ate had to be paid extra for, and when he found it was all included in his passage, he developed an enormous appetite and gained three pounds in as many days.

OUR first stop on the southern route was at Madeira, a lovely spot indeed, so my people told me. It was decided it would be too fatiguing for me to go on shore, so I took a dog's-eye view of it from the deck. They told me plenty of amusing stories of the enjoyable day they had spent, riding up and down the hills and over the cobblestones in funny little sledges drawn by the natives, and being carried in hammocks, and smothered with camellias. Everybody seemed to be carrying kodaks, and Missus herself took some interesting pictures, including one of Mr. Henry C. Frick, a great patron of art and a great philanthropist, whose son is one of our neighbours on Long Island. Everyone was feeling very jolly and frivolous, and enjoying the sights. They said they didn't see any dogs worth mentioning.

Master had his bit of fun on shore. He started throwing pennies for the poor little half-naked native boys who all rushed round him as he called out smiling: "Allacazunka." This was a fancy word he had made up for the occasion, but his fellow passengers thought he spoke the native tongue of these people and that his success was due to that, and they all followed suit, calling out the same word, but as they were not as generous with their pennies the magic word failed in its effect.

OUR trip went on smoothly, and after the first stop the passengers seemed friendlier than ever. The Allacazunka incident had made a sensation and people would repeat the word and giggle. It was not long before we saw the Rock of Gibraltar loom up on the horizon, looking, indeed, like the lion on the British coat-of-arms. It belongs to the British, I heard, and soon I saw the picturesque Tommies strutting around with their gay uniforms.

As at Madeira, the natives came on board with shawls and all sorts of pretty Spanish things, and a courier presented himself thinking we might want to tour Spain. He said he had guided Mark Twain through the whole peninsula. He wanted to show Master the recommendation Mark Twain had written in his album. Master read it aloud and it said: "I was a stranger and he took me in." Everyone laughed.

Our next stop was at Algiers, a lovely place, all white and shining with flowers as though some conjurer had thrown confetti up the steep hillsides and it had caught there and turned into snowy villas and purple bougainvillea vines. I heard my people say they much preferred those hillsides to the narrow winding streets and the strange smells, but they all admired the dark-skinned, turbaned men in their picturesque robes. An American darkey, who was driving a car for some tourists, tried to get into conversation with one of the Algerian black men, but after a few remarks, greeted with silence, he turned around, grinning, and said: "Here's a nigger what don't speak his own languidge."

Everyone laughed again. That's where humans have the advantage of us. We can't laugh. I have always regretted it deeply. We can whine and yelp and even grin, and I have had friends who cried real tears, but laugh we cannot. I tried it once, practising for hours and I thought I had almost caught the knack, but when Master came home Missus said to him: "I don't know what's the matter with Chi-Chi. All the morning he's been almost yawning his head off." After that I gave it up.

The journey was beginning to seem pretty long and I was terribly impatient to reach Monte Carlo, having heard so much about the place since puppyhood. The sea was perfect, that deep green-blue, the true Mediterranean blue. From a long way off we could see the Prince of Monaco's palace surrounded by its beautiful gardens jutting out over the sea, with the world-famous little harbour at its feet, all gay with yachts.

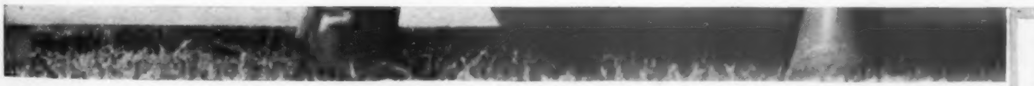
Beyond we could see the famous Casino where all the gambling goes on, and as we drew near, the charm of the place seemed to reach out to us, but oh! alas and alack! Why was I born in the land of peace lovers? There was a match going on at the *Tir aux Pigeons*. They say the Chinese invented gunpowder, but it must have been just to show how clever they are; they have so seldom made use of it that quite a number of chows, and myself among them, are hopelessly gun shy.

Bang! Bang!

The terrace of the Casino fairly overhangs the water and the guns seemed to be pointed straight at us. Bang! Bang! And that was not the worst of it. At every snap of the gun a poor bird fell without a sporting chance. Forced up into the air by an iron spring, it scarcely had time to shake out its wings when—bang! bang!—down it came, fluttering, bleeding. My nerves were wracked by this pitiful sight. Missus, finally, see-

(Continued on page 150)

Active outdoor days demand this comfortable, *lasting* sanitary protection



Kotex now is rounded and tapered to eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

THERE are times when you hesitate to enjoy sports to the fullest . . . unless you know about Kotex.

Kotex is the sanitary pad that is designed for *inconspicuous* protection. The corners are rounded and tapered. Sides, too, are rounded. You are assured of both comfort and ease of mind.

Wear Kotex without a worry, then, under any frock you possess. Wear it for sports or with filmiest evening things—and retain the cool poise so essential to charm.

Light, cool, comfortable

There's another way in which this careful shaping brings wonderful relief. There's no unneeded bulk to pack and chafe. There are no awkward bulges to grow terribly uncomfortable.

Kotex is always light, always cool, always comfortable. This is largely due to its remarkable filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times as absorbent as cotton. This means your Kotex pad can be *five times lighter* than any cotton pad, with the same absorbency and protection.

America's leading hospitals—85% of them—choose this same absorbent for important surgical work. Surely there could be no greater assurance of safety.

Kotex deodorizes . . . keeps you dainty and immaculate at times when that is particularly essential. It is so easily disposed of.

You owe it to your comfort and good health to use this modern, safe, sanitary protection. Kotex is available everywhere.

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1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. ***Disposable***, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Carlin Comforts
... a wish fulfillment

YOU may yearn for a yacht but compromise on an outboard motor ... those longed-for matched pearls may dwindle to French brilliants! Life is like that. ¶But ... have one room where you play the Princess ... a boudoir of subtle luxury ... where rare antique lace, the sibilant swish of taffeta, the gleam of satin, or the hushed beauty of velvet is wed to Carlin craftsmanship. ¶Each design is one of originality—each painstaking stitch a glimpse of perfection.

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Send for the Carlin booklet. It is colorfully illustrated with myriads of lovely Carlin creations

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CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(*Continued from page 148*)

ing how I was trembling, took me down to the cabin of the tender that was bringing us ashore from the big ship, but there was a moment when I thought I could not contain myself. In America we shoot at clay pigeons.

WHEN at last we three got into the motor that was to take us over to Nice, about an hour's drive, I was the happiest dog in the world. We went by the Upper Corniche to avoid the tramways which they said had spoiled the lower road. There was a wonderful view of sea and land. We passed many wonderful villas and gardens owned by English, French and Americans.

At that time, before the war, the Riviera was called the World's Favourite Playground, or the Playground of Kings. People came there from all parts of the globe, Russian grand-dukes, German princes, English crowned heads. Indeed, the great number of "Hotel Victorias" alone testifies to Queen Victoria's frequent visits to these lovely shores during her lifetime. She used to be a well-beloved figure driving about with one of the princesses in a little open basket-carriage drawn by a donkey.

Our rooms in the Hotel Ruhl at Nice looked directly out on the sea and the famous Promenade des Anglais, and I never got tired of gazing first at the beautiful blue water and then at the gay crowds of people. At about eleven o'clock each morning I was always taken for a walk and there were such crowds of people that we had to go very slowly. Everyone who knew us stopped to speak to me and strangers nudged one another and whispered about me or said, so that I could hear them, "My, what a stunner!"

I must confess it made me rather proud of myself. It was February and soon Carnival began. Of course, I could not go to the balls as Master and M'ssus did (they found them frightfully amusing on account of the masks and dominoes everyone wore), but I was taken to all the out-door festivities. I saw the chars, or floats, as we call them, and old King Carnival himself, a huge grotesque brightly-coloured figure. He stands all the week in his big loggia in the public square and then the night before Ash Wednesday they burn him, down by the market-place.

Ah, me! Those were happy days, indeed, when things were truly elegant. All is changed now. I am glad I saw Nice and the Carnival in their palmiest days.

We could have stayed on forever, I believe, in that lovely warm sunshine of Nice, strolling in the morning, driving in the afternoon, motoring over to Monte Carlo—where later I was to spend many happy days—or to Cannes or Beaulieu where the big international tennis matches are played, or to the races at Nice itself which Master, of course, never misses. Everywhere we went we met friends who, like ourselves, seemed full of the *joie de vivre.*

Dogs have always been known as loafers, but to lots of American men "killing time" is very hard work, indeed, and they are always happy to return to their own homes and to the making of a few more millions.

OUR peace and contentment, however, were soon to be given a sudden jar for a very sweet and romantic reason. A cable arrived announcing the engagement of Elise, our niece. I confess I was very touched when she insisted in her following letter that I should be present at the wedding. "I simply *must* have Chi-Chi there," she wrote.

So back we went to my beloved Elsinore, but this time no longer *mine.* Indeed, there are no people so indifferent to their surroundings or to the comfort of others as engaged couples. They seemed to be in every room in the house. No matter where you wanted to go, there they were, sitting on the most comfortable divans, occupying my pet corner on the piazza, and embracing in the only spot where you can get a good view of the moon. Everything was a hum and a bustle of preparation, but at last the final presents were unpacked, the last preparations made, and the wedding morning dawned, clear and bright.

"What a glorious day," everybody was saying; "just perfect!" "Perfect for a country wedding!" The bride was a dream of loveliness, and the eight charming bridesmaids were all noted beauties: Anne Wall, Mai Watson, Alice Richard, Hilda Holmes, Katherine Kent, Mildred Poor, Mary Cutting Cumnock, and Maude G. Shepherd.

There were about five hundred guests in all, scattered about at little tables, and soon out on the lawn in the big marquee the dancing began. The thrill of the afternoon, to my mind, was when the Meadow Brook hounds came dashing across the lawn followed by the hunters in their pink coats, galloping over the green to the sound of the huntsmen's horns. That was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. We dogs enjoyed this sport immensely and we simply ran riot. If I had suffered somewhat during the preparations, from the indifference of the family, I made up for it when that splendid pack of hounds appeared. After the exciting departure of bride and groom, to the usual deluge of rice and old shoes, the guests scattered in various directions and the house suddenly became still and lonely. We were not all happy, for the sad moment soon arrived when we, too, had to leave. My lovely Elsinore was closed, and ever since it has stood, waiting in vain for the family to return. I was never again to enter my beloved home, but I ever cherished its happy memories. However, in a life as full as mine there was no time to be sad, especially as I was now to spend my first season in Paris. Oh! Gay Paree! How I loved it!

AS WE went over only for the wedding, we decided to return to Europe on the *George Washington.* I felt rather uncomfortable at first, as there were signs up everywhere, "No dogs allowed on board," but as I had my usual accommodation I did not give it another thought.

From the moment I stepped off the gangway at Cherbourg, that beautiful May morning, I knew I was going to love France. I had heard from my friends that it was a haven for dogs and a paradise for women, and everything seemed to justify this reputation.

"What sort of dog is he?" "What is his age?" "Isn't he a beauty?" (Oh, *qu'il est beau!*) The French love us, and we dogs are welcome everywhere. The best of it was that they all had dog friends of their own with whom I exchanged comments while my owners conversed and the chauffeur filled up the tank of the automobile that was to take us to Paris.

It was evening when we reached the gates, the softest and most lovely spring evening, and no words can describe the beauty of the Champs Elysées as we drove down toward our hotel. The dark green horse-chestnut trees were in full bloom, the lights along the avenue and in the open-air restaurants and cafés glowed golden, blue and red. I had never before seen so many trees in a city, so many lamps shining without a single advertisement to destroy the effect. In the Place de la Concorde the fountains were playing on either side of the obelisk, sending up their long shafts of water that came down in sparkling diamonds.

In the way we were received at the Hotel Meurice I felt the quiet distinction of Paris. No register was thrust at us, neither was any ice-water sent up!

Our rooms had a balcony, and while we were being unpacked I went out and looked at the view. The moon was rising over the Tuilieries Gardens. I could see the dark mass of the Palace of the Louvre to the left, the dome of the Pantheon with Napoleon's tomb opposite, and away to the right I could just distinguish through the trees the

(*Continued on page 152*)

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

CREPE Satin triumphs in the fabric world for afternoon and evening. Black—and other dark shades for daytime. White—and the brilliant tones for evening.

And where else in the entire fabric world can there be found crepe satins the equal of Skinner's!

SKINNER'S CREPE SATINS
SKINNER'S FLAT CREPES
SKINNER'S CANTON CREPES
SKINNER'S SPIRAL CREPES
SKINNER'S GEORGETTES

The smarter shops are showing ready-to-wear dresses of Skinner's Silks—identified by the Skinner label.

William Skinner & Sons . . . Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

A fitted, princess evening dress, created in a Skinner's Crepe Satin (Sky Blue). The jacket, very short, with flaring sleeves, ties at side.

Skinner's
Crepes

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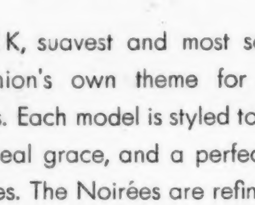

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HANAN
CREATES AND PRESENTS
NOIRÉES
FABRIC SHOES IN BLACK

BLACK, suavest and most sophisticated of colors, is Fashion's own theme for these newest HANAN creations. Each model is styled to a distinguished individuality, a real grace, and a perfect harmony with the new ensembles. The Noirées are refinements of smartness only to be appreciated by actually seeing the shoes themselves.

HANAN SHOES
"QUALITY, LIKE CHARACTER, ENDURES"

Hanan Shops Abroad: Paris, Nice, London
Hanan Shops in America: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rochester, St. Louis, San Francisco

CHI-CHI THE CHOW

(*Continued from page 150*)

Arc de Triomphe, under which, alas, later, the Unknown Soldier was to be buried. But this was Paris before the war. Gay Paree! Magic Paris!

There was something doing every minute. We began the day very late (and finished it very early) by a walk in the Tuileries Gardens which I came to look upon as my own special property. Then lunch at some fashionable restaurant, very often the Ritz, where Olivier, *maître d'hôtel*, seemed to see me as soon as I passed the swing door. My lunch was ready by the time we reached the table he had reserved for us, and just the things I like best, too, and, though I was never a greedy dog, I had sometimes finished before the family had started. Olivier really knows who's who.

Mr. Schwenter, the proprietor of the Meurice, was always exceptionally kind to me, and allowed me many privileges. It is not surprising that so many crowned heads should choose to put up at the Meurice, where, among others, my friend, the King of Spain, who won my eternal love and gratitude at our first meeting in the Marie Cristina Hotel at San Sebastian, was a frequent visitor.

OUR days in Paris were very full ones. Of course, everybody—men, women and dogs—shops in Paris, although men and dogs can do better in London. Unfortunately, however, I am debarred from this, owing to the terrible English quarantine regulations, which would entail my remaining forty days under government inspection. No dog, however healthy, is allowed to enter the Kingdom unless he has complied with this rule. We knew a number of women who had smuggled their little dogs in, in their muffs or under their coats, but Master wouldn't hear of any such undignified nonsense for me (besides which, it would have needed a muff of eighteenth-century dimensions), so the tailors came over from England to measure us, and I was fitted with a sort of harness on which to fasten my lead, for, after my first escapade of slipping my collar, I was never allowed to go out without this safeguard. They also made me a sweater, in case I caught cold. I didn't need a coat, having my own, and a warm one, too, but they fitted me for a raincoat, most useful in Paris where it rains every other minute.

In this same place they showed Missus some dog's rubbers which she thought quite wonderful until we tried them. Just to humour her and to show my devotion, I let her put the darn fool things on me. Before we had gone a block they had come off three times, and, as I could do nothing about it, poor Missus had to stoop down each time and put the muddy galoshes back, first on one paw, then on the other. When we got home, at last, I heard her say to the maid, "Throw those rubbers of Chi-Chi's away, please. I don't want to see them again."

One day just for fun, Missus said we would try one of the little fiacres, of which there were still a few in those days. I jumped in, as she suggested, and took my usual place on the back seat. This coachman evidently didn't care for dogs, for he said rather gruffly to Missus, "Call your dog, madame. He cannot stay on that seat."

"You call him," replied Missus quietly.

But the *cocher* didn't get near enough. I showed him my teeth, and made a remark or two, whereupon he promptly climbed back on his box. Missus got in beside me, and all the way up the Champs Elysées he kept shrugging his shoulders and turning round every now and then to say, "Oh, la la, it's not a dog, it's a gentleman, that one there!" In the end, we became quite good friends, especially after the *pourboire*.

I loved to take my tea at Bagatelle, in the Bois, lying on the velvet lawns and watching the polo there. There were a number of crack players, and I found myself a place where I could see everything.

Nor was polo the only attraction. A dog show was held every year in the grounds of the Polo Club, near the little château, built in a fortnight for King Louis XVI.'s brother, where he used to give rather lively parties attended by Queen Marie Antoinette and her gay entourage. All the club members possessed dogs, whom they exhibited on these occasions, and the show attracted all the chic Parisian élite, both exhibitors and competitors. The latter included every breed of dog from tiny spaniels to Russian wolf-hounds, and on a lovely June day I was entered for this show in a class of twelve chows, several of whom belong to Baron Rothschild. Our adored ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, was also showing his pet dog, a Schnauzer, whom I think he loved almost as dearly as my Master does me. When my class was called, I could see at a glance that I had nothing to fear, although there were twelve of us, but I experienced a distinct thrill of satisfied pride when I carried off a first prize handsome silver cup.

The *Grand Prix* was run the second Sunday in June, and that week was known as the *Grande Semaine*, as there was some sort of a Gala, or several of them, every night. The Friday before the *Grand Prix* was called Drag Day and such smart people as still drove four-in-hands turned out with their tally-hoes. The women on top of those romantic coaches looked like bright flowers swaying in the breeze. Even the men were very elegant, as no one would have dreamed of appearing in the Jockey Club box without a silk hat and a frock coat.

Sometimes in these gayest of gay days there were rather striking contrasts. One morning, I remember, we stopped, Missus and I, to speak to a poor little hunchback who was begging in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. He looked at me and said in rather a bitter tone:

"I guess that dog gets better food than I do."

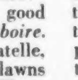
"A dog biscuit, now and then," Missus replied. "If you own a dog, you've got to feed him."

I felt uncomfortable, but I gave the poor fellow a sympathetic look and Missus saw to it that he had enough for more than one comfortable meal.

I really do believe that some people think a dog is a luxury, and that they actually feel jealous of us at times. They suppose we are useless creatures, like cats. I know we have a mission to fulfil in life, and at least everyone admits that we are always grateful—no matter what our breed may be, even the cur—for any kindness shown us, and that is more than you can say, sometimes, of humans. As to curs, I've often heard Missus tell that when she was a child a poor stray dog once came to her home, half starved. She took him in and cared for him, and all the family grew to love and respect him as he proved worthy of affection in every way. He had no breeding, but he was one of nature's true gentlemen.

With the running of the last race, the Paris season was officially closed. Straw hats and lighter clothes appeared, and the smart people began to disappear; some to the seaside, some to their châteaux, others to the fashionable watering-places. It was decided that we were to motor to Aix-les-Bains, the place with the famous baths supposed to relieve the *malaise* brought on by too much rich food, vintage wine and late hours. Personally, I felt in fine form, but after seeing Paris crowded to overflowing with the gayest of smart people, I was glad to leave before any more humdrum aspect could efface the never-to-be-forgotten vision of this beautiful city.

(*To be continued*)



Like Youth . . . those who bought the first cars are buying the Buick Straight Eight now!

Fashionable Youth and discerning Age agree wholeheartedly on the extra goodness of the new Buick Straight Eights.

With their new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines, new Syncro-Mesh Transmissions and new Insulated Bodies by Fisher, these new Buicks combine beauty, performance and dollar-value which appeal to old and young, to men and women alike.

It is difficult to imagine a car that could perform so smoothly and powerfully—shift so silently—and hold the road so perfectly as The Eight as Buick Builds It.

This is the verdict of the elder generation and of the new. And they are confirming it by purchasing more Buick Straight Eights than any other car in Buick's wide price range!

FOUR SERIES
$1025 to $1095
$1285 to $1355
STRAIGHT 8
$1535 to $1565
$1610 to $2035
ALL VALVE-IN-HEAD

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
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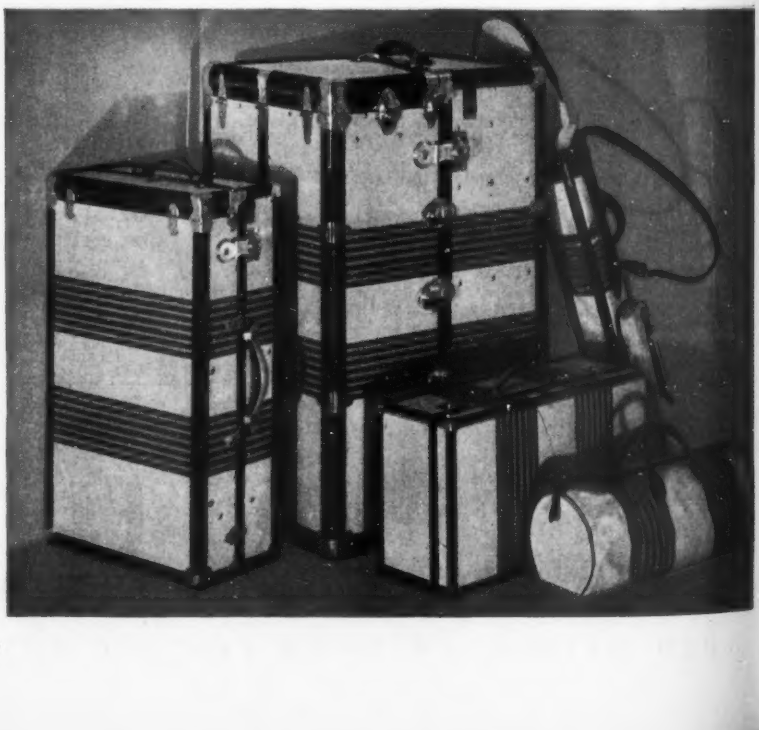
THE EIGHT AS **BUICK** BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

WHEN you have found out what a blessing a good trunk can be, remember you can match that Oshkosh "Chief" of yours with a Taxi Wardrobe and that the "Chief" tribe now includes suit-cases too. There are more than fifty styles and sizes, from golf bags all the way up . . . and down again . . . to a duffle bag for your outdoor things.

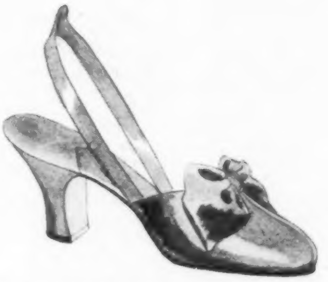
And all are the finest of their kind.



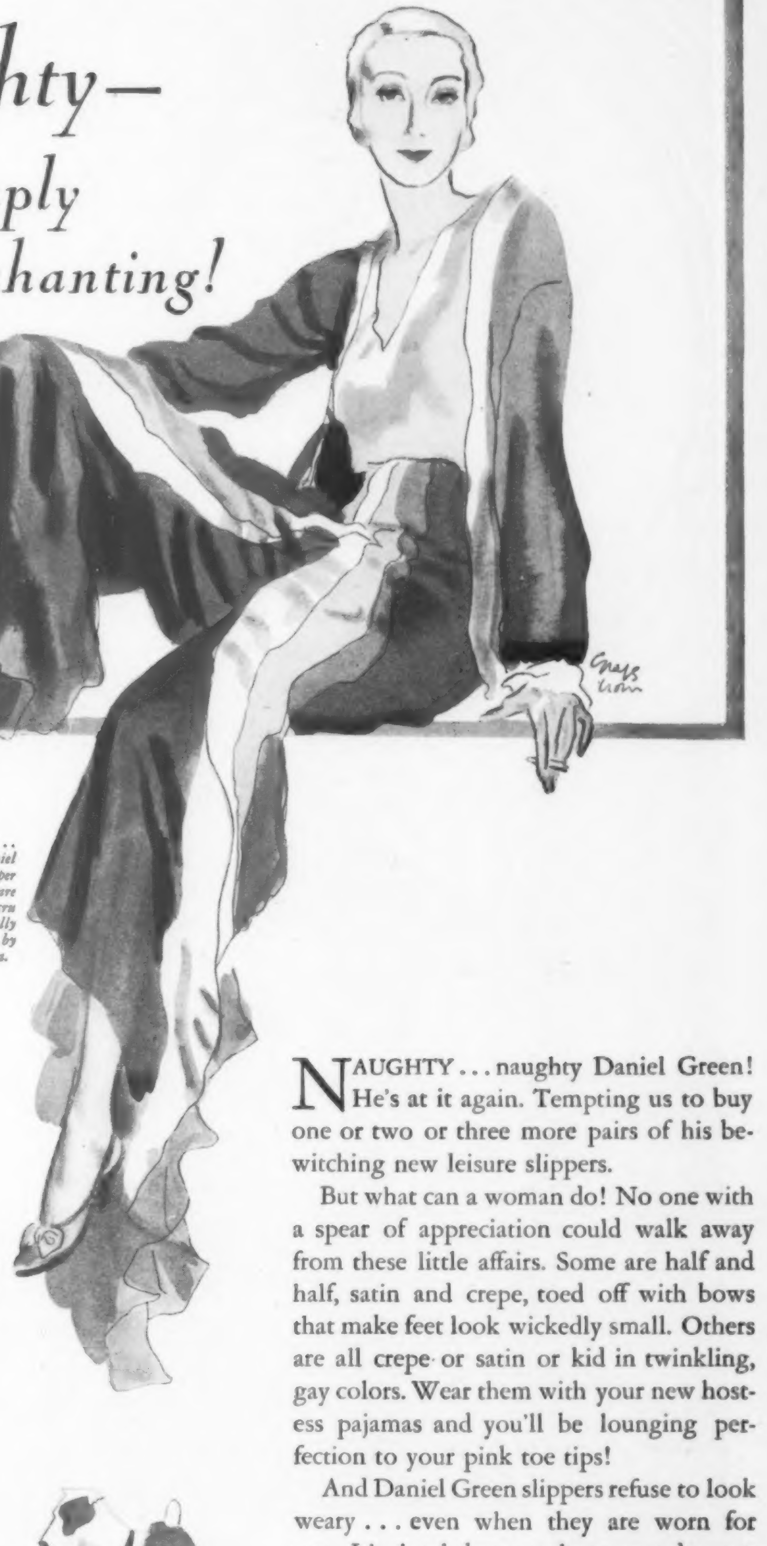
OSHKOSH
Chief
TRUNKS

A new booklet describing the Oshkosh "Chief" will be sent on request. Address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 493 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Rather Naughty—
but simply enchanting!

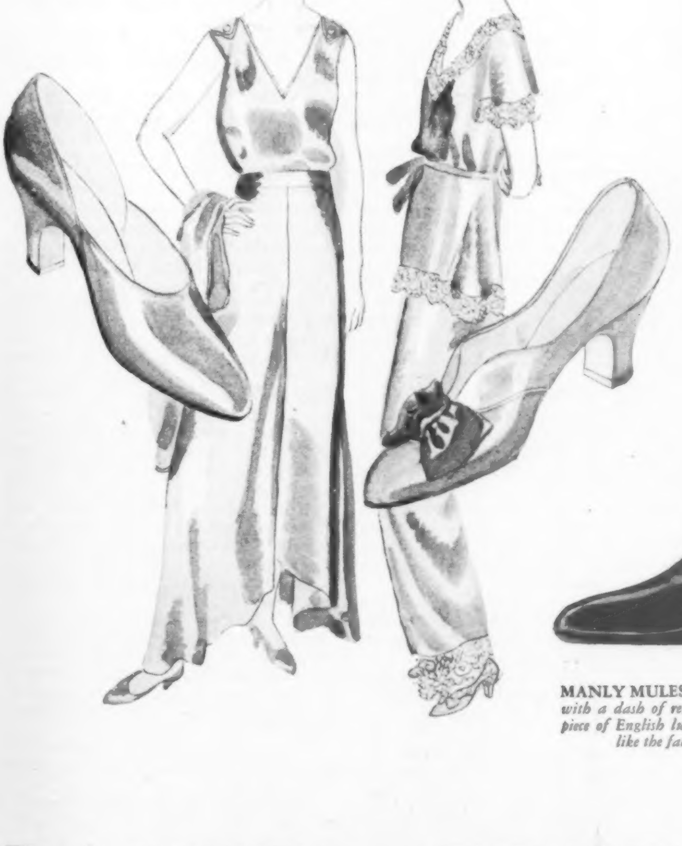


A THRILLING PAIR . . . *Daniel Green's new Harlequin that is half satin, half crepe . . . Mary Nowitzky's trailing hostess pajama in crepe georgette . . . beautifully but inexpensively reproduced by Stern Bros., New York City.*



QUITE 1930 IN COLOR *is this chartreuse crepe pajama worn with Daniel Green's kid D'Orsay in a darker, vibrant tone. These all-in-one pajamas have slanting trouser legs and a separate jacket. From Saks—34th Street, New York City.*

BOWS AND FLARES . . . *the velvet bows on Daniel Green's satin Bridge slipper plus the hip and shoulder flare of this peach crepe and ecru lace pajama . . . are awfully nice together. Both shown by Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

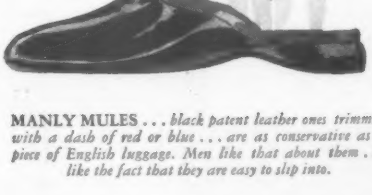


NAUGHTY . . . naughty Daniel Green! He's at it again. Tempting us to buy one or two or three more pairs of his bewitching new leisure slippers.

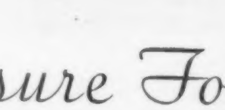
But what can a woman do! No one with a spear of appreciation could walk away from these little affairs. Some are half and half, satin and crepe, toed off with bows that make feet look wickedly small. Others are all crepe or satin or kid in twinkling, gay colors. Wear them with your new hostess pajamas and you'll be lounging perfection to your pink toe tips!

And Daniel Green slippers refuse to look weary . . . even when they are worn for ages. It's simply because they are made more carefully of superb materials. All good shops have a wide choice of styles for you . . . for men and children, too. Price $2.50 to $10.

The Daniel Green Co., Dolgeville, N. Y.



MANLY MULES . . . *black patent leather ones trimmed with a dash of red or blue . . . are as conservative as a piece of English luggage. Men like that about them . . . like the fact that they are easy to slip into.*



Look at the sole. If you don't see the Daniel Green name, it's not a Daniel Green slipper.

DANIEL GREEN *Leisure Footwear*

SHOES
by
ARMSTRONG

MUCH LIKE A DASH OF Shalimar--Armstrong Shoes express the graciousness of lovely modern womanhood . . . And in their close, glove-like conformity to the foot's natural curves, lies the secret of both their comfort and alluring appeal. Utterly bewitching--you'll say--are today's smartest footwear when you appraise them in the store selling Armstrongs.

On Sale at Better Shops Everywhere
Since 1878

ARDINE

D. ARMSTRONG and CO.
ROCHESTER · · NEW YORK

LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 113*)

thoughts. He didn't know what he was thinking. He had never learned to think. Thoughts just flocked through his mind, some stuck, some sunk back into his unconscious and were lost.

"Men don't do that," his father had said. It was true. Bobby knew it was true. He wasn't a man. And with that realization he began to be a man. For the first time in his life Bobby broke through into complete maturity. He saw one thing as it really was.

It was a miserable experience. Bobby paid the check, got up from the table and wandered toward Fifth Avenue. He headed for the Grand Central, but walked blocks past his cross street, lost in reflection. It was the reaction. He was being swept with thoughts of his mother. She would have sympathized with him. She reasoned everything away. Everything unpleasant for herself, unpleasant for Bobby. She would not tolerate attacks upon her inner self, upon the things she liked not to believe. It threw her into a rage, or dejection, or antagonism. She would shift the blame. It was not her fault.

"But your father was really to blame!"

Those words from his mother's cable sprang up suddenly into Bobby's mind. His father! How he had resented those words of his mother's, when he read them, and whenever he thought of them. Always up until this very hour.

BUT now? What could his mother mean? What could she? What did she *really* know? His mother was jealous. He knew that. She was jealous of everybody that had an opposing claim to any claim of her own. Jealous for Bobby. Jealous of Bobby. Jealous of Alinda. She had been frightfully jealous of Alinda. And she had said some pretty terrible things. But she didn't mean them; she never did. She didn't mean hardly anything that she said. But she meant that. This time she did. She meant that Bobby's father was to blame—for everything. For his marrying Alinda. For Alinda's running away with Robert Alexander. For Bobby's not being a man. That brought him up sharp.

"My father is not to blame!" Bobby said aloud. "She is, if anyone is." But the truth was creeping up into his mind. Bobby could not say the words yet, but the feeling was there:

Bobby is to blame. Bobby. Nobody else at all.

"You stick close to Alinda and Robert Alexander, through thick and thin, and leave the rest to me."

That was what his father said! That was the kind of man his father was. "Stick close to Alinda and Robert Alexander, through thick and thin."

"Thick and thin!" What did his father mean? Freya? He couldn't mean Freya or Ollie Thomas. They had nothing to do with Alinda and Robert Alexander. How could they? Did he mean Sam? Sam—and Clare Fox? Did he? He must have. Yes, that's what he did mean. Well, Bobby didn't have to leave Clare Fox to his father, anyway. His father could have Sam. But Bobby would settle with Clare Fox—with Alinda. He would tell Alinda everything and show her that gas bill. That gas bill with those two words that Clare Fox wrote, "You darling!" You darling! On the back of a gas bill.

It was a mess. Bobby gave it up. It was all a miserable mess. But it was nothing to the mess his father was in.

Leave the rest to me.

He would not. His father was going to help him. He would help his father. *They* would help each other.

BOBBY spun around like a top. It was getting dark, and he was up at Eighty-seventh Street on Fifth Avenue. He was hungry. He was frightfully hungry and Freya was out at his house alone, waiting for him, and she was probably hungry, too. Or was she? Had she got home? She had come in town this morning. With them. This morning. This—this morning. It seemed months ago. But it was only this morning, and she might still be in town. He'd telephone.

Somehow, he didn't want to go home. He'd telephone. And if she was there, he would hurry right out, or—or—have her come in. That's what he'd do; he'd have Freya come in and they'd have dinner at the Ritz or Pierre's and go on to a show—or dance. Freya could dance!

Bobby caught a passing bus, climbed to the top, and lurched downtown again. He telephoned from the station in case she didn't want to come in. Was she there, though?

She was there. What? She'd love to come in? There was a jump in her voice as she said it. Bobby thrilled. He would love it, too. Could she catch the seven fifty-three? She could. So he told her where to telephone for the taxi to take her to the station, and to hop it, when suddenly he realized.

"But, Freya, I'm not dressed. I'll have to come out and change. What? Never mind? Grand! Come along. I know the very place. I'll meet you here. Yes, I'm at the station now. I'll meet your train. Seven fifty-three."

It was a lark. Bobby loved a lark. He'd take Freya to the Coq d'Argent. You don't have to dress for the Coq d'Argent, if you don't want to. And Freya could talk French to Jacques and he'd think she was grand. And they'd have some real wine, and food that you can't get anywhere else except in Paris, and they could dance if they liked afterwards. You can dance after nine at the Coq d'Argent.

Bobby danced inside. This was something like. He and Freya going to the Coq d'Argent and she'd look like a million dollars and they'd all talk French and dance and drink some real wine.

FREYA did make the seven fifty-three and she did look like a million dollars. She squeezed Bobby's arm and was laughing, and they got a taxi, and shot down Park Avenue and across Thirty-third Street and down to Washington Square and then through Waverly Place and up to Jacques.

Freya loved the Coq d'Argent.

"This is real, Bobby," she laughed. "I feel alive."

Jacques was right on the job, too. All three of them discussed and rediscussed the menu, dish by dish. Jacques thought mussels, pickled mussels, for an hors d'œuvre. And Freya said onion soup Roman—even if onion soup isn't a dinner soup—and Jacques thought it would be all right if they had duck instead of meat, and asparagus Ronsard. But Bobby said Château Margaux, '09.

Jacques looked at the ceiling and his toupee rose, and Freya laughed, and Jacques wrote on his card and sighed. So they started with Angel's Delights.

Bobby lit his cigarette after Freya said she'd wait till after the soup—and he leaned on his elbows on the table and looked at Freya and said he was glad they'd come to the Coq d'Argent.

Freya sipped her Angel's Delight and it brought the colour to her cheeks.

"I love the café lights, Bobby," she said. "And the hum and the buzz of talk at the little tables. I like this better than the clubs uptown."

"Villa Venice is all right, too." Bobby was faithful.

"This for me," Freya smiled. "Coq d'Argent and Jacques with that marvellous toupee parted straight down the middle of the back. He is genuine. He says he was once a bus-boy at the Café Ronsard in Paris. The old Ronsard! *Voilà!*"

"I never was there." Bobby was thinking of Ciro's and that made him think of Alinda.

"You'll love Alinda, Freya," he said. "Come along, here's to Alinda." He lifted his glass.

"To Alinda," Freya's voice purred. "To be young again like Alinda."

(*Continued on page 156*)

THE MODERN INSTRUMENT FOR SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

CORONATYPED... *the "Thank You" notes for her wedding presents*

MRS. EDWARD ALBERT FARGO, JR., OF CHICAGO, FOLLOWS THE MODERN RULE FOR SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

NO smarter wedding has taken place in recent months than that of Miss Angela Downey, of Chicago.

In a wedding gown of heavy ivory satin, with its charming veil of tulle and old rose point lace, she became the bride of Mr. Edward Albert Fargo, Jr., at her Evanston home.

Then, like every other bride, she faced the pleasant but arduous task of thanking relatives and friends for their presents.

But Mrs. Fargo resorted, of course, to the present-day mode of writing. She *typed* her "thank you" notes on her Corona.

A NEW SOCIAL CUSTOM—Long dead is the old rule of deportment which says, "Thou shalt write all social communications in laborious longhand." So dead is it that the sub-debs of this season have never even heard of it, or think it *too* quaint if they have.

They Coronatype *everything*. The most formal invitations, unless they are engraved, are done in this attractive way. There remains hardly a social secretary in New York, Washington, or Chicago without a bright-colored Corona on her desk! The Corona has become indispensable to social correspondence.

GAY COLORS—Corona was designed specially for use in people's houses. Accordingly, it is small, light, unobtrusive, and gay. (It comes in six attractive colors, and in black.)

There's nothing to go wrong in a Corona. Its touch is feather-light. And even though you have never used a typewriter at all, *you can teach yourself to Coronatype in no time!*

Ask the nearest Corona dealer to show you the latest models. And ask about the easy-payment plan. L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc 1836 New York Life Building, 51 Madison Avenue, New York.

CORONA SPECIAL, $39.50 (the compact folding typewriter) • • CORONA STANDARD, $60.00 (with four-row, single-shift keyboard) • CORONA PROFESSIONAL, $65.00 (with tabulating key)

MRS. EDWARD ALBERT FARGO, JR. . . . FORMERLY MISS ANGELA DOWNEY

CORONA *Standard keyboard.. Single Shift*

BELOGIA

THE TRIPLE CHIFFON

An answer to the awakening of style consciousness that is discarding the raggy sheers of yesterday in favor of the more useful, practical and beautiful semi-sheers.

HAAS BROTHERS

NEW YORK PARIS

LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 154*)

"You're not so old yourself." Bobby's eyes sparkled over his glass.

"Not yet," she laughed. "Not yet. Bobby. How old is Alinda?"

"Linda? Twenty-four."

"And I'm forty-five, and I've got a daughter exactly as old as your Linda, Bobby."

"Forty-five!" Bobby jeered. "Jack Hines said—"

"And I'm a grandmother, Bobby, *nom d' Dieu.*"

"You! Oh!"

"Yes," Freya's fingers almost broke the stem of her glass. "We have decided you had better know, Bobby. Your father and I. And I'm so glad it's here, here in the Coq d'Argent, with that Château Margaux coming, because I love Château Margaux, Bobby, and I love Alinda, and I love you, too, because my little grandson's name is Robert Alexander. And he sailed for home with his mother this very day on the *Majestic.* And don't Bobby," she reached across the table and touched Bobby's hand, "don't, for God's sake, say a word until you've counted twenty."

"Freya!" Bobby exclaimed.

"Oh, Bobby! If you had only counted twenty I never would have cried. Alek always counts twenty."

Bobby's eyes brimmed. "Freya—Alinda—Robert Alexander—through thick and thin!"

BOBBY'S reactions were sometimes stronger than his more direct impulses, so that he poured out his whole soul to Freya. And she listened and sympathized with him and took him to her heart, and that was exactly what Bobby wanted, more than anything in this world. They got very close in the two hours they spent over that little table at the Coq d'Argent. They talked about Alinda and about Bobby's father, first one then the other, then back again and all mixed in together.

It was surprising how intertwined their lives were. A week ago, yesterday even, Freya was just his father's wife or—anyway, she was awfully nice and lots of fun and perfectly stunning. And Bobby's father thought just everything on earth of her. But now she was Alinda's mother, that dream mother whom Alinda loved.

Both Bobby and Alinda were born in the beginning of the century, and grew up in that era of topsy-turvy marriages, divorces, re-marriages. Your father of last year is Helen's step-father now, and her father has married so and so. And your mother is still in Paris and hasn't decided— Men and women in their forties. Off again, on again, Finnegan! Bobby's father, Alinda's mother. Robert Alexander!

Bobby adored his father, he really loved his own mother, and he loved Freya, too. And Alinda! Alinda would be in a seventh heaven. To have her real mother back again. Her Aunt Sue was all very well, but Bobby knew that she never could have taken the place of Freya. For Alinda did remember her mother perfectly well, even if she had not seen her since she was five years old and had never had a single real letter from her in her life, until that wonderful letter when she married Bobby. The very most wonderful letter that Bobby had ever read.

And here, sitting opposite him at this little table at the Coq d'Argent was the woman who had written that wonderful letter, and she was Freya, Alinda's own mother, and Bobby's father's—

"You know, Freya," Bobby was saying, "I can't believe it. I think it's too marvellous to be true. That you are Alinda's mother and the woman my father loves. He just adores you, my father does. I can see it. And you've just made his life wonderful. I can see that, too. Anybody can."

Freya smiled.

"Your father is a wonderful man, Bobby."

"And you're a wonderful woman," Bobby replied.

"That's sweet of you, Bobby. I want to be, for Alinda and Alek and you."

Bobby noticed that she put Alinda first, and that flashed a thought into his mind.

"How did you know about Alinda? How'd you know Alinda and Robert Alexander sailed today on the *Majestic?*"

Freya smiled.

"Of course, we knew. Alek cabled and found out."

"Knew she was coming?"

"Yes. Didn't you get a cable the day you had the fight with Sam? You told your father so."

"I? I told my father?"

"Didn't you know you told?" Freya smiled. "Didn't you mean to tell? You were swearing about Sam: You said, 'This mess is just hell with Alinda coming home?' Why didn't you want us to know, Bobby?"

"I was afraid you'd go away. I didn't want my father to go away. I knew he would, if I told him what my mother said—"

"Your mother?"

Bobby flushed.

"You see. I can't hide anything. I'm no good. I just blab everything out. But I don't—I don't think it was my father's fault at all. Because it couldn't be. How could my father be to blame, Freya, because Alinda suddenly decided to come right back home? It couldn't be his fault. But my mother thought it was, or she wouldn't have said so."

"I don't think you'd better tell me any more, Bobby." Freya just touched his hand.

"That's what I thought, but I always do. I don't want my father to go away and I not see him ever again. If he went away now, I just couldn't stand it. A fellow likes to have his father, and be on good terms with him, and they know each other and have everything like that. And I don't want you to go away either. And Linda would never forgive me on this earth, if I let you go away now. You don't know. Aunt Sue, your sister, Mrs. Martel, was grand to Alinda. I know that, but you're her real mother. And now—why, I'd feel terrible if I didn't have my real mother. Anybody would."

Freya blinked.

"You think Alinda feels that way, too, Bobby?"

"Of course, she does. Why wouldn't she? Don't you suppose Robert Alexander will want his own mother when he grows up? Why, he eats her. She feeds him," Bobby laughed. "I hope she's made him quit. The little beast. Let him eat a bottle."

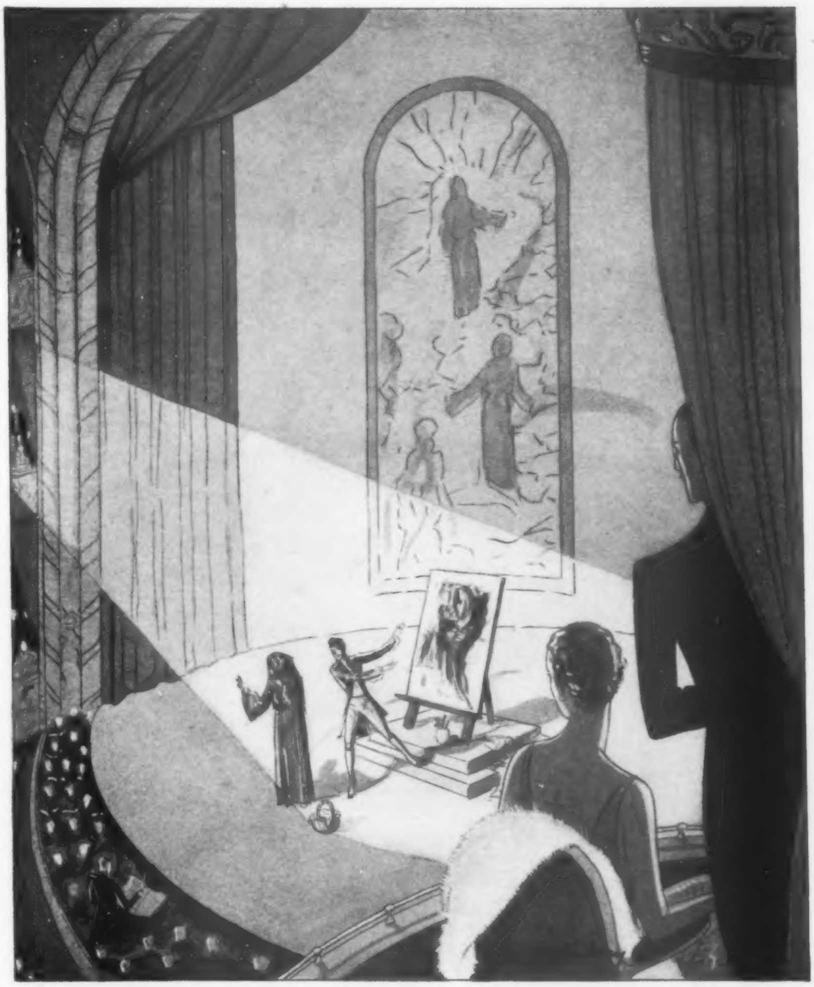
Bobby had diverged, but his every word was stabbing Freya's heart. He didn't know that, though.

"You won't let my father go away, will you?" Bobby hurried on. "You'll make him stay. Why! You haven't seen Robert Alexander, yet. You've just got to stay and see Robert Alexander. My father's got to stay and see him, too."

FREYA'S voice was shaky and her heart was ready to burst, but she smiled and really made a little sound like a laugh, and patted Bobby's hand, and assured him that she and his father would certainly stay, but perhaps they'd better go to a hotel.

"Hotel!" Bobby was hurt. So Freya agreed that they wouldn't go any farther away than the Greenbrook Club, and

(*Continued on page 160*)



The conductor's baton gives its warning double rap—as if by magic, anticipation fills the air with silence ~ Massive curtains are drawn apart, revealing an incense laden ancient church ~ Then, the clear voice of Cavaradossi — "When the stars were brightly shining and faint perfumes the air pervaded—" ~ Thus the artist lover, in ecstasy, pours out his soul to his beloved Tosca ~ Today the delightful new perfume, Tosca, re-enacts for feminine charm, the irresistible attractiveness of its romantic namesake ~ ~ ~

Tosca

The Perfume of Romance

FERD. MÜLHENS, COLOGNE O/RHINE
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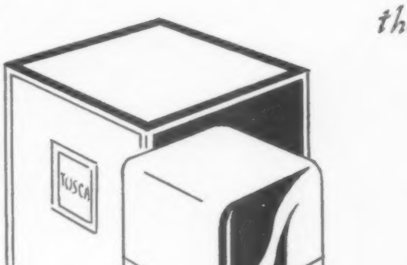


New . . *from* *Paris* . .

to every woman who wants

Day by day, you see the soft, lustrous waves deepen in your hair until they are natural—lasting. La Gerardine is non-alcoholic, non-oily, non-sticky . . . it leaves no powdery deposit on the hair

LaGerardine is applied with a long-handled brush. The lotion is so safe and good for the hair that mothers like to start with it early to train their children's hair in beautiful soft waves.

The wave is set with combs or with the fingers. La Gerardine does not affect the color of the hair and is, therefore, the safest way to wave gray, white or very blonde hair.

Between treatments at your hairdresser's, spray La Gerardine on your hair, pinch wave into place. Use as setting lotion after each shampoo. Dampness will only deepen your wave.

a discovery of importance

Naturally Wavy Hair . . .

Amazing Method of Treatment trains a Natural Wave into Straight Hair

Eleven years' experience—
thousands of cases—
have proved its success

TEN thousand Parisiennes, within the past eleven years, have frequented a certain tiny salon at 47 rue des Mathurins which guarded an astonishing and fascinating secret. Some came unbelieving. All went away convinced, enchanted . . . and spread the news.

Their seemingly straight hair—whether blonde, brown, raven or white—had been trained in the little salon of M. and Mme. Gerard, to wave softly, smoothly, naturally. Lustrous, loose waves. Waves which damp weather, a hot bath, a swim, a shampoo, only deepened! *C'était incroyable!* But absolutely true!

American travelers abroad persuaded M. Gerard to bring to this country La Gerardine, the refreshing and fragrant, yet perfectly harmless lotion that performed such magic. And already, thousands of smart metropolitan women are taking the treatments with success.

A series of supervised tests have been made on a large number of heads of different types of hair. The progress of the treatment and its amazing result were painstakingly examined. They were convincing. Some kinds of hair responded more rapidly than others, but even stubborn cases yielded.

Leading hairdressers in New York and Chicago—men with most at stake in reputation and smart clientele—began giving Gerardine treatments. Now, in smart shops throughout the country you, too, can get it.

A Healthful Treatment— not a "Miracle"!

The Gerardine treatment, though simple, carefully follows the sound laws of hair health and beauty. It must be regularly and faithfully followed to produce full results. La Gerardine lays no claim to being an "overnight miracle."

But it offers you the joy of knowing that every wave it puts into your hair will soon become naturally and lastingly your own!

The ingredients of La Gerardine have long been esteemed by hair specialists. Their magical, precise combination, however, which cultivates waviness in the hair, was happily discovered during experiments to create a new and finer hair tonic.

Tests made under dermatological supervision have proved that La Gerardine is *absolutely harmless*—it can be used safely on a baby's hair. It cannot injure the eyes, does not even smart. It contains no alcohol, is neither oily nor sticky and leaves no powdery deposit in the hair.

Improves the Hair Immediately

From the first, you will discover an improvement in the lustre and quality of your hair. La Gerardine cleanses the scalp and hair and is absorbed by the hair shaft, making it softer and more pliable.

Tests have shown that, as a "setting" for a permanent, La Gerardine prolongs the life and beauty of the wave. Since it does not affect the color of the hair, it is the safest way to wave white, bleached or dyed hair.

Leading Hairdressers First to Use It

The right to give La Gerardine treatments is granted only by franchise after thorough instructions. Proof of La Gerardine's value is the fact that the first to apply for this franchise were the fashionable New York salons on Fifth Avenue and on Fifty-Seventh Street.

Many women will want to take advantage of their hairdresser's skill in massage and shaping a smart wave. His treatments should be supplemented at home by spraying La Gerardine on the hair and pinching the wave into place each day.

For those who prefer to give their hair the treatment at home, La Gerardine, with a book of complete instructions, is on sale at the toilet goods departments of leading stores.

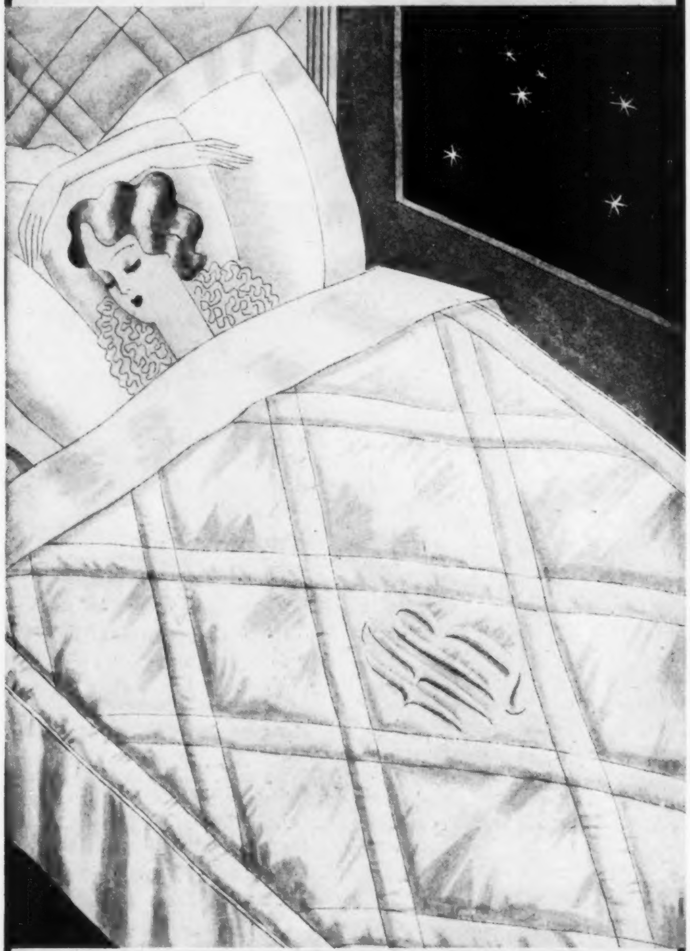
The demand for La Gerardine has been so rapid that we cannot publish the list of hairdressers who give the treatment. We will send you the names of shops in your city which have the Gerardine franchise. Address La Gerardine, Inc., 122 East 42d St., New York City.

La
GERARDINE
PARIS
47 rue des Mathurins

La GERARDINE

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., INC., SALES REPRESENTATIVES, NEW YORK

Eleanor Beard
Inc.
KENTUCKY HAND-QUILTED THINGS



The autumn household turns gay and inviting with all the lovely things newly created by Eleanor Beard to make it charming! Picturesque Quilts, colorful Bedspreads, delightful Chaise Covers... quantities of little Cushions and Boudoir Accessories... they are all exquisitely hand-quilted in beautiful designs. This smart Satin Comforter with its distinctive 3-letter trapunto monogram, is quilted in large double squares and has a straight edge valance which hangs gracefully or may be tucked snugly under. In double bed size, wool filled, it is $70.00; single bed, $65.00.

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LO AND BEHOLD!

(*Continued from page 156*)

they would really be all together, except for beds. Alinda would want the guest-room, at first at any rate, for Robert Alexander's nurse.

And so they decided on that, and talked and planned about Robert Alexander and Alinda and everything. And when it was time to go, Freya told Jacques that the dinner was *exquis* and the wine superb, and Jacques bowed very elegantly and hoped Madame would come again, and Bobby grew an inch with pride.

Bobby's father was delayed two days, but he talked to Freya every evening by telephone from Chicago and Bobby decided his father must be a millionaire, because after Freya had been twenty-seven minutes she called Bobby and Bobby's father laughed and joked with him for five minutes more and didn't say anything except just that.

And a wireless from Alinda was waiting for him when he got home one night and Bobby was delighted. But the important thing was that Alinda said Robert Alexander. She didn't say Maurice, she said:

"Robert Alexander and I arrive Saturday, *Majestic*. Meet us, Bobby dear."

So Bobby told Freya all about Maurice and Robert Alexander, and didn't she think it would have been just plain boot-licking to name a baby Maurice on account of money? And, anyway, his father was a lot better than money.

Freya looked at Bobby out of the corner of her eye, and sort of smiled and said she didn't think in the end Robert Alexander would really suffer.

And Bobby said not if he knew it, and then he told her how his father and he had started a bank account for Robert Alexander, and he realized that Freya didn't know anything about that, and that set Bobby up.

Freya met Bobby's father at the station the day before Alinda would land. But Bobby didn't see either of them until dinner time. Bobby's father looked tired. He didn't say very much except that he had seen Sam, and that made Bobby uncomfortable for a minute or two, but he was so excited inside about Alinda's coming home that he forgot all about Sam, and just kept on making plans about what he would do, and what he'd say, and what Alinda would say. And then he was worried for a minute or two, but he finally made up his mind that he *would* kiss Robert Alexander.

Bobby told them that, and Freya laughed and laughed, and said she thought he undoubtedly should. And they all went off to bed.

BOBBY was at the dock. He had on a new peasant homespun suit and his derby hat, and thought he looked very quiet and all right, but actually he was shaking with excitement.

The *Majestic* was tying up to the pier. He could see her sides of riveted metal, but he couldn't see anything else. Her decks, up in the sky above him, were jammed, but he could not get very near to the yawning apertures through which the landing companionways would presently come. Alinda and Robert Alexander were up there somewhere, but he didn't know where, and it did seem at that particular moment that he never would know.

And then there was a clatter and surge of people, and officials making everybody get back, and then one girl, spiffy as France herself, tripped down the gangway, the first to land—and the camera men snapped her and she smiled and a wave of porters followed with a million handbags and hat-boxes and rugs, and then thousands of people, and then Alinda, looking around, looking for Bobby, looking for him.

Bobby yelled and waved his derby hat, and pushed and got through, and had Alinda in his arms. And she was crying and laughing and kissing him, and so was he. And lots of people laughed and got a real thrill, just watching them. They were so utterly, joyously abandoned.

Finally talk came, and Bobby said, "Robert Alexander." He looked up from Alinda's eyes, over her head and there not a foot away was Robert Alexander ogling him from the lofty eminence of a brawny Scotchwoman's arms. Nurse Atwill, five-foot-ten, a hundred sixty-five, but with snappy eyes.

"Ooh, Bobby, this is grand! Give us another little kiss, Bobby! And you haven't kissed Robert Alexander yet."

"How could I?" Bobby laughed. And then he approached Robert Alexander. He put out his hands—you do do that, was his tentative venture. When plop! Bobby braced himself, he held on tight. His hat fell off—Alinda rushed to his rescue. Robert Alexander was in its father's arms, screaming, wriggling in terror to escape.

Bobby clung, he squeezed, his arms enveloped his child with frantic power. He could, he would; they should not take it from him. And then with a dart of his head, he kissed a wet, smeared, writhing pink face.

He had triumphed. Nurse Atwill could take Robert Alexander now if she liked, but Bobby had held and kissed his son. He had kissed Robert Alexander.

"Ooh, Bobby!" Alinda cooed. "Ooh, Bobby, you almost suffocated him. Come along, now. Let's find the man and my trunks and get out of this."

Bobby came along. So did Robert Alexander and his nurse. Bobby found a man, an inspector, and together they found Alinda's baggage. Bobby opened all the trunks and bags and talked and exhibited Robert Alexander, for Robert Alexander seemed to help considerably. The inspector inspected and laughed, and passed everything including Nurse Atwill. Then porters and trunks and bags; and finally two taxis to Grand Central.

ALINDA just cuddled up in Bobby's arms and stayed there. Their taxi wove its way to its ultimate destination without consciousness so far as she was concerned. She was talking to Bobby, telling him one thousand and one irrelevant things, punctuated with kisses and flashes of love from her eyes, and squeezes of his arm or hand. Bobby did about the same. He was trying all the time to tell Alinda about his father, and to ask her about his mother, but somehow he never got to that.

And at the station they had porters, and tickets and trunks and bags, and the train, and Robert Alexander, and the nurse, all over again, and Jack Hines on top of that.

Jack broke the ice.

"Hello, Alinda. Hello, Bobby. Where's Freya and your father? Did they miss you? I drove them in, in my car—Hello! What the devil?"

"Freya—your father!" Alinda was looking at Bobby, and then she looked at Jack Hines.

"That's all right, Linda," Bobby tried to laugh. "I haven't had time to tell you. Yes, my father. He's here. You'll see him in a minute, I guess. And Freya, too. She's his wife. They're both here. They're grand. Linda, you will love Freya and my father, too. Why, she's—" Bobby stopped. He turned around as quick as he could and frantically searched the crowd.

Linda's eyes! What had he seen in his Alinda's eyes? She knew, she did; she knew everything. Alinda knew that Freya was not his father's wife. It was there, in her eyes. He saw it. And she knew, too, who Freya was. She did. She knew Freya was her mother. Bobby saw that, too. Her own mother, Freya. His father's—

Bobby's senses swam. His eyes were searching but not seeing. They were shutting the world away. Dropping a curtain, black, opaque, between him and the swarming, smiling, hurrying humanity around about him—they were shutting him in to a close, brilliantly searching glare—frightfully bright that glare, inside of himself, and in its very centre he saw: Bobby and Alinda, and her mother and his father, nakedly looking into one another's eyes.

(*Continued on page 168*)

Look for the Ⓗ *on every piece*

embossed on the glass or on adhesive label

Lilies of France *inspired the design of this lovely glass*

Alluring in its gracious simplicity is this new glass by Heisey, motived by the lilies that knights of France bore into battle for ladies fair. To your table it brings a new beauty, delightful, indeed, for the autumn days, when the tempo of entertaining goes into swifter rhythm. Colorful, too, for you may have this glass in rose of Flamingo, green of Moon Gleam, gold of Sahara and orchid of rare Alexandrite; or clear crystal if you prefer. And though charmingly voguish it is yours at a moderate expenditure, even in complete table services. *At leading department stores, gift shops or glassware stores.*

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GLASSWARE Ⓗ *for your table*

Glass Perfected Through the Secrets of 4,000 Years

In the days of King Louis the Ninth, whom they called Saint Louis, the glassworkers of France had reached such heights in their art, that glass was in vogue for the royal table. The French cherished the old, old secrets of glassmaking, many of which had come to them from the ancient Romans. The wonder of centuries-old secrets is reflected in fine, modern glass by Heisey.

Write for your copy of valuable booklet on glassware.

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

Bertram Boria

GOSSARD Introduces Mis Simplicity

(Pat. Applied For)

"Mis Simplicity" sculptures the figure to *perfect* princess lines . . . The secret of this garment's unique moulding qualities lies in the clever straps that cross and button in back! The diagonal "cross-pull" of the straps scientifically uplifts the bust to a natural curve, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, slenderizes the waistline and firmly persuades the body to correct posture!

The model photographed is of fine peach batiste and hand-loomed elastic, with modified uplift bust of matching lace. Lightly boned in front . . . Model 1892.

The same design may be had in other fabrics . . . Ask to see Models 6692, 4882 and 3620.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires
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ALL EXPENSES PAID

(*Continued from page 81*)

Mrs. Flagg said impulsively. "But I doubt," she added on a note of bitterness, "if Natica will like it."

"Don't be absurd, my dear," Betty Dalgrim all but snapped. "I'll call for you at four and we'll motor out. What's your address?"

"Twenty rue des Belles Feuilles," the other yielded with an uplift of her small, proud head.

Betty nodded. "Right-o," and moved off, swinging her tailored shoulders.

Mrs. Flagg sank back with a little sigh, fingering her half-finished cocktail. She had, as usual, over-stepped the bounds of comfortable honesty in even implying that she might not be a desirable guest. Thank heaven, Mickey hadn't bothered to turn up. She'd spend the afternoon shopping. A new hat. A new gown. With a sense of liberation, her mind played among chiffons.

SO THIS was what she had looked forward to: returning to a world which, if it had its percentage of scandals and divorces, yet retained a pattern of dignity and spoke a language not easily mimicked.

Natica de Lanzac had not improved in a continental atmosphere. The metallic patter of her effusive welcome suggested the hostess of a night club. It took Jocelyn one flashing glance to gauge the guests. She was all too familiar with them, having casually met or seen them in the more obvious cosmopolitan resorts where, with practiced brilliance, they lived their private lives in public. That wicked old Lady Saint Aubyn, with her stale eyes and cankered wit. Prince Lubitzko with his present inamorata, Lina Pourcelle, whose occasional appearance in opera provided a drop-set for jewels, Russian wolf-hounds and a voice at its best in a boudoir. Oh—and all the others, greeting her as one of them. *Cette belle* Madame Flagg! And however had Tony Ciccardi slipped in? Beautiful Tony, the most expensive gigolo of the season.

Betty was no fool. She must realize what sort of party this was assembled in the stately tapestried halls of the Château de Lanzac, from which the host was conspicuously absent. Whispering in the gardens, on lawns and terraces. Posing in the gracious old rooms of faded portraits and heirlooms. Was that, then, why Betty had felt she could invite an old friend who no longer fitted into Long Island homes?

Mrs. Flagg, seated at the long, gleaming table in the great panelled dining-room, gave no indication of the dull disgust that filled her. She sparkled from the skilful cut of her white satin, her beauty edged with defiance.

"Divine," Prince Lubitzko murmured at her right, a plump suggestive hand stroking his dark beard. "We will make Lina a little jealous tonight, not so?"

Captain Lansdale on her left, a heavy Englishman with a monocle, hulked his big shoulders a little nearer. "I say, didn't I see you at Longchamps? I bet two to one on Red Devil and the bloody nag——"

Sipping her champagne, toying with her truffled squab, she grew conscious of a long intent look. Tony Ciccardi was looking at her. From his only too flagrant place at Madame de Lanzac's right, he looked gravely, speculatively, across the lustre of silver and crystal. His pellucid blue eyes, widely set, were unblinking jewels in a perfect Greek mask.

Natica de Lanzac had noticed his strayed attention. Her be-ringed fingers nervously played on the damask cloth. Blonde women over forty couldn't afford to wear their emotions on top of their rouge.

Lady Saint Aubyn, greedily bolting her food, paused to leer in their direction. "I hear your new apartment has more mirrors than chairs, Tony," her evil old voice crackled.

Tony, not removing his eyes from Mrs. Flagg, answered in his calm, insolent English, "It would be no place for you, then."

The whole business sickened Jocelyn Flagg. She lowered her sleek dark head with a faint gesture of distaste. Lubitzko, under his breath, gave an unflattering opinion of *cette vieille gourde*.

Suddenly the hostess spoke from the head of the table. "Jocelyn, dear,"—her shrill tones carried— "why didn't you bring along that fascinating man of yours, Michael Blandon? I'm dying to meet him."

Jocelyn allowed a perceptible moment to pass while her cool unswerving gaze condemned an unpardonable breach of breeding. "I can hardly command the services of a man I don't pay," she said slowly. In the swift rustle of voices filling in the silence, her glance challenged Betty Dalgrim, seated opposite her.

Betty's naturally fresh colour had ebbed, but not by a flicker of expression did she betray any comprehension of the situation. She sat stiffly, squarely, in her chair, with only the faintest suspicion of over-brightness in her pale blue eyes. Betty didn't look her best in evening clothes.

Well, there was one thing, Mrs. Flagg determined: she would leave directly after dinner.

"I MUST speak to you alone." It was Betty at her elbow as she turned from giving orders for her car. "Come in here where we won't be disturbed." Betty's clasp was strong on her arm.

"Oh, very well." She sounded her weariness as she allowed herself to be drawn into a small library, faintly musty with old brown books. Through the open window the moon fell chill upon mellow surfaces. The maid would be repacking her bag, and she had an hour to spare before she could get away.

"I suppose you know why I left the children and Peter to come over?" Betty, facing her, lit a cigarette.

Mrs. Flagg shrugged her shoulders, clicking open her thin gold cigarette-case. "Thanks." She bent to the match Betty held for her.

"I came to stop Natica. De Lanzac cabled us," Mrs. Dalgrim said harshly. "I've failed. She's so insane over that unspeakable bounder that she won't even listen to me."

Mrs. Flagg wandered to the window, supple in her long white satin sheath. The old intimacy vaguely stirred in her heart, and if Betty had gone to her then, barriers down, she would have had her friend in her arms. But Betty was restlessly pacing the floor.

"Why did you ask me here?"

Betty stopped her pacing long enough to fling out in her blunt way, "Because when I saw you at the Ritz I thought you might know this Tony beast and——"

"You thought Ciccardi could be one—of my friends?" Mrs. Flagg's voice was dangerously low. For she began to see—oh, yes, she began to understand where she came in.

"Don't get huffy, my dear." Mrs. Dalgrim seemed to realize at last that she was stamping on delicate ground. "You know what I mean. The whole filthy business is beyond me."

"So you don't want to touch it," Jocelyn Flagg supplied. "And it occurred to you that this sort of thing might be more in my line."

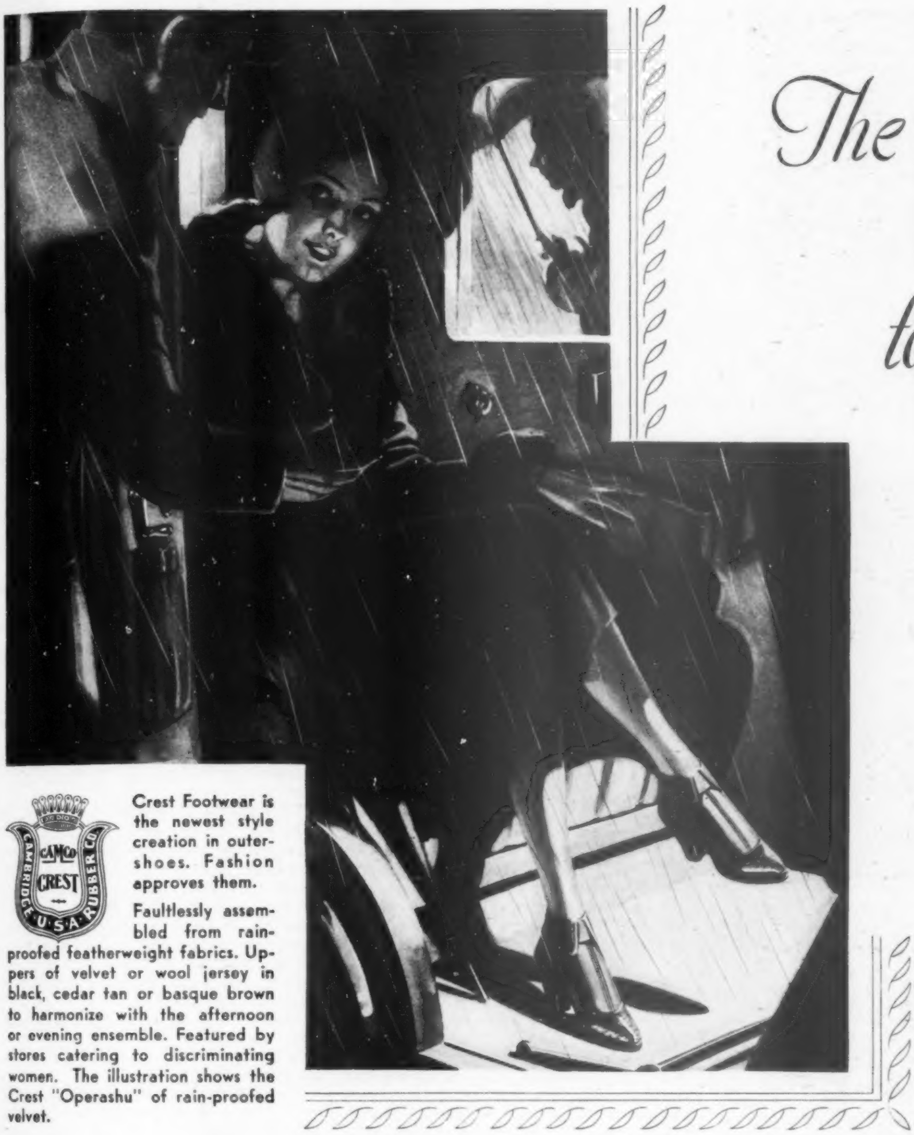
"Well, you *have* been batting around Paris quite a bit, haven't you?" Betty reminded her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Flagg quietly. "You see——" her cynical little gesture cast Mrs. Dalgrim back into a safety zone. "Paris is *supposed* to be the kind of city where one can do what one pleases."

Betty Dalgrim conceded this with a wave of her hand betraying impatience. "Isn't there anything you can do?"

Jocelyn Flagg turned back to the window. The sweet April air fanned and quickened the scorn in her heart. It was all so outrageous—the cynical explanation of Betty's motives in getting her here. If it had been at the Ritz in New York, Betty would never have touched her with a pole. It came to her then,

(*Continued on page 164*)



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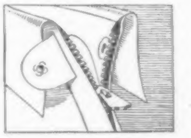
Crest Footwear is the newest style creation in outershoes. Fashion approves them.

Faultlessly assembled from rain-proofed featherweight fabrics. Uppers of velvet or wool jersey in black, cedar tan or basque brown to harmonize with the afternoon or evening ensemble. Featured by stores catering to discriminating women. The illustration shows the Crest "Operashu" of rain-proofed velvet.



Slide Fastener Raynshus are equipped with genuine Talon (Hookless) Fasteners.

Raynshus complete the rainy day ensemble. They retain the graceful lines of dainty ankles . . . slip on and off easily, yet a slight tug on their cunningly concealed Talon fastener or the click of their button-snap pulls them snugly around the ankle.

The meticulous tailoring of their featherweight uppers of brocaded rubber appeals to women who appreciate that correct outershoes do make a difference.

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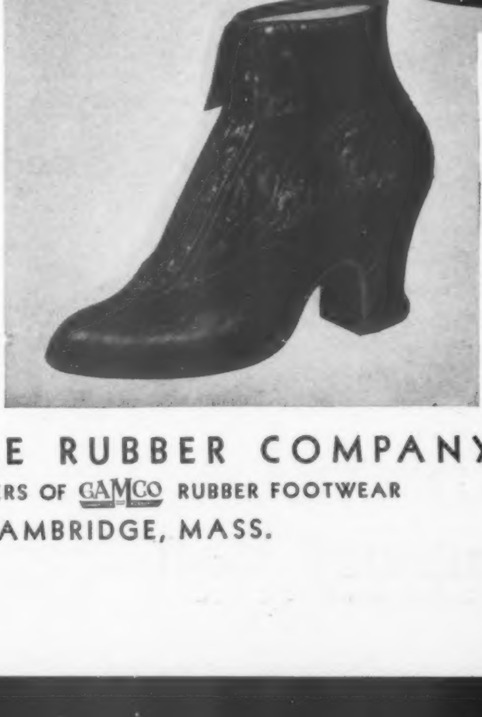

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Curads
the Compact Roll

ALL EXPENSES PAID

(*Continued from page 162*)

with a strange hard calm, that she was only receiving what she had chosen to invite in her own past conduct.

THERE was an awakened accent of contrition to Betty's voice when presently she broke the silence. "I hate to bother you, but honestly, I'm at my wit's end. Peter's wild. He expected me to sail last week. De Lanzac wants to avoid scandal, of course. But if he has to——" Her hand trembled a little as she lit a second cigarette. "After all, Jocelyn, I couldn't mix up anyone in this whom I couldn't trust——" But it was too late. She had given herself, and her rating of her friend, away.

"And just what do you propose that I should do?" Mrs. Flagg wanted drily to know. "I didn't exactly make a hit with Natica at dinner."

"I thought perhaps if you would talk to the creature——"

Mrs. Flagg suddenly flamed. "Say what you mean, Betty. My God, if Natica's a poor fool, don't take me for one! Tony will listen to a check. Want to pay him off?"

Mrs. Dalgrim's cheeks flushed to crimson. "Peter was hit in the market. Besides—oh, it's too rotten."

"It's certainly rotten," Mrs. Flagg bitterly agreed. "You aren't willing to sacrifice anything to save your precious sister. You think there's another way out—at no cost to yourself. You were thinking that, at dinner, when Tony looked at me. Why not be frank? Well, as a grand adieu to the indecencies, I'll try to save the family honour—for a price. You'll have to pay someone, you know." She laughed at the look of shocked surprise frozen on Betty Dalgrim's face.

"Jocelyn, what do you mean?"

"That having been treated like a déclassé woman, I shall proceed to act the part. Let me see—ten thousand will pay for the new car I bought last week. It's cheap for Tony Ciccardi, I can tell you. He'd ask——"

"Good heavens, Jocelyn, you don't need money. Why, you're——"

"Very well off indeed, my dear. Tony wouldn't have noticed me otherwise." Mrs. Flagg's full red lips curled in mockery. "All the same we'll call this settling damages out of court. Of course, if I don't carry out my side of the bargain, you get your ten thousand back. I'm leaving in less than an hour," she added. "So——"

Betty stared at her a moment longer, her bony figure stiffly aloof. "I can't—pay you such a sum tonight," she said at last. "I'll have to arrange with my bank tomorrow."

"Quite all right. I'll trust you." Mrs. Flagg moved toward the door with a parting, "You know my address, Betty."

AVOIDING the formal salon, she paced the flagged terrace past French windows where the men still lingered over their liqueurs. Light within gave pale reflections upon the old stones, catching the glimmering outlines of her whiteness. Tony might look out——

Back and forth she went. Thinking. No, she wasn't really hard, she thought, with a swift little intake of breath. It was just amusing, fantastically amusing to meet them all on their slippery ground and sweep them away along with mistakes, regrets. She had been very sure of herself. Suppose she'd been wrong about Tony? That, too, would be funny.

But she hadn't been wrong. There he was, tall, tapering, silhouetted against an oblong of light. He pretended, of course, not to have seen her, for he would never single out any woman, never flatter her by direct approach.

She moved languidly into shadows. Leaned on the stone balustrade, presenting herself as a lonely lady romantically inclined, gazing at the sheen of lawn beyond, the ancient trees under moonlight.

He took his time. Suddenly, noiselessly, he loomed beside her. "Are you not cold?"

"Oh—you frightened me!" She didn't sound frightened. "Isn't it beautiful?" She waved her hand at nothing in particular.

"Yes," he replied, indifferently. But he didn't look at the sloping young grass, the vista of wooded alleys winding off. He looked at her with a continuation of his long, appraising stare. Vaguely she accepted a cigarette from a handsome gold case, the kind of gift a woman *would* give him.

"You know," he said in his cautious English. "These women are terrible with their jealousy. Are you that way, too?"

"Why, it depends," she murmured. And she tilted her head so that the oriental slant of her eyes, the rich fulness of her lips, glowed from the dusk. She seemed to be seeking discreet words. "I would never ask a man—who pleased me—more than I—was worth. If I couldn't give him what he wanted"—her slow smile and gesture implied generosity—"why, I'd lose him. Naturally."

"Naturally," Tony agreed without humour. "You are very sensible, madame."

"One has to be," she answered on a lighter note.

"That's right!" His foreign inflection gave a quaintness to the Americanism. "One has to be," he repeated almost as an epitaph.

She glanced at him quickly, wondering if he realized that he had summed himself up. But he was superbly unaware of any lack. He posed with the habit of unconsciousness, lapsing into silence which she allowed to settle with a hint of intimacy.

TOGETHER they turned and walked to the far end of the terrace, from where they could glance down at the entrance court, coldly illuminated to show a huddle of parked cars. She was beginning to feel that no ordinary methods of seduction would move this extremely wise young man. He seemed, for the moment, more interested in the guests' motors than in his lovely companion.

She had to smile at his knowledge and appreciation of values that were symbolic of their owner's social and financial status.

"Lubitzko's had that Panhard over a year. Nina will change all that," he said with a grimace that altered the chiselled perfection of his features. "There's old Saint Aubyn's Citröen, vintage of '26. Look at Fanny Witherbee's Rolls. I'd rather have a Hispano any day—*Dio mio*, what a car *that* is!" He actually put a hand on her arm, pointing to a long, low-slung Voisin nosing its way through the great iron gates. He was almost boyish in his enthusiasm. "There's a car for you—it must have cost all of two hundred thousand francs. I wish Natica would get a car like that. She's awfully stingy." There was more than a hint of complaint in his voice.

Mrs. Flagg treated herself to a short laugh, for the car he so admired was her new one. Its appearance was timely in more ways than one, rousing that gleam in the crystalline blue of Tony's eyes. So Natica was stingy, was she?

"I'm glad you like it," she softly remarked. "It's mine."

"Yours?" He favoured her again with his stare fringed by long black lashes. "You are rich then, as well as beautiful?" He could most certainly go to the point when he chose.

"Very," she said, with a movement of her shoulders that wafted to him the delicate fragrance of her perfume. "I can buy almost anything I desire, and—" she added with another of her slow smiles, "I usually desire what—someone else has. That's feminine enough, isn't it?"

"Perhaps," he said, bending ever so slightly nearer.

He was far too wary, she reflected with a faint sense of annoyance, to alter his manner perceptibly until he could be quite sure where his advantage lay. But his resumed silence held now a quality

(*Continued on page 166*)

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ALL EXPENSES PAID

(Continued from page 164)

of calculation. He meant her to do the talking.

"Well, I shall have to go now," she sighed. "What a pity, when we were becoming such good friends."

"I thought you were spending the week-end," he said quickly.

She paused beside the balustrade. "I was," she told him, "but you understand, *mon ami*, after that little exhibition of Natica's at dinner, I prefer to relieve her mind of any—worry. That is your fault, you know."

He looked pleased. "If it is my fault, I shall make it up. Natica needs a lesson. May I drive you home?"

She appeared to be thinking this over before she gave him the look he expected. "That would be charming," she said sweetly. "But it is late, and you *might* not be able to get back until tomorrow morning."

"We shall see." He was making no promises.

She needed none. "I'll get my things then and bid my hostess *au revoir*. Will you meet me at the door?"

But he was insolent enough in his security to accompany her into the big hall opening into the salon. The bridge tables were already being set up.

Mrs. Flagg managed their entrance conspicuously. She had counted on Natica de Lanzac's restlessness at the prolonged absence of her Tony. Madame de Lanzac was, in fact, peering into the hall.

"You'd better get your coat, Tony," Mrs. Flagg whispered. She had faced him about so that he did not see the angry lady whose pale blondeness seemed literally to be crackling like electricity in an atmosphere charged with tempest.

SHE watched him stride away, before turning with such a smile as only a triumphant and very beautiful woman can achieve for one not so fortunate. Then she advanced so as to be within earshot of Mrs. Dalgrim, whose gaze betrayed discomfort. "I hope you'll forgive me, Natica, if I don't stay," she said with a touch of formality, "but one of my bad headaches is coming on. And I really think it wiser to go home."

Madame de Lanzac was visibly not in a forgiving mood. Her attempt at surface graciousness wasn't convincing. "You know best, of course," she murmured.

"Of course." Smiling, Jocelyn half turned toward the stairs. "Ciccardi is driving me back. You don't mind, do you?"

"But I *do* mind." There was a hysterical catch to Madame de Lanzac's voice. Ugly spots of colour spread beneath her rouge. "One of the chauffeurs can just as well——"

"Oh, I sent for my car after dinner." Mrs. Flagg's bright gesture of farewell included the group of other guests who had drifted nearer.

Natica de Lanzac's thin red lips drew tightly in until they looked like a puckered buttonhole. "Tony's not leaving this house tonight." She bit off the words and fairly flung them at the slim figure in white. Mrs. Dalgrim stood now at her sister's side, whispering an entreaty.

Mrs. Flagg's vague shrug as she proceeded toward the stairs maddened a woman whose nerves were already at snapping point. She broke away from Betty Dalgrim's restraining hand, her voice rising: "You've been trying to get him all evening. I know it. But he's not going with you."

Mrs. Flagg stopped to look her hostess up and down. "Well—really!" she murmured.

In the listening hush, Madame de Lanzac's hysteria mounted. "If he *does* go," she cried, "he needn't come back. I'll never forgive him—never, never, never. I'll——"

Mrs. Flagg raised her eyebrows meaningly at her old friend, Betty, in whose firm grip her sister fluttered with an outbreak of sobs.

"For God's sake, Natica, shut up!" Betty snapped. "If De Lanzac ever hears of this scene——"

"After all I've done for him," moaned Natica de Lanzac, unheeding.

Mrs. Flagg went up to her and whispered, "You can't take him back now, my dear, or you'll be the laughing-stock of Paris. So, he might as well drive me home."

Suddenly conscious of her tear-stained cheeks, Madame de Lanzac fumbled blindly for a handkerchief, whimpering—"I don't care what they say." But she did care. And she allowed Mrs. Dalgrim to lead her to the dressing-room under the stairs.

"And that's that," thought Jocelyn Flagg with distaste. Now she must hurry before any of them got to Tony, for she wasn't sure how he'd take it.

She needn't have worried, she realized a few minutes later, with a throbbing of her own tired nerves. Tony had had no intention of being seen going off with her. He was far too cautious, she thought with grim amusement, to risk losing one lady before he had fuller assurance of arrangements with the other.

Inconspicuously as his height permitted, he was circling her car, examining with the eye of a connoisseur its fine points. When she appeared he hastened to her side, not missing the effect of her gorgeous little head framed by the flaring white fur of her wrap.

"André, you can go back by train," she hurriedly told her chauffeur.

"I'll drive," Tony said.

His manner of brushing the man aside and, himself, helping her into the car with a lingering pressure under her arm, suggested that he would not grudge her his talents in a rôle he played only when it was worth his while. That he felt it *was* worth while, he showed as he climbed in with the air of a man taking possession. Luxuriously he stretched out his long legs. Expertly his beautiful hands took the wheel. He was smiling as they started.

IT WAS a wicked, insidious night to be tearing along roads sprayed with spring scents and moonlight. The lovely French country sliding by, all deliciously etched in apple-blossoms; young poplars marching in single file across ploughed fields.

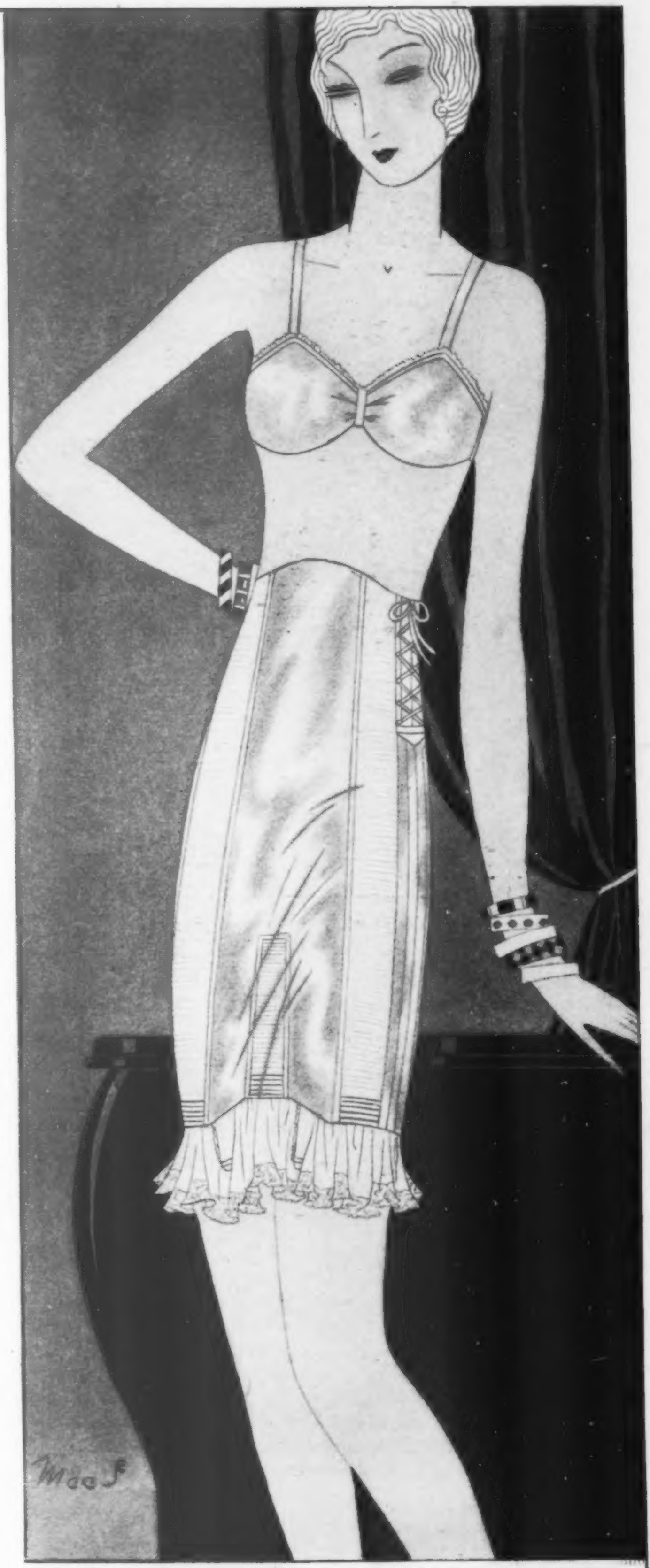
Mrs. Flagg, curved back in the deep seat, felt herself borne onward, enfolded in soft enchantment. She did not fight against it. After all, she was young and beautiful. So was Tony—young and beautiful. They seemed to be leaving far behind them sordid unrealities.

Tony drove magnificently. She watched him through lowered lashes. He was hatless. His dark hair swept like wings from the peak centered on his wide, calm brow. The profile of a god carved in marble. The torso of an athlete. She could not see the unwinking blue of his eyes, for they were turned from her, fixed on the unfurling road. She found herself staring at a flawless emerald he wore on the fourth finger of his right hand.

What was he? A splendid shell devoid of soul? A damnably attractive creature, enigmatic or merely empty, his presence summoned in her an odd excitement. It seemed impossible in the rarefied air of this night that small, shrewd thoughts should be working in his mind. She must be careful; must keep close hold of her senses.

They passed the dreamy huddle of a

(Concluded on page 168)



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LO AND BEHOLD!

(Continued from page 160)

"Bobby!" Alinda's recalling hand was on his arm. And his father's easy whimsical voice making the world right again, making everything all right.

"So this is Alinda. You know, I was telling Bobby just the other day—Oh! Hold on—Freya—this is Alinda."

His words, his bow were a courtier's. "Mrs. Delaine—Mrs. Delaine."

Freya's hand came out impulsively, though her eyes questioned:

"Alinda?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Delaine," Alinda said with prim precision. And she tried to smile. But the smile broke, and with a sob, she was in her mother's arms.

Bobby felt the presence of his father's hand steadying him; the sound of his father's voice; his father's easy words:

"Robert Alexander, eh? That's my name, too. Now! One, two, three—up you go." He held Robert Alexander smiling, gurgling, cooing, utterly delighted, high up above his head.

Nurse Atwill chuckled. "He's like you, sir, like as like. That he is, sir. Robert Alexander. Very good Scots, too."

Memory plays such a little part in the immediacy of events. That day passed for Bobby, the day of Alinda's home-coming, in a maze of feelings, unsupported by direct thought. There was, of course, a great to-do. Alinda's constant little outcries of delight over just nothings at all. But at times came revealing flashes that carried sudden surprises. For instance:

The very moment that Alinda set foot in her little front hall. It was a long, narrow hall with a beautiful old wallpaper. It was sparsely furnished.

"Your mother wouldn't believe we had *The Monuments of Paris*, Bobby," Alinda said. "I told her about this wall-paper. She tried to pretend it wasn't, or some cheap imitation, until I told her Frisco got it for us, and that it had all the famous buildings along the banks of the Seine; and these little men in red coats on horses going hunting, and the cows and peasants and all. She even asked me what colour, and I told her maple yellow and sepia with slate blue roofs, and—"

Bobby broke in: "I know all that, but what about it?"

"What about it? Well—she was frightfully high-hat at first about our house. But that took her down."

Bobby laughed. He knew his mother, and he could picture Alinda's quick flare-back at her raised eyebrows.

"What else did she say?"

But the moment had passed, merged into another, and was lost. A succession of titbits, unrelated, completely satisfying, unremembered in the topsy-turvy of home-coming.

They dined at the club together, Bobby and Alinda, her mother and his father, in easy camaraderie as though everything had always been just like that. Bobby's father told stories, and Alinda talked to Freya about the Paris shops and gowns and perfumes and lingerie, and they both rippled with laughter over little intimacies, and Bobby sipped the champagne Jack Hines had sent over to their table and watched Alinda's every expression, a mixture of pride and childish happiness. And he was perfectly happy, because everything had come out all right after all.

And then just before they went off to bed, Bobby told Alinda about Clare Fox—Clare Fox and the gas bill. There was one long moment when Alinda's eyes wavered, and her breath seemed not to come, but the next her warm little arms were around his neck, and Bobby had tears in his eyes, but she kissed them away, too. And before he finally went to sleep, Bobby laughed at his vision of the afternoon, and the refrain of one of his favourite songs ran, hit or miss, through his mind like a lullaby:

"Zekiel saw de wheel
Way in de middle of de air,
Wheel wid'in a wheel
Way in de middle of de air,
De big wheel run by faith
Little wheel run by de grace of God.
Zekiel saw de wheel
Way in de middle of de air."

(To be continued)

ALL EXPENSES PAID

(Concluded from page 166)

village and gradually the speed of the car slackened. She wanted to tell him to go on, but she said nothing, not even when he drew up in the shelter of trees. This was ridiculous, she thought angrily. She wasn't a schoolgirl.

He shifted so that his arm, elbow crooked, slid carelessly along the back of the low seat, the tips of his fingers brushing her high fur collar. There was no passion in this light touch, no fever in the long, slow look he bent upon her.

"Have you, then, had enough of Michael Blanden? Or is it that he has tired of you?" he asked.

She returned his look steadily. "Both," she said, her voice as even as his.

She felt the hand upon her cloak tighten, and would have drawn away. But the motion with which he gathered her in his arms was slow, resistless, calm as the rhythm of a wave. She couldn't, in dignity, struggle. His lips were very cool. She was cradled on shallow waters, and she wondered, "Is this what I want?"

Then, without warning, as a down-rushing wind sweeps quiet places, brief madness seized upon them. He held her to him for a heart-beat. Abruptly released her. Started the car.

Speed. Smooth humming of the motor. Shivering a little as she drew her cloak around her. Her mind was in confusion. Better not to think.

The lights of Paris pricked a design against the sky. They were on the outskirts. Within the gates. She seemed to have been away a long, long time. And she was afraid. She, Jocelyn Flagg, afraid of this cold-blooded boy! She sought safety in familiar vistas; in the reach of the Champs Elysées, the streaming lights; in the bridge arched over the grape-coloured Seine, the budding chestnut trees. Her wits seemed drugged. She leaned forward to look up the shadowy stretch of the rue des Belles Feuilles, to evoke its pleasant life in the sun of a tomorrow.

They were at her door. Tony stood on the pavement. She hadn't liked the leisurely assurance with which he got out of the car. She didn't like his smile now. In the flicker of a street lamp, his parted lips somehow spoiled the symmetry of his face. It didn't become him to smile.

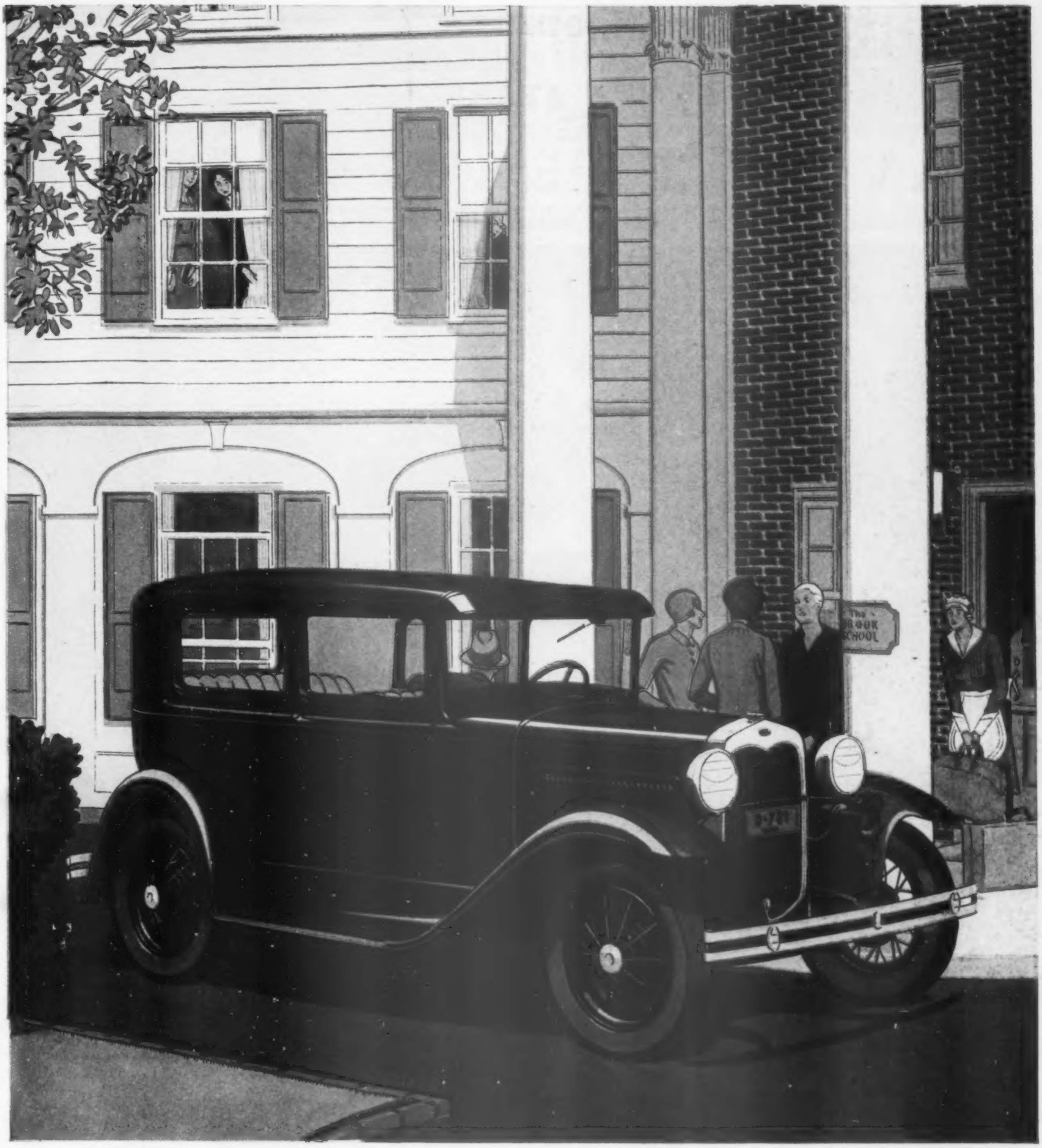
Then he said, "What shall we do with the car? We can't leave it out all night."

Thank heaven, he said it in just that way. She threw back her head and laughed at herself, at him, at them all. A sullen expression settled over his beautiful face. He didn't like being laughed at. But she couldn't stop now. Oh, how funny it would be when he went back to the Château to find himself done for. Betty would see to that, no fear. How funny——!

Still laughing, she fumbled for her keys, took her small valise from his unresisting hand. Walked to the door.

"You're not coming in, Tony," she said over her shoulder. "But you can keep the car—for your trouble. Take it as a present from Betty Dalgrim. You'll understand later——"

Then she closed the door of her chic little house, waiting there in the darkness for what seemed a long while until she heard the throb of the motor.



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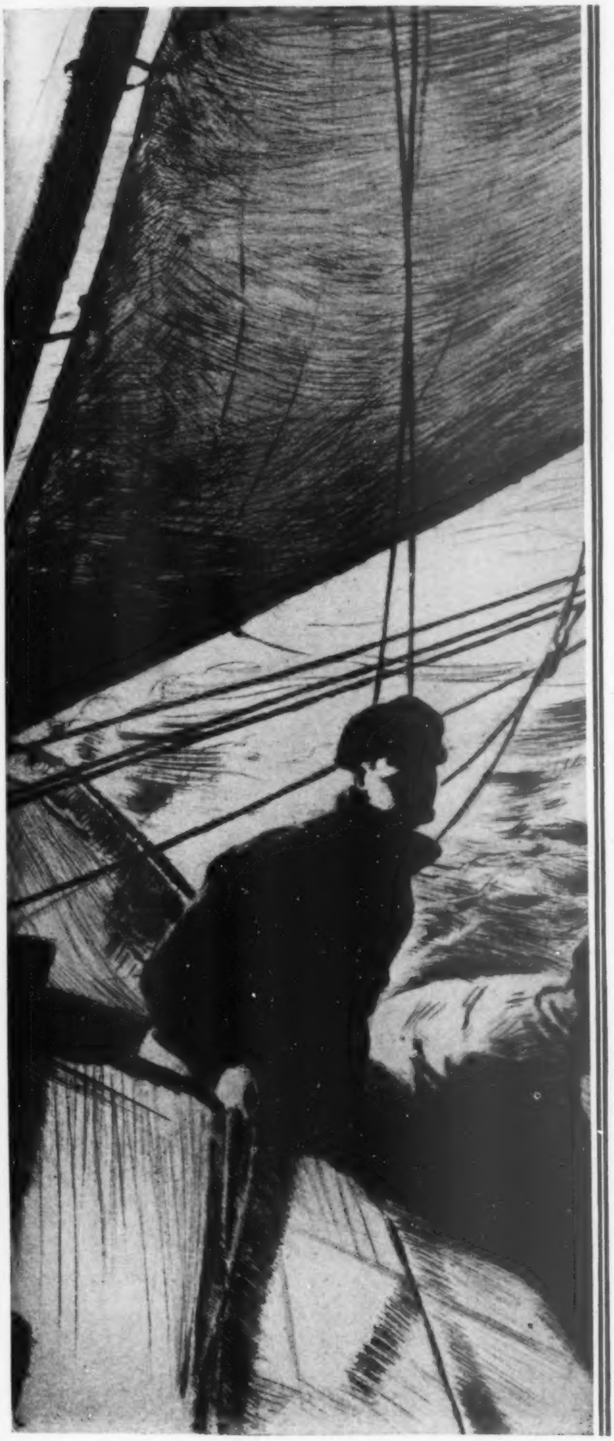
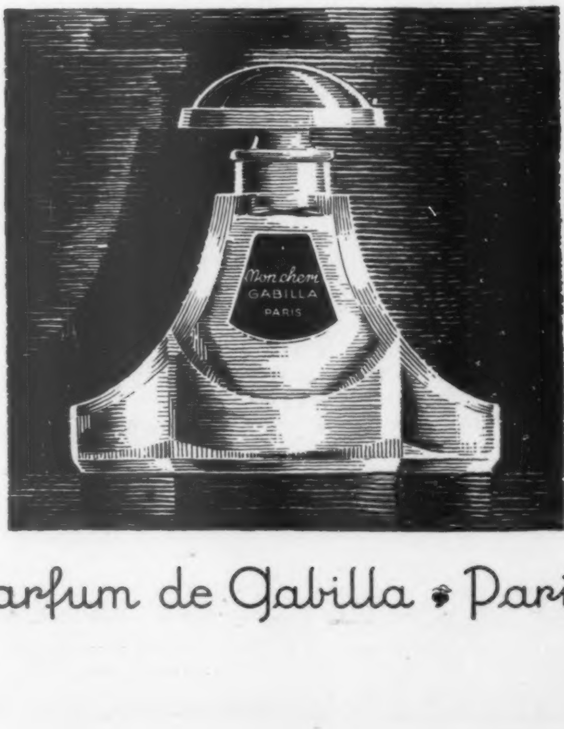


He is a landsman by vocation; but the boy's dream of seafaring has not failed him—nor he the boy's dream.

gabilla
paris

There is logic that men defend and women conquer. There is mystery that men feel and women understand.

Mon cheri



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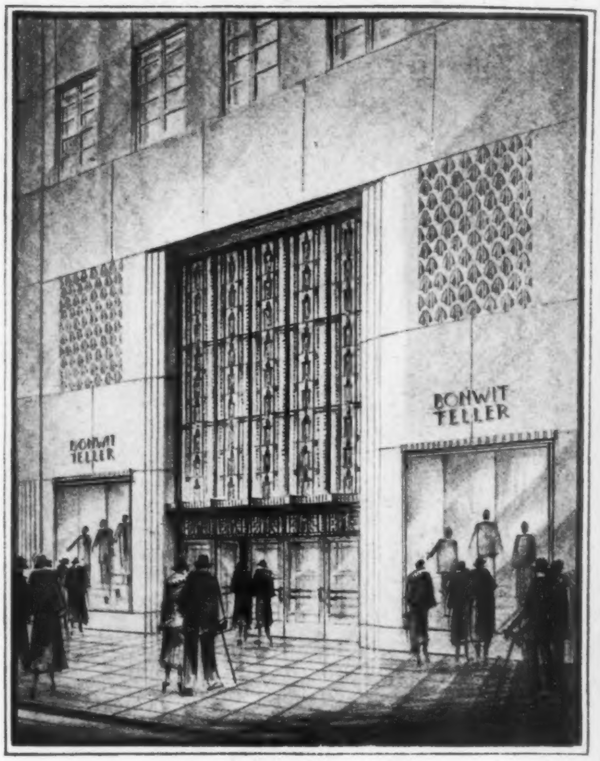

The façade of the new Bonwit Teller and Company store at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street. In taking over the store, Bonwit Teller have made many changes, artistic and practical. The façade pictured above is a combination of Benedict metal and glass in a simple and dignified design, and gives a great deal of daylight. Other modifications which have been made have doubled the business capacity of the main floor and improved the lighting and ventilation. New departments include one for shoes, infants' wear, and junior miss apparel.

CONCERNING A NUMBER OF THINGS

(Concluded from page 99)

Company sponsors calfskin in an oxblood shade. For the street the one-eyelet oxford, in a quantity of designs, is remarkably good; it supports the instep and flatters the foot at the same time, a difficult feat. Black and brown seem to share honours about equally, with the emphasis just a shade more on the latter than the former. The leather heel remains important for the sturdy type of walking shoe. Wood, a trifle lighter, is practical for town.

Hose for daytime is carrying out its spring indications of darker shades. Browns, with or without cocoa tinges, are excellent for street wear and have received an enthusiastic reception.

The sandal retains its hold on the woman who has discovered its comfort and grace on the dance floor. The novel ways of cutting parts of it away are without end, a certain intricacy of detail ensuing, though the general outline remains Grecian in its simplicity. Subdued metal brocades promenade their gracious way under floor-length evening skirts, the pastel shades in the ascendancy.

In Paris I noticed a preponderance of pumps, both for daytime and evening wear. Pumps of black crêpe de Chine were much worn with ankle-length afternoon gowns. At Deauville, sandals of simple type were seen with afternoon models. All Patou's models wore black patent-leather high pumps with shiny oval buckles, with their day clothes. Suzanne Talbot showed black satin Hellstern sandals for the evening. A strap crossed the toes at their root and left the sheer-stockinged foot exposed at its tip, in Grecian design.

There was a marked tendency to have evening slippers repeat the fabric of the gown in some collections. For example, a grey moire dress at Patou's was worn with matching pumps, as was a flowered taffeta gown. Many crêpe de Chine slippers were dyed to match the gown's colour, or contrasted, as, for instance, a Lanvin evening gown of gold lamé, worn with bright green slippers.

It will be a white winter in that ermine asserts itself as *the* fur for the formal evening wrap. The Jay-Thorpe three-quarter wrap, which Count de Miro has photographed, may be worn in several ways, either as a sleeveless cape or with the arms thrust under the shoulder cape, or into informal sleeves. Saks-Fifth Avenue's Vionnet evening dress notes the formalized lines which may be achieved with this fabric in a season of softly draped satins and velvets.

Hats are brimless in a majority of cases, or, when a brim is employed, it is irregular beyond the dreams of modernism. Black and turquoise, red, feathers, doubled brims, velvets and the marvellous Agnès fabrics are high lights.

The thin woollens for crisp first fall days agree in their flat surfaces, close mesh and generally firm weaves. Mousse cloth, as shown in the Vionnet dress from Best, is a perfect example of what graceful lines may be achieved in these materials, which also tailor to perfection. The colours, green, black and brown are vital to an understanding of the trend.

Early clothes for different times of the day and degrees of formality have been chosen for various merits and indications. The satin evening gown from Milgrim illustrates how very formal we shall be at our most formal; the Stein and Blaine frock in the same mood dresses the hour spanning between day and night. Kurzman's discreet lamé is semi-formal, for the afternoon, while Hattie Carnegie's tailleur is a dressy street costume. Finally, Bergdorf Goodman's coat, skirt and blouse are casually formal, ideal for luncheon.

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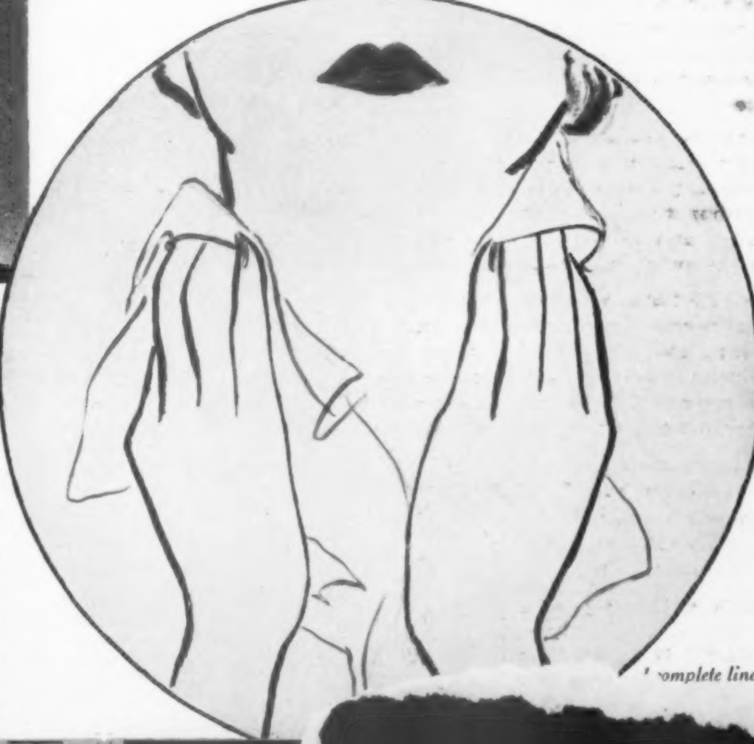

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PERSONAL NOTES ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(*Continued from page 85*)

made, as well as of a heavy kind of blanket texture for short coats. A skiing suit in egg-nog coloured gabardine is easily the most striking sports novelty of the collection.

Tailored suits and dresses, combined with sable stoles, ermine tippets and short shoulder capes of some valuable pelt, are shown in quantities. These square or rounded *pelerines*, to give them their French name, might also be compared to a Deauville scarf made of fur. They are mostly worn hanging down the back, or slung over the shoulder.

The very elaborate afternoon ensemble is, as always, a Patou feature. His most handsome series consists of frocks in silk and *lamé broché* as well as some of metal textures, some being shaped like long tunics—luxurious to a degree.

Every one of these models is worn over a dark underskirt, corresponding in shade to the woollen topcoat trimmed with fur. All of them are lined with the rich-looking metal brocade used for the gown.

For much later in the afternoon we are shown silk velvet dresses. The series of black ones, especially, with their ankle-length skirts, real lace collars, and short ermine or sable *pelerines* to complete them, are quite lovely.

Interesting to observe is the clever way in which Patou has transposed his summer dance dresses into winter gowns to be used for dinners and the theatre.

The very newest evening models might almost be called tailored, because of their plainness. They are sleeveless and meant to be worn under short fur-bordered jackets. Patou calls them *mes ensembles surprises*, being, as he says, the style of gown most suitable for every kind of impromptu occasion. These models are carried out in velvet or lamé brocades, being combined with coats of a lightweight cloth called "Vigogne," finished off by rich-looking fur, this making them suitable for either day or evening wear.

Interesting to note is the popularity of every kind of lamé and *broché* fabric, as well as the hint Patou gives of his contemplating an early revival of embroidery.

In the more important evening gowns an undoubted tendency points to the train making a bid for popularity, though quite a number of the less elaborate dresses are, on the contrary, shown much shorter than they were last season —the irregular hemline being featured.

Most of the Patou evening gowns are presented as lavish "ensemble combinations." Every one is combined with an impressive-looking velvet wrap trimmed with an immense collar of valuable fur.

Though Patou admits fox to be extremely becoming, he seems to have an even greater predilection for marten, as well as for pekan; especially, however, for sable, which he considers the most elegant of all furs.

Some additional notes out of my notebook: Colours and fabrics: black, black, and black again. White, next. Two new colours: astrakhan-beige and green tinged with yellow. Much crêpe bilitis (triple georgette), metal *brochés*, some moires, a great deal of silk velvet. No artificial silk at all. Blue fox matches the shade of the new Patou beige. Lightweight broadcloth used throughout the collection.

All suits, day and evening gowns are bloused front and back. The princess line entirely out (at Patou's). The waistline in many instances considerably raised. Belts on practically every model.

One cloth gown, closely fitted to the waist, is left bloused above and is quite loose below the waist. There is no belt with this model.

With a black ensemble is worn a small hat with drooping ostrich feather. New, sponsored by Patou.

An ankle-length velvet "end of the day" gown has a lace collar and a large velvet hat. A real picture. The pictorial aspect of real lace collars is much emphasized.

Skirts again show an up-in-the-front tendency.

Lanvin

(*Concluded from page 86*)

the other inspired by the Alfred de Musset period, black cloth gown, leg-of-mutton sleeves, gathered hips, black astrakhan trimming.

The newest Paris weave is ostrich-feather strands made into a rough-looking, dull-surfaced cloth, used by Madame Lanvin for afternoon models. It is especially smart in black.

Partiality to spangles and sequined textures still pronounced. Very few models (suits and some day gowns excepted) that do not shimmer. The principal use made of spangled textures is for short box-coats shown in every imaginable shade. These box-coats are combined with both day and evening models.

Less popular this season seems heavy black faille (generally much featured at Lanvin's). Coloured faille, however, is made into enchanting *robes du soir.*

No models are lovelier than "Malmaison," "Lamballe" and "Rosalinde," visions of bluish, green and rosy shades, in plain, figured, striped and checked textures, much befrilled and beflounced.

All important evening gowns are shown with a few inches of train. Their length increases according to the amount of dramatic quality desired.

Marabou feather hems on skirts (one black and one white) very new. Used as solid marabou borders from above the knees downward.

An entire gown shown of black chenille, closely sewn on black net foundation, results in a new-looking fabric.

"Reynolds," the most beautiful of all *robes de style*, has a long train of white satin and an immense pale blue satin sash, a large organdie collar and a rose at the belt.

Two outstanding, beautiful evening gowns, one in silver, the other in gold. The latter, called "Soleil de Minuit," is photographed and appears in this number. It is a regal gown of supple gold lamé, having a folded and puffed flounce encircling the knees, from which starts much fulness made to end in a train almost as long in front as it is in the back.

Chanel

(*Continued from page 87*)

maze of intricate hemstitching and pin-tucks, encrustations, and appliquéd patches, such as flat bows, scalloped bands, fan-shaped motifs, horizontal effects.

Stiff black satin running throughout this season's collection is used a great deal more than black crêpe and marocain. For dressy afternoon occasions velours façonné is apparently a prime favourite.

A few good coats: Long black satin coat with white ermine top, shown over a white gown. A black belt crosses the white ermine. Perfect black day coat, with huge rolling cape. Narrow horizontal bands of astrakhan applied from top to hem. Long black coat of some dull-surfaced silk, has small gold flowers woven into the fabric. Similar gold embroidery, sparingly used, figures on the gown worn beneath it.

White satin and white piqué, as well as lightweight jersey in rainbow coloured stripes, are effectively used for waistcoats to be worn with suits. Lingerie effects on almost every black day gown. Many models shown high necked.

(*Concluded on page 174*)

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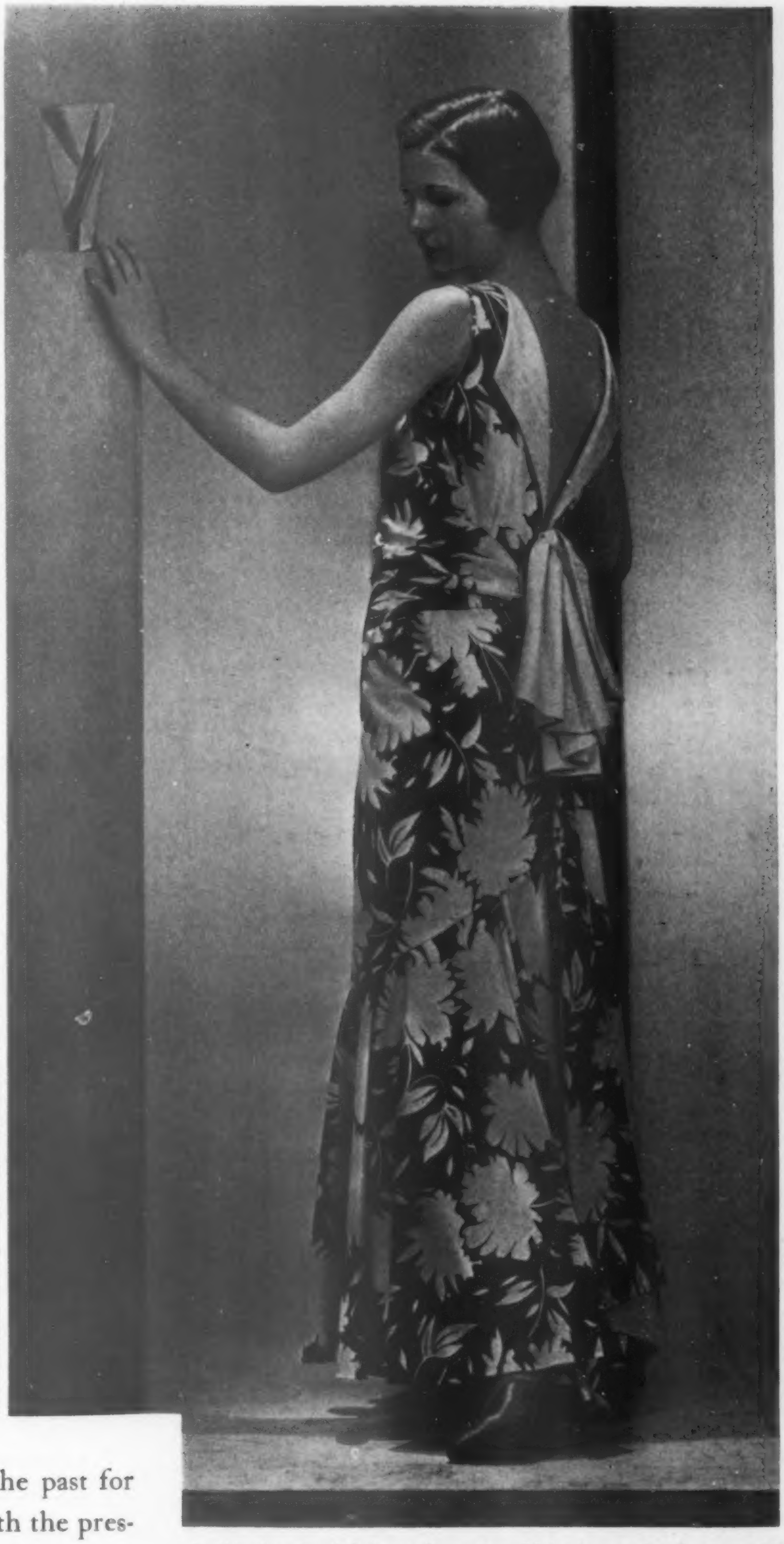

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PERSONAL NOTES ON THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

(*Concluded from page 172*)

with Byronic collars and flowing cravattes.

The Chanel evening mode: The series of black chiffon, black net, and black lace gowns, more perfect than ever. Favoured shades, besides black and white, Chanel red and shell-pink. Lace particularly popular, made use of in every kind of quality and shade. Many models shown in metal and bespangled laces, some covered by a layer of chiffon veiling the lace pattern more or less.

Particularly new are tie-back effects of all sorts, the hips tightly draped, the draping in a movement rising from front to back with either folds of the straight material or cascades of frills falling from waist to hem down the back in centre of skirt.

Pretty series of crêpe gowns presented. Many presented in white. Tiered flounces in great numbers, emphasizing the popular horizontal effects.

Lovely is the series of "romantic" georgette dresses shown, much varied in style but not in colour. There are dozens of them, all of them shell-pink. Scarfs, to be worn with these flowing gowns, are attached to the bodice in front, and left to hang over the arms in the back.

Lelong

(*Concluded from page 88*)

Infinite grace is displayed in the treatment of lace for evening wear, a qualification equally applicable to a delightful series of *robes du soir en crêpe de Chine*. The latter, without doubt, is the high-water mark of the entire presentation. Shown in white and in pink, as well as in other delicate shades, these ravishing creations seem designed for some Thaïs or Aspasia, the style of skirt combining curtain-like draperies with modernized Assyrian *pagne* effects.

Most of Lelong's evening wraps are of three-quarter length and are shown in unusually brilliant satin, in velvets and brocades. Their decorations are a maze of plaited ruchings, banded by strips of dark fur.

Black astrakhan seems very popular this season. It is to be met with everywhere—at Lelong's, on any number of coats; even decorating an elaborate *manteau du soir* of silver-grey velvet. Am I much mistaken in asserting that astrakhan has been, so far, considered a fur suitable for day wear only?

Molyneux

(*Concluded from page 89*)

picturesque series. With its chinchilla trimmings and its pink rose it is a perfect picture.

A very complete collection of what, in Paris, is called "*des tea-gowns anglais*" is being presented. Many of them are shown in *velours façonné* on a chiffon foundation. Sheathlike in shape, with a texture gathered all the way up the front, they disclose the ankles and feet, while the back is prolonged into a panel-like fish-tail train.

Another kind of tea-gown, less British of inspiration, features the "Salopette" line. This one-piece garment ends in narrow trousers. A long train is added in the back. The most fascinating, among several similar models, is carried out in pure white velvet.

In his tailored morning ensembles Molyneux has always shown the closest-fitting and slimmest silhouette in Paris. He does so again this season. The length of his day skirts is unchanged, while groups of plaits and flared sections are placed low on many of them.

Among his most favoured fabrics is, of course, a British looking tweed, as well as the very newest kind of jersey weave invented. Basket-patterned textures and small flecked and mottled materials are distinctly preferred.

Quite a novelty, to be worn with suits and woollen day dresses, belted rather above the normal waistline, are wide tweed scarfs edged with fur, the centre part placed flatly over the chest with both ends flung over the left shoulder. Combined with these scarfs are muffs made of fur-trimmed tweed.

Worth

(*Concluded from page 90*)

woman. The collection requires most varied types to suit different models. Long, impressive gowns of black velvet are evidently meant for the more mature type of woman. Dresses in rich, clinging brocades, medieval in line, are suitable for tall romantic personalities. Ruffles and frills in net and lace for fluffy blondes (corkscrew frills). By the way, M. Worth smilingly says: "Ruffles are *virtuous* indicating an 'uplift' movement!" (He refers to the rising movement of flounces, front to back, noticeable on many new models.)

The newest tendency of evening skirts, in this house at least, is to reveal a glimpse of instep and ankle. Some evening models feature off-the-shoulder styles. In others, décolletés are high in front, low on the shoulder, and pointed in the back.

Particularly effective are wide black velvet sashes on the many white evening dresses shown, as well as garlands of white flowers used to edge the back décolletés of a number of models, especially effective on black velvet. White suède gloves have white crêpe de Chine tops, forming bouffant sleeves. Very little difference is noticeable this season between a long-sleeved evening dress and an elaborate pyjama, the difference being discernible only after close inspection. A beautiful series of long, excessively full dinner pyjamas in magnificent fabrics replaces the usual presentation of hostess gowns.

The collection is dominated by black, white and gold, and some green. Interesting to record are the colours and textures M. Worth says he has used to build up his collection.

For the morning: Navy blue, deep red, green and black.

For the afternoon: Green, grey, beige, black, and black and white.

For the evening: Pale green, gold, black, black and white, and pure white.

The names of materials:

For the morning—jersey, tweed, cheviot, kasha, cashmere.

For the afternoon—broadcloth, vicuna, *drap zibeline*, crêpes, lamés, velvets and satins.

For the evening—*peau de soie, poult de soie*, velvet lamés, georgette lamés, net, lace, organdie and chiffon.

Redfern

(*Concluded from page 91*)

has a flaring basque, edged with a wide band of ermine. Over it is worn the most abbreviated of ermine boleros.

Unusual is the series of dinner clothes for up-to-date and modern "bright young people." One of the most attractive creations of this kind, consisting of tiers of black lace flounces made into wide trousers, is being shown with a shimmering short smoking jacket in gold and green.

More beautiful in their simplicity than almost any other Redfern models is the series of white evening dresses and evening coats in satin and in panne. The loveliest of all is a gown called "Camellia," designed in a new dull-faced satin with a surface having the quality of suède leather and called "Alaska." Severely plain, this frock relies on a camellia-like design of stitchings for its sole ornamentation.

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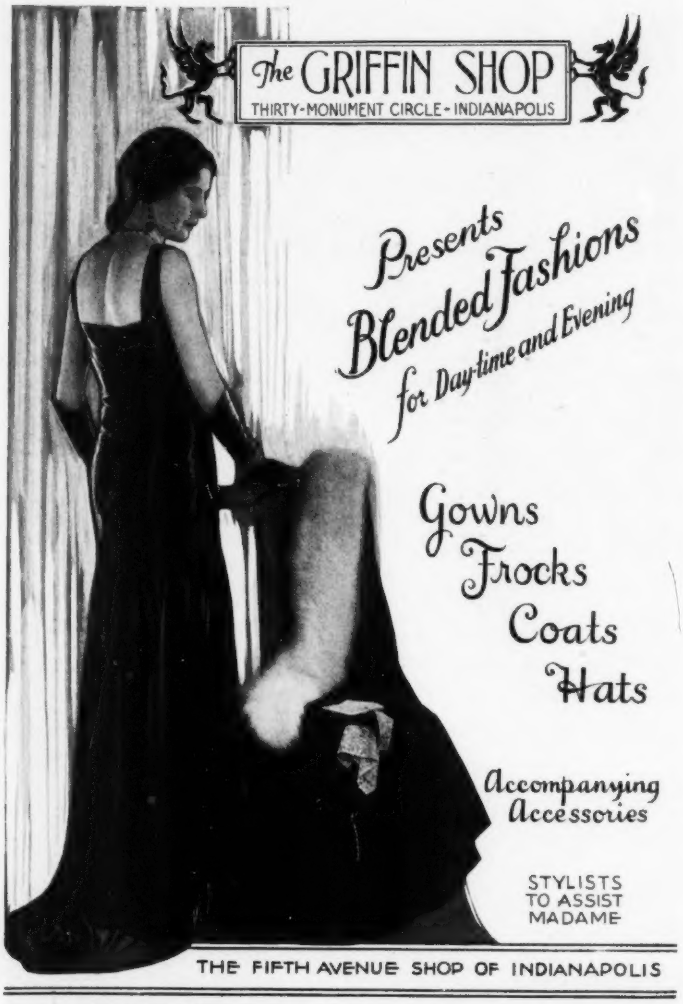

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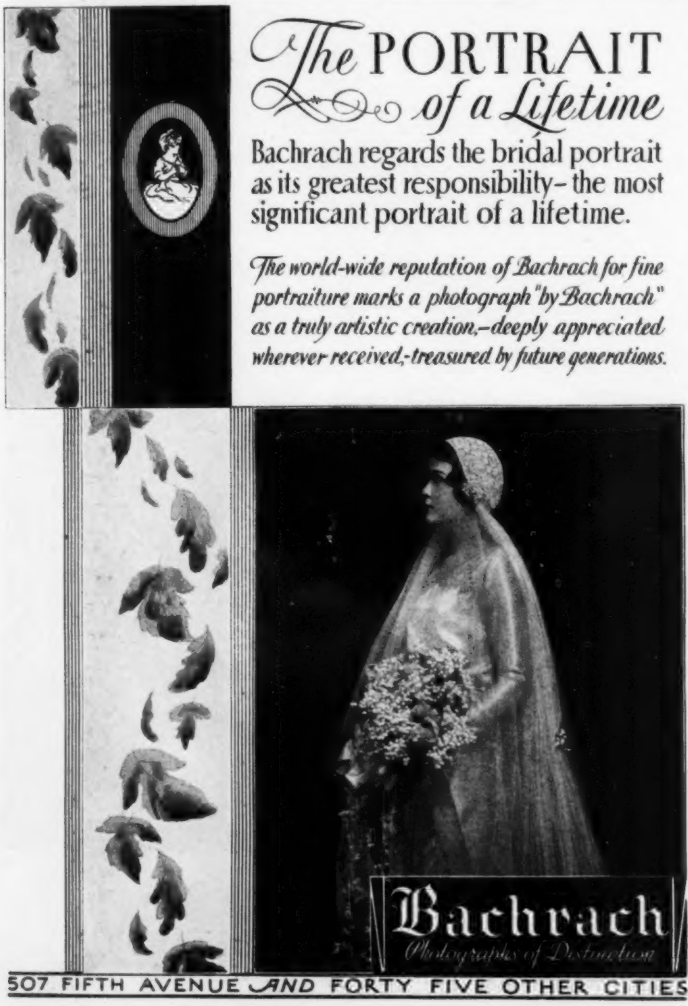

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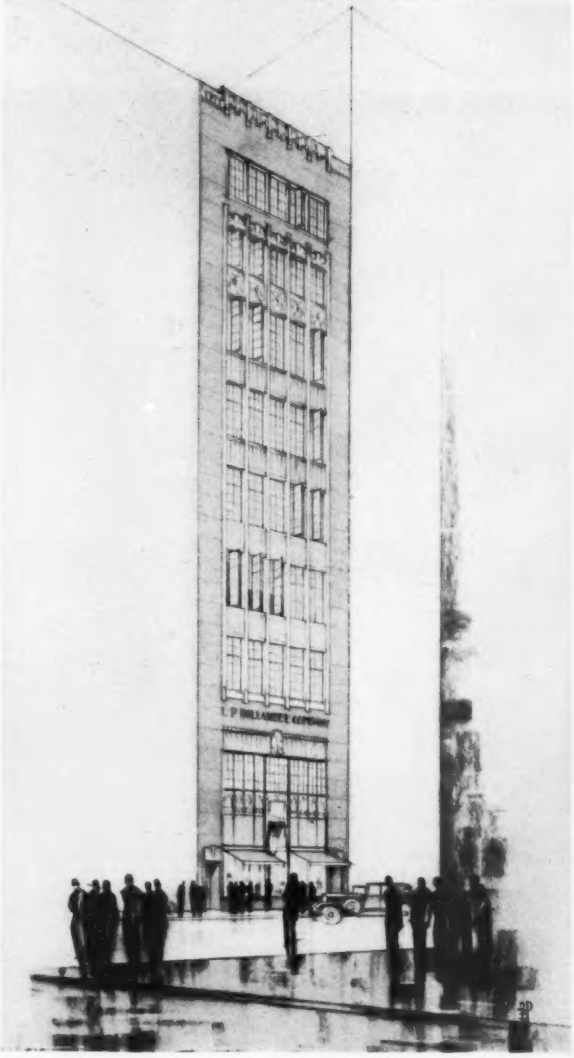

The new L. P. Hollander store on East Fifty-seventh Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York. The building has a striking façade designed in aluminum and black stone.

PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(*Continued from page 79*)

definite division between heavy and light weights. Long plain lines have naturally brought back rich materials: faille, moire, lamés and brocades, heavy satin, and Lyons velvet. The old-fashioned *peau de soie* and *poult de soie* have been revived. Several houses have used Bianchini's Alaska, a dull lunasol like a magnolia petal.

Among thin materials, we find innumerable combinations of chiffon and fine lace, some chiffon used alone, and many of the varieties that have both printed and lamé designs or printed and raised velvet designs. These are very colourful. Quantities of gauze lamés with flowery designs. Quantities of lace, black or coloured, but more often black. Much georgette, especially the new triple ones, that have a heavy fall. Nets and tulles, often lightly spangled, also laces spangled in cobwebby designs. A new net that has been touched with tar and that looks like dull spangles.

As to satin, there is less of it in some places and a great deal in others. It is still a first evening favourite with the well-dressed woman. We find it both in heavy weights and in crêpe weaves. Plain coloured crêpes in many houses. In velvets, wedding-ring velvet at Vionnet's, medium straight pile silk velvet, and Lyons velvet almost everywhere. Much less panne. Very little printed taffeta. A good deal of moire in some houses and none in others. The list is extremely comprehensive, as you see.

Among novelties, there is a crinkled satin, like a Fortuny gown, at Poiret's and Lenief's, and at the latter an entire gown in heavy silk crochet lace. At Callot's there is a grey net, painted with "spangles" in aluminum paint. At Vionnet's, several shaded chiffons, from pale pink to blue, in hydrangea colours. At Régny's, a chiffon with a woven-in design of a rose. There is very little fringe, though one sees an occasional model. It did not "take" when it was revived last year. There is a notable absence of printed chiffons, their place being taken by the lamé chiffons and printed gauze lamés. Chiffons called "Tigressa," faintly patterned, are to be seen, notably at Callot's.

I have spoken of the tentative revival of embroidery. This term must be understood in a large sense, to include beading with jet and crystal, spangling and silk embroidery. In almost every collection we find embroidery on evening gowns, sometimes lightly used on hems, as Molyneux does it; sometimes making an all-over material, as Lelong does it on a Bordeaux faille with dots of velvet and strass; sometimes in herring-bones of jet, or in all-over designs both of jet and crystal. Spangles are used, also, for embroidery, sometimes picking out the design on lace, as used by Chanel; sometimes in fine curved lines as Vionnet uses them, or scattered over chiffon as Goupy employs them.

(*Continued on page 178*)

All for Beauty

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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

LONDON NEW YORK PARIS

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Petchell
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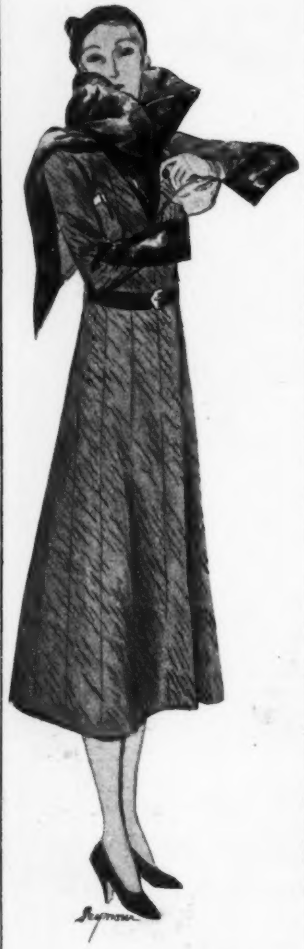

CONSPICUOUS among the coats for fall and winter to be seen at Petchell's is this trim belted tweed. Apart from the high waist and interesting godets, its most arresting feature is the collar of black caracul, forming the exaggerated ruff which Paris has this year borrowed from the naughtily flirtatious days of Queen Elizabeth . . . And, of course, there are other smart clothes for every occasion . . .

•19E•56th•

Seeberger Frères

Lady Louis Mountbatten snapped at the polo field at Deauville.

PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(*Continued from page 176*)

He even sprinkles jet spangles on black broadcloth for a day gown. In several collections there is a revival of *broderie anglaise*, done on velvet by Premet, once in spaced circles on a skirt, and once all over a pink velvet gown. Worth, too, has a charming negligée of pink chiffon, with a straight three-quarter coat of pink *broderie anglaise;* and Mary Nowitzky has used it in washable white as a coat and shorts over a black bathing-suit for the beach!

AFTERNOON clothes show increasing variety, richness and complication. Instead of being neglected, as they used to be, they take an important place, forming at least a third of the collections as a whole. While there are still many ensembles of coat and dress, it is noticeable that there is a great feeling for the suit of rich materials, with an important blouse. An example of this is seen in the Chéruit velveteen suit on page 67. Notice the big "sabot" fur cuffs.

Talbot has a perfectly charming example of the afternoon suit, in heaviest black marocain, with the same big sabot cuffs of fur, and a long, very full skirt, the fulness arranged in cartridge plaits. This type of suit calls for a handsome blouse to complete it, and it gets it, for the long tunic blouse has been revived. No material is too rich for this, brilliant satin or lamé often being used. Sometimes these suits have a Louis XV. feeling, owing to their basque coats. But, of course, the ensemble of several different types is well represented, too. As combinations of more than one material are a distinct feature of the collections, we find this principle in afternoon ensembles.

Vionnet shows many soft-surfaced woollen coats with crêpe dresses, as usual. Other combinations are velvet and crêpe, velvet and satin, velvet and small-patterned lamé. A great deal of broadcloth is used for the coats; often they contrast; sometimes two shades of the same colour are used. The coats are of all lengths, and of various types. For afternoon, the favourite cut, perhaps, is that which is fitted to the figure, flared, fur edged and tied at one side. But there are also belted, Cossack types and straight types. There are also a good many that fold diagonally over to one side and are bordered with fur down both edges. Vionnet remains faithful to her spiral shape, among others. Madame Vallet, of Martial et Armand, cuts her coats to look like three-quarter coats and dresses, though they are really all in one. At Goupy's, three-quarter coats of broadcloth with fur edges are shown over crêpe or satin dresses matched in colour.

At other houses, the coats will be seven-eighths length, as at Lanvin's; while at Vionnet's many of the coats are longer than the dresses. The collections, this year, are so varied, having taken "Diversity" for their motto, that you have no sooner stated a thing as being so than you think of its contradiction in another equally important house.

The afternoon gowns, shown without coats, are often of the ankle-length variety, intended, no doubt, to be worn under furs. Many of them, this year, are of small-patterned lamés, usually on simple lines, as Worth likes them. These materials replace the printed crêpes of summer, which have almost entirely disappeared. Velvet frocks, long, their fulness hanging straight, are shown with real lace collars and cuffs Some houses specialize in frocks of this type in thin materials, georgette or chiffon. Jane Régny has a charming chiffon one tucked all over. Plain crêpe is not neglected and appears most frequently in black; shorter, and with a wealth of beautiful workmanship, encrustations, sectional cutting, bows, pin-tucking, et cetera. It often has white collars and cuffs. The little lamé crêpes de Chine, with a tiny gold design, sometimes just touched with colour as well, are shown everywhere in this connection. Satin, too, is favoured, the crêpe satins being preferred. A few quite elaborate lace gowns in brown, black or mastic, are shown for late afternoon wear. Façonné materials, such as were discussed in the September issue, make a good showing for afternoon frocks. Various bases, crêpes, satin or fine crêpey wool, have a small design in raised velvet, often a wheat grain in black, or the dark colours of the Mode, dark green, dark brown, dark blue or dark red. Jacquard or broché silks are also seen, though less frequently, some with silk alpaca bases.

The colours just mentioned, with a great deal of black, are the leading af-

(*Continued on page 180*)

PURSE PERSONALITY

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN NATURALLY CHOOSE

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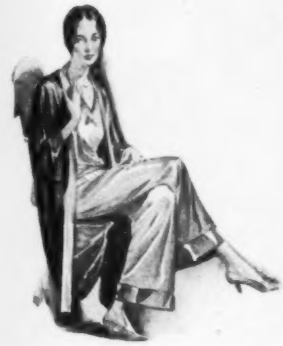
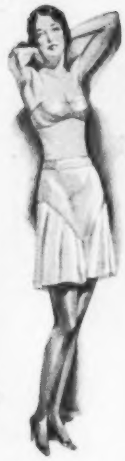


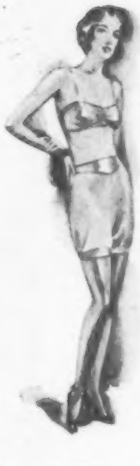
Pajama—Model 251

Coat—Model 210



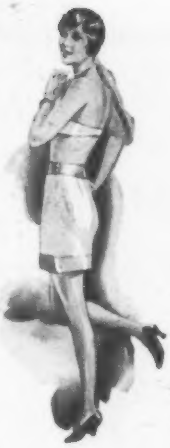
Butterfly Pantie
Model 382

Matching Bandeau
Model 341



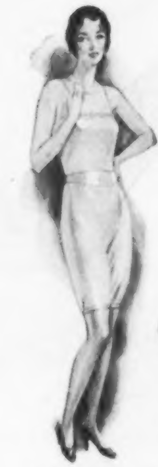
French Cuff Bloomers
Model 393

Matching Bandeau
Model 341



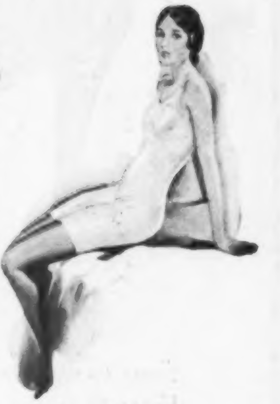
Ping-Pong Shorts
Model 383

Ping-Pong Bandeau
Model 338



Vest—Model 348

Bloomers—Model 381



Undersuit
Model 153

Under-Fashions and Lounging-Fashions

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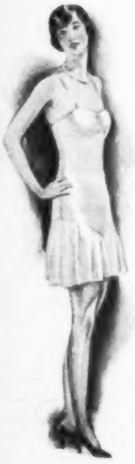
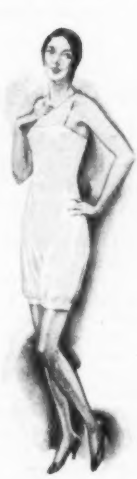
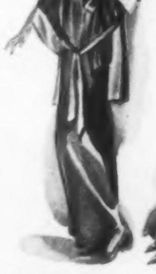


Munsingwear "Formist"
Model 181

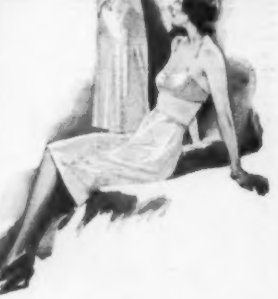


Chemise
Model 178



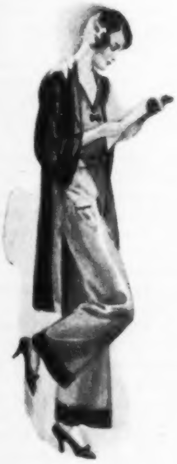
Gypsy Tuck-In Pajama
Model 257

Gypsy Coat
Model 211



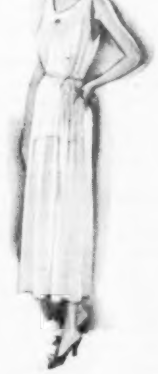
Costume Slip
Model 226

Shadow Skirt
Model 260

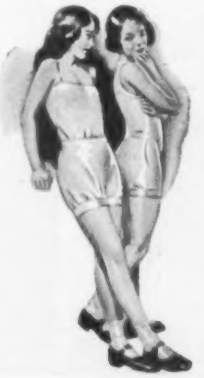


HeyDay Pajama
Model 259

Coat
Model 210



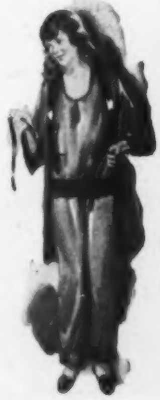
Nightrobe
Model 200



Girl's Undersuit
Model 594

Girl's Bloomer
Model 543

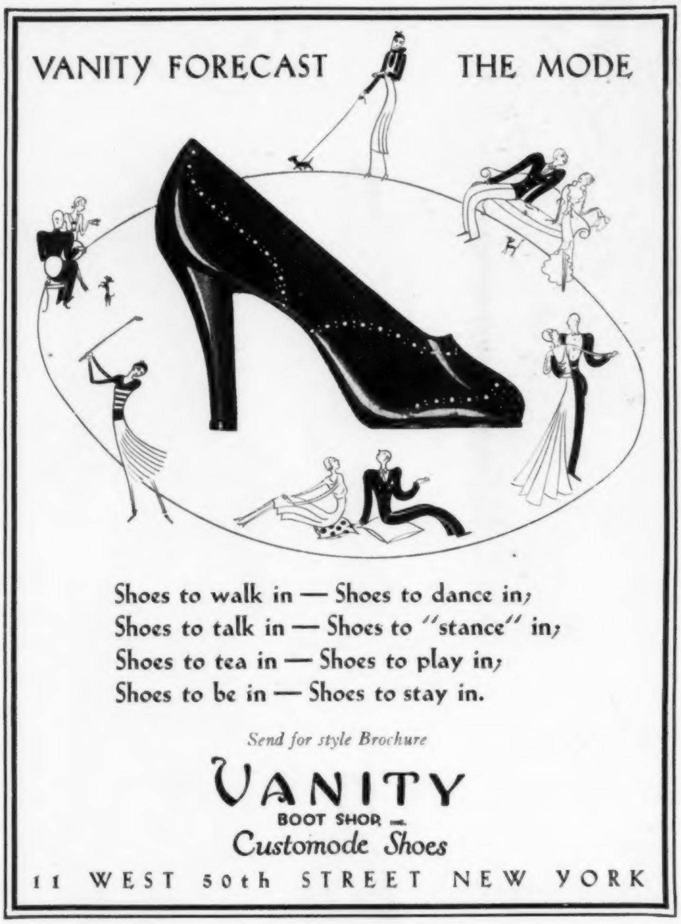
Girl's Vest
Model 508



Girl's Pajama
Model 550

Girl's Coat
Model 504

MUNSINGWEAR MUNSING Wear MINNEAPOLIS



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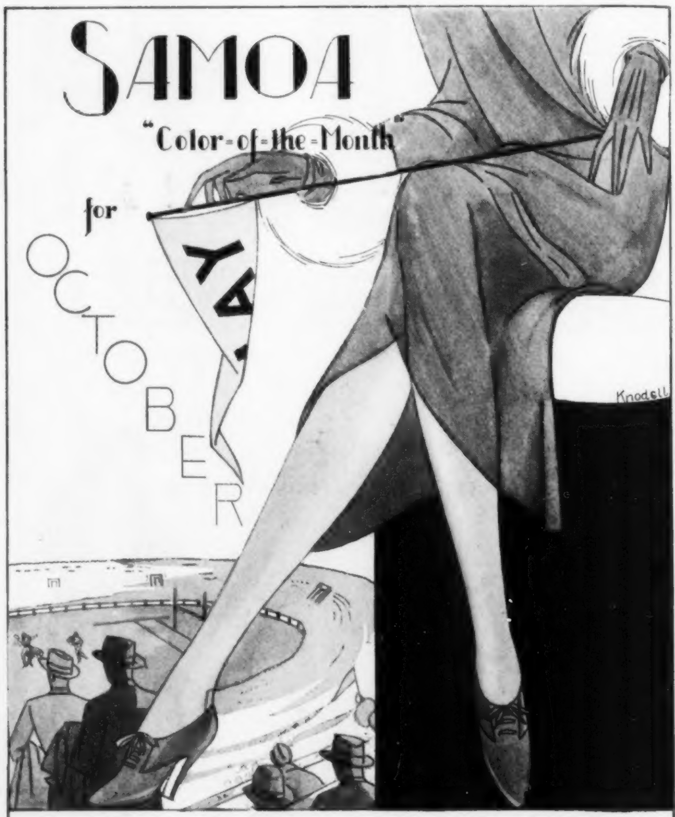

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Seeberger Frères

A Paquin suit, lavishly trimmed with fur, seen at the Deauville dog show.

PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(*Continued from page 178*)

ternoon colours, with here and there a note of purple or Parma violet, some bright reds and a very little grey. Beige is conspicuous by its absence. Vionnet, however, uses a great many of the light tertiary tones for afternoon: fawn, greyed pink, pale turquoise, aquamarine and even ice-white. She has less black in her collection for all times of day than any other house. Patou, as you know, uses his new yellowed green, and his astrakhan-beige, a drab shade, as well as quantities of black, and black and white together. Lelong is faithful to his own special shades of green and blue and adds some rich dark reds.

Sleeves in afternoon gowns receive a great deal of attention. They are puffed at the shoulder or at the elbow. Some are decidedly leg-of-mutton, as they were in 1830, and again in the 'nineties. Often they are dropped off the shoulder with shoulder yokes. Sometimes they have epaulet effects. They may be double. Patou shows sleeveless gowns, under heavily furred coats of vicuna cloth, the gowns of rich materials which may be worn to late afternoon or informal evening events. Late afternoon gowns also often have weepers from the elbows. Sometimes they are of the type that we call "Angel"; I should prefer to call them not angel but angle, because they catch everything. Mitten sleeves, lightly attached, or not attached at all, are importantly featured by Chéruit. Martial et Armand have also made considerable use of them.

Before coming to the morning clothes, I will take up the furs, because they play so important a part in afternoon modes. The favourite trimming furs are astrakhan and its relations, galyak, caracul and breitschwantz. Hudson seal has been revived by several houses, also unplucked otter, as trimming furs. Beaver is used for sports models. There is less fox and far less lynx, though some houses still love their deep fluffiness on afternoon coats. Patou replaces them, with the exception of silver foxes, by sable and marten. Unusual black-dyed furs, ermine and mole, are found in many houses. Heim showed the first black-dyed mole that I ever saw, and Vionnet the first black ermine. Fox, of course, is freely used for collars on evening coats. Hems of fur appear on many evening dresses. This is logical, now that such rich materials are used for them. The weight of the fabric can support the fur. Basque and tunic effects on evening gowns are also edged with fur, as I have said already.

One of the most interesting uses of fur is in the short jacket, meant to be worn over dresses. Almost all the houses show this in various shapes. There is a typical one from Callot on page 66. Vionnet's are very novel. Extremely short, they are done in grey or black astrakhan, and worn over gowns, the light coloured tops of which are as short-waisted as Empire dresses. Lelong's, also, are very short and suggest capes. Others are like fitted jackets, while others again are box shape. Some hang straight, some are nipped in, others are belted. For morning or sports, these fur jackets may be made of such skin as pony. For evening, they are usually of ermine. But they are intended for all times of day, and all occasions, even sports. On page 79 Chassagne has drawn one from Goupy in a new fur, called "berenwiski," in mottled brown and yellow; while on page 76 Martin shows one in weasel from Jane Régny. They are a distinct feature of the winter mode.

Important, also, are the capelets, fichus, and stoles of fur, which so many houses propose to use instead of the eternal attached fur collar. Patou would like us to wear them even with the frock, when we take off the coat. The couturiers are determined to protect us from bronchitis; they must be expecting a hard winter, for they have revived muffs also; muffs that are really bags, tiny round muffs for the tips of chilly fingers, long narrow muffs that slip up the arm and make a cuff; muffs of fur and fabric; muffs of the material of the frock, as the black and white dotted velvet one from Talbot. Goupy makes big ones of fox, or lynx, or sable skins, for evening, matching the collar on the wrap. Fur collars and cuffs show great originality. While for morning they tend to be small, neat, simple and often tied, for afternoon they are very varied, and for evening enormous and magnificent. Vionnet, in her afternoon coats, shows huge bell cuffs of fur. Lanvin shows both hour-glass cuffs, and all-fur sleeves. There are many fur collars,

(*Continued on page 182*)

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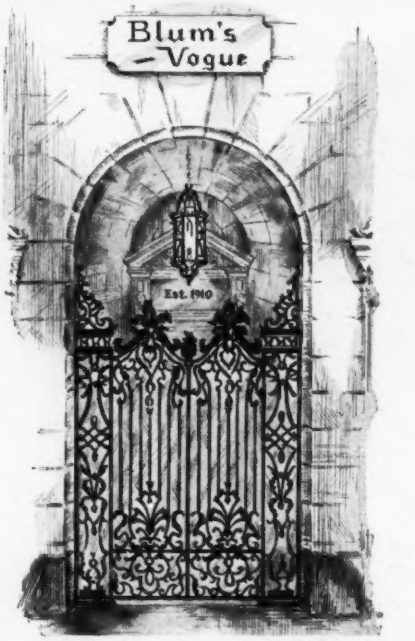

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Seeberger Frères

An example of one of the smart new woollen frocks snapped in Paris

PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(Continued from page 180)

pointed in the back, and some collarette ones.

Coming at last to morning, or street dress, we find suits of several types, some with fur-lined jackets, like Jane Régny's drawn by Martin on page 76; some very tailored, some softer. Many four-piece costumes, with long or three-quarter, rather loose coats worn over a suit and blouse, as Louiseboulanger does it, or with coats of redingote type with big 1830 revers. Ensembles of coat and frock, in the same or in two materials, are again with us. There are also great numbers of separate woollen frocks, in all sorts of materials, intended, probably, to be worn under fur coats. These little woollen frocks, in their infinite variety, are a strong feature of the collections.

Seen at several houses, notably Chantal and Iréne Dana, is the little jacket of the same material as the skirt, closely fitted, looking like a frock, that is removed to show a thin blouse of crêpe, or tussore, underneath. This is sometimes shown with a coat as part of a four-piece, and sometimes alone.

The morning materials are varied. On the whole, there are fewer tweeds, and those there are are close-woven instead of loose; small-patterned, and kept generally for special wear, sports, travel, country or bad weather in town. Their place is taken largely by hard woven mixtures, men's materials, cheviots, sometimes by serge. The heavier tweeds, often in diagonal or herring-bone weaves, are used for ulsters and travel coats, as are bouclettes, and chinchilla cloth. Not much velours de laine for coats, except at Vionnet's. Jerseys, also, are growing discreet. When they are figured, the designs are small and cravat-like. For the woollen frocks mentioned above, the wool jerseys in plain colours vie with the crêpey woollens in new weaves. Very thin broadcloth is also used for them. There are also numbers of these frocks in the new flamengas, a mixture of silk and wool, with small woven designs, line checks and the like. Régny has revived Scotch plaids for suits; Lanvin is using stripes to some extent. There is a new soft one-colour ribbed jersey that has been used a great deal. Velveteen is very popular for coats. It is also used to a certain extent for dresses. Worth uses it for waistcoat blouses with tweed suits. Some houses show blouses, jackets and dresses of specially woven tricots. Mirande has many of her own special tricot weaves that look like tweeds. Ostrich cloth is shown at several houses.

On pages 78 and 79 Chassagne has drawn some country clothes, in the setting of an autumn shooting party. The figure at the left of the first page is wearing a leather coat from Chantal. Leather appears in a good many collections for sports wear, especially at Schiaparelli's, who makes both jackets and waistcoat blouses of it. The waistcoat blouse, by the way, is a great favourite, and is made of all kinds of materials, including antelope (as in the drawing by Martin from Schiaparelli), and flat furs such as caracul or dyed mole, shown by Patou, Callot, Lanvin. Beside the Chantal lady, is another dressed by Mirande. She is wearing one of the very short double-breasted jackets over a piqué blouse, in one of Mirande's tweed-like tricots. You must imagine that her tweed coat, with its pockets for cartridges, cigarettes, et cetera, is being brought after her by the little wagon that always follows the guns in France. On the other page are two ladies dressed by Goupy, who have come out, not to shoot, but to encourage the others. The one at the left wears a speckled, hard-woven tweed in brown and white, with a cape lined with white caracul, and a brown and white fur cap; the other, a three-quarter belted coat of Goupy's new fur, and a cap edged with the same. Several houses showed us fur caps. There is another one drawn by Luza from Callot on page 66. The two women on page 78 are wearing the white cotton gloves that are always worn in France by those who handle guns, and they have high buttoned gaiters, to protect their ankles from the wet grass and briers.

Martin has drawn the clothes for travel or morning wear in town, Régny's Scotch plaid suit with the coat lined with fur, and her weasel jacket, with the scarf of the same. On page 77 is Schiaparelli's cheviot suit with gloves and vest-blouse of white antelope; and her most successful ensemble, black herring-bone coat and frock of wool and crêpe, the crêpe set in just where the woollen material might be too clumsy. You will realize that though these models are set in special scenes of shooting and travel, they are really of much wider application, and represent the country, travel, and morning-in-town situation, very well.

A few paragraphs about accessories,

(Continued on page 184)

Tuned to the mode of the lady... to sculptured Directoire gowns, natural curves, curls... and to the gay casual manner that wears all these so wisely... three English perfumes blended by Molinelle of London, now available at a few smart American shops.

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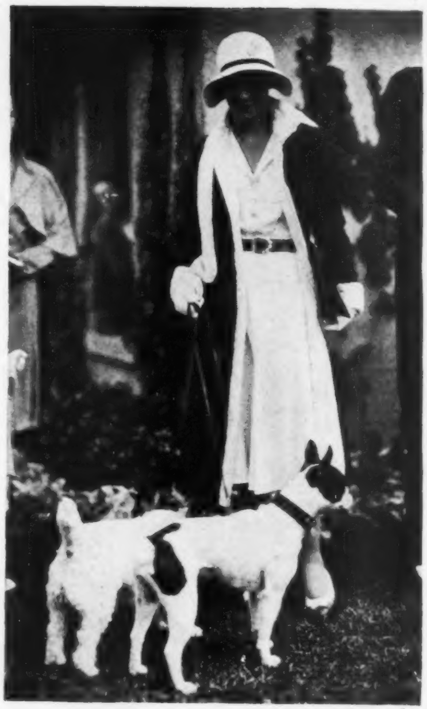


Seeberger Frères

A Worth coat, worn at the dog show which was held at the polo field at Deauville.

PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(*Continued from page 182*)

and I have finished this summary of novelties. Gloves have interested almost all the houses. There are many gauntlet types, with cuffs of fur, of patent leather, of striped tricot, of velvet, or even of real lace. Long dark blue, dark green, and dark red gloves complete daytime costumes of the same colour. Talbot who invented this style of glove shows us, this year, models in heavy black satin, also in blue georgette with a blue gown, and in silvered leather. Lelong has a new seamless glove; that is, with no seams up the sides, which you see on the Last-Minute pages. Callot has very unusual gloves of fish-net, in dark grey or black, that looks like tatting. Worth puts a folded top of crêpe de Chine on a long evening glove of white suède. Lenief adds a flaring cuff of embroidered crin-net to a long pink glove. Martial et Armand add a deep lace cuff to a long black glove. Madame Vallet also suggests that women have their bracelets enlarged and wear them just below the shoulder, on account of the adoption of gloves in the evening.

ON THE whole, there was less costume jewellery than usual. Patou's mannequins wore real pieces, many brooches included, from Van Cleef and Arpels. Lelong's proudly exhibited magnificent real jewels from Mauboussin. Chanel's mannequins showed some new and lovely costume necklaces, made by the Comte de Beaumont. Vionnet's had necklaces of round balls made of silver spangles. They also wore belts made of massed beads, or masses of silk French knots, in bright colours, coral, turquoise or green, on black or white dresses. And they carried huge chiffon handkerchiefs of several different colours, or fans of shaded chiffon petals. Chéruit showed necklaces made of velvet beads matching the gowns. Maggy Rouff's girls wore diamond clips to hold back a lock on one side of the coiffure.

Flowers were revived both for evening dresses and for tailleurs. I shall have more to tell you later about the original placing of flowers on evening gowns, for it was very interesting.

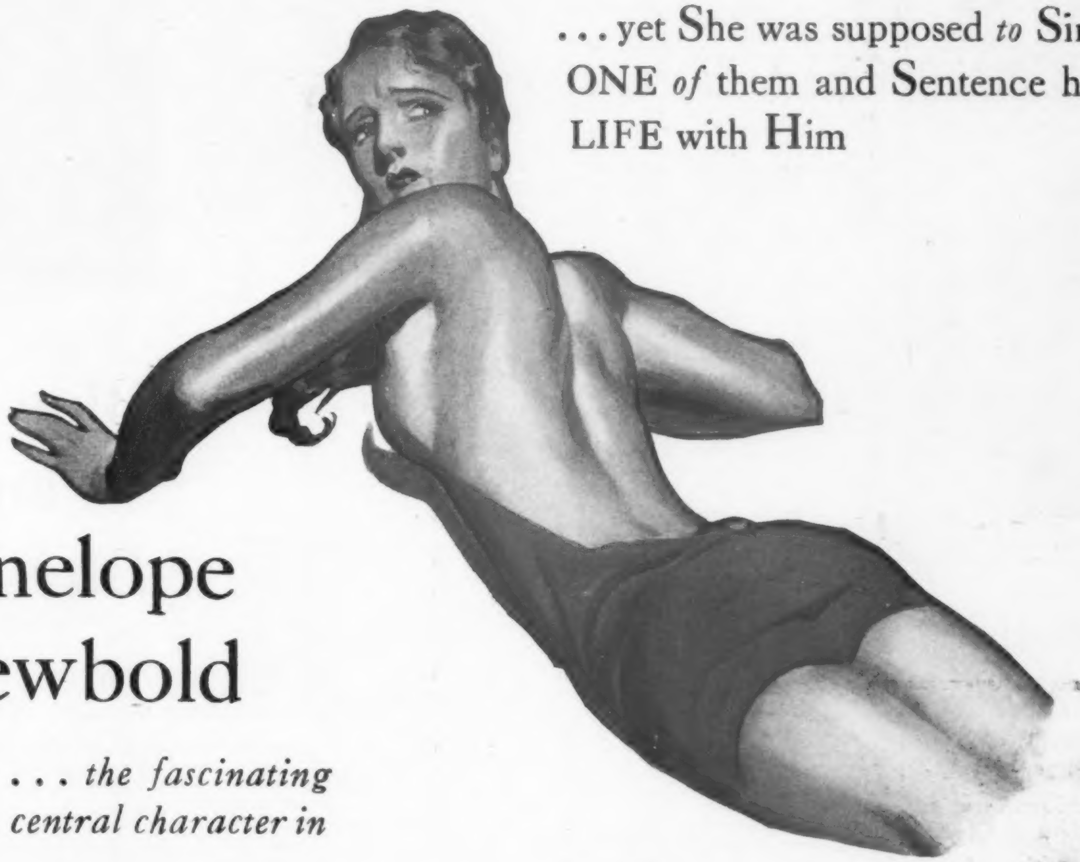
In some houses, notably at Patou's and Vionnet's, the mannequins carried special bags to match their dresses. Patou's were very large and flat, Vionnet's often combined two materials. As to shoes, Patou's girls wore dark red-brown oxfords with morning dresses, and with afternoon dresses Colonial pumps in black patent leather, with oval self-covered buckles. At Vionnet's the girls wore rose-red velvet mules with square toes with their lovely pyjamas. At Louiseboulanger's, the stockings of the girls were of a new colour, a dark green-gold, while their evening slippers were of a yellow-tan crêpe de Chine. At Talbot's they wore extremely dark brown stockings with everything, and black satin sandals from Hellstern, with open toes, for evening. At Schiaparelli's, there are new stockings, with a tiny design that looks like a jacquard weave. These are in a tone of very dark warm beige.

A word about hats, for several houses, including Patou, Talbot, Molyneux and Lanvin, showed their models with them. Patou's are larger, more trimmed; and often show one side of the profile outlined against the brim of the other side. One was trimmed with a long ostrich feather that hung down over one shoulder. Lanvin's were often like Marguerite's cap in *Faust*. Talbot favoured the tricorne, as tiny as Manon's. She also liked toques of lacquered feathers, and felt poke-bonnets cut away in the back to allow for a fur collar. Also, she showed beefeater caps of felt, with extremely shallow crowns. At Louiseboulanger's some of the evening gowns, in black, were shown with close caps of white velvet or white felt, with provision for growing hair in the back. One had two Mercury wings at this point.

During the collections, Agnès showed a group of fall hats, suitable for October wear. Her favourite colours for them were red scarlet, rose, or crimson. The rainy summer inspired her to combine felt with *toile cirée*. Her most attractive daytime models were the tricot caps that she has made for some time, with the addition of a shaped band of Persian lamb, the foundation skin treated to make it as supple as crêpe. Bénigni has drawn this on page 65. She proposes several tricot caps with one band, the caps to match one's jewellery, red, green, white, or turquoise. There were béret adaptations in this collection, and tricornes, bicornes, and what one might call unicornes. A Renaissance

(*Continued on page 186*)

It Took *a* DOZEN Men *of* Different Types *to* Keep Her Entertained



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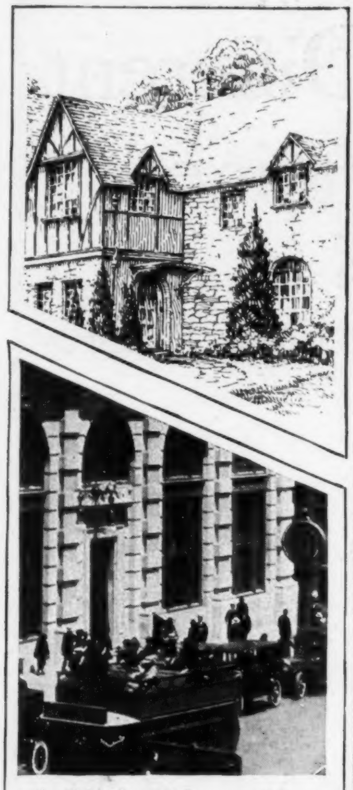

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PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(*Continued from page 184*)

touch appears in the afternoon model of velvet and *toile cirée* which Bénigni has sketched at the beginning of this article. Its big twist runs across the top of the head. Some brims turn right off the face; some, on the contrary, turn up in the back. When the hats were not red they were black, or deep *tête de nègre*, sometimes with a touch of pale blue.

As to descriptions of individual collections I cannot take the space to do justice to all of them. Full technical notes are available at the New York office, for any one who would like to see them. Here, I shall mention only a few points, that I have not touched upon in this summary, of collections that Baron de Meyer has not described.

Vionnet's collection is called the most beautiful she has ever shown. It is a divine collection intended to be worn by goddesses. I have mentioned many of its salient features. The evening gown sketched by Bénigni is, perhaps, the most novel of the evening silhouettes; but there are many giving an impression of the corollas of flowers, cut circular, the material starting from a point on each shoulder and continuing on the bias to the floor, where it softly spreads with the grace of a blossom. There are also curious combinations of light chiffon and dark velvet, almost suggesting the Middle Ages.

At Louiseboulanger's, who might be called "The Weaver's Delight," because she uses so many unusual materials in such masterly ways, there is a collection of heavy silk suits, odd in a winter showing. They are made of the new flamengas, moire, armure, heavy satin, broché satin, façonné taffeta, et cetera, with short jackets. Very new are the narrow scarfs of fur, fitch or broadtail, that tie once over in the front and hang almost to the knee. Short scarfs of printed velveteen in three tones accompany tailleurs of tweed. Extraordinary is her new embroidery on tulle, in which rows of Hindu gods, with painted faces, sit among arabesques of silver and spangles.

At Augustabernard's one always finds clothes that important women in France will be seen wearing later on. I particularly liked, this time, her idea of a big scarf, wide, not very long, worn with the ends hanging down the back, and done in pale wedding-ring velvet. These were shown with black lace evening dresses, sometimes with narrow belts to match the scarf in colour.

PREMET'S collection was especially interesting to me, because its designer was my old friend, Madame Georgette from Chanel's. The consensus of opinion was that she has made a hit with her first collection. The clothes were just what one wants, and the workmanship impeccable. I particularly liked the lovely evening dresses in thin materials, many of the "table-bell" silhouette.

At Callot's, the collection was extremely varied and everything that is new in material, line or colour, may be found there.

Among evening models with "period" inspiration, I might mention velvet gowns like those of 1912, gowns with fan-plaited backs, recalling those of 1875, or with elaborate skirts of box-plaited frills, suggesting 1878 or 9. Some Empire waistlines and some models of Spanish shawl inspiration.

The most characteristic note in Madame Wormser's always highly original collection was found in the glove or mitten sleeves which appeared on many afternoon gowns. To take the place of her spangled smoking jackets, which had so much success with the most important Parisian personalities, she has made spangled tunics, called "Djelkis," shown with starched chiffon or tulle skirts in black. One in blue, red and silver spangles is perfectly lovely. She also uses sashes, on black lace gowns, of several different coloured ribbons, moire or velvet, and likes to group three flowers, red blue and green, perhaps, at the waist at one side of a lace bodice.

Talbot's collection excited as much interest and favourable comment as any in Paris, among the professionals. It was a series of lovely pictures. The evening gowns were either of a picturesque *moyen-age* feeling, or they were very frilly and romantic.

IT was delightful to me to see the success of Jane Régny's evening gowns, for evening dress is rather a new departure for her. She paid great attention to backs, so much so that some of the models looked almost as if they had been put on back to front. Fan-tails were one of her favourite means of suggesting the late 'seventies period, but there was nothing "costume" about it. It was a legitimate, modern interpretation of an old idea.

At Poiret's, I noted coat dresses worn with furs, and princess afternoon frocks with chemisette effects. Very long afternoon gowns in various rich materials. Amber jewellery with black. A group of young girls' frocks, in pale-coloured tulles, sprinkled with tiny velvet flowerets, like Botticelli's Flora.

At Martial et Armand's, Madame Vallet has been thinking of the great Napoleon, particularly at the time of his return from Egypt. So, we find reminiscent details in collars, revers and sashes. Also, Egyptian girdles that hold the hips and tie in front. Colours: raisin, currant, green-blues and some browns. Sleeves with trimming at the elbow. Madame Vallet considers that the present mode is not young, and has done everything that she could think of to conquer this disadvantage for her older clients. Her charming bridesmaid dresses, drawn by Marty on page 71, are in the revived material, *poult de soie*.

(*Concluded on page 188*)

Seeberger Frères

The dog show at the Deauville polo field.

Courtesy Italy's Hotels de Luxe

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PARIS WINTER 1930-1931

(*Concluded from page 186*)

Jenny designed the bridal gown, drawn by Marty, and included it in her collection. Her evening gowns have been greatly admired this season. Many have rather short bodices, tight hips and long full skirts. They are in all materials, both thick and thin. Some use ribbon stripings.

One expects to be surprised by startling novelty at Schiaparelli's, and one is never disappointed. I have shown two of my favourite numbers on page 77. I must say a word about her details that seemed to me to come from the period of the French Revolution. Choker collars, big revers, high double-breasted buttoning on coats, fichus crossed in front and tied in the back, often twisted on the way, and swathed sashes that might have been worn by Napoleon as First Consul. I shall tell you about her novel pyjamas in a later number.

Goupy, I thought, had a charming collection, very well balanced; all parts of it, sports, morning, afternoon and evening, containing attractive models. Every one loved the Lyons velvet evening gown of deep sapphire blue called "Monseigneur." New, for morning, were Russian blouses in sports furs, something like the one sketched by Chassagne on page 79, but more Russian. The hats, made by Madame Colette Goupy, completed the daytime models very prettily. I especially admired a tricorne in broadtail.

Baronne Fouquier, of Lenief S. A., seemed to specialize in robe-like evening wraps of great beauty. That is why I chose the burnt orange and light orange one to show you on page 74. She continued the Greek feeling in her evening gowns, with some of Spanish shawl inspiration. Her daytime skirts were often very long, sometimes only twenty centimetres from the floor.

Irène Dana found the courage to "go Empire" in some of her evening gowns. Others suggested 1830, or rather 1820, with their straight skirts and thickly ruched hems. Some were Second Empire with skirts of ruffles, and off-shoulder berthas. But, if evening clothes were fanciful, daytime ones were eminently wearable.

At Chantal's, I found the usual delightful colour schemes, for there is no designer in Paris who has a richer or more original palette than Madame Chantal. Combinations of several materials, tweed, hand-knitted tricot, and thin tussore, for example, were typical of the daytime clothes. She likes the fashion of very short jackets, closely fitted, that look like frocks until they are removed to show the blouse beneath.

At Maggy Rouff's, I particularly noted her ink colour, which is a very dark prune, almost black. This collection is distinguished, and the materials are rich, while furs are lavishly used. Some of the most wonderful of the lamés from French looms have been used for magnificent evening wraps.

Mirande is about to take over the premises of Dœuillet-Doucet, for Mr. Dœuillet is retiring after many years consecrated to making women look attractive. Her special tricots are very good. Many are in stripe effects, some speckled. She even sunplaits tricot in sports skirts. Her fur jackets are very short this season, and often shown with scarfs. She uses smocking on black satin in an afternoon gown, and silk jersey for another afternoon model. Her evening gowns often made me think of the immortal Gibson Girl, as did Redfern's. A white model was finely beaded in curved lines of coral, and she used Bianchini's lovely Alaska for an evening gown.

Lucile Paray designed the mother's gown on the bridal pages in supple silvery lamé, for lamé in the afternoon is a feature of the new fashions. Her sleeves are amusing, many with little balloons at the top of the arm. Her favourite colours are a poppy red and a rich petunia.

Ardanse likes marquisette for evening gowns, either black or in colour. Her sleeves, also, are very important. Some are trimmed with thick lace, some with embroidery. Some of the day frocks had chemisettes of *broderie anglaise* done on suède. Splendid embroideries, one in strass and turquoise, appeared on some evening gowns. Many had diagonal frills.

I described Heim's coats in the September issue. The dresses are soft, often with elaborate scarf effects. One costume had a green velvet gown under a bolero of grey galyak, with a detachable fur wrap-around skirt. The ensemble looks like a long grey fur coat with a green velvet belt and is very successful.

Bernard et Cie's well-made collection showed suits with fur waistcoats. There is one on the Last-Minute pages. He puts fur bands round the skirts just above the hem, and sometimes scalloped them. A good deal of the new imitation broadtail tissues were used. Muffs accompanied all the fur-trimmed suits.

Madame Yteb loves frills this season; she uses them even on tailleurs. Her waistlines are rather high and her evening corsages short. She still prefers black to colour, but shows one or two yellow evening gowns. One finds many of the useful little frocks among the daytime clothes; there is always room for one more in any wardrobe.

Alex, for many years designer at Dœuillet-Doucet's, now established in a house of his own, has used the new tarred tulle, in a model which is sketched on the Last-Minute pages. He also has done elaborate evening gowns in printed taffeta. He has always made simple wearable frocks for daytime and splendid evening gowns, and this collection is true to type.

Madame Charlotte, formerly of Premet's, has also opened her own house on the Faubourg St. Honoré, under her own name, Charlotte Revyl. The entrance is done in modernistic mirror arrangements, and above there is a long narrow room with antiqued yellow-beige walls. Her collection shows traces of the early part of the nineteenth century, seen in high waistlines, graceful draperies and little details of collar and sleeve. Many colours are shown, but there is a preference for reds and greens, with neutral tones for sports. Black, that Parisian favourite, is also well represented.

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Ada Alden

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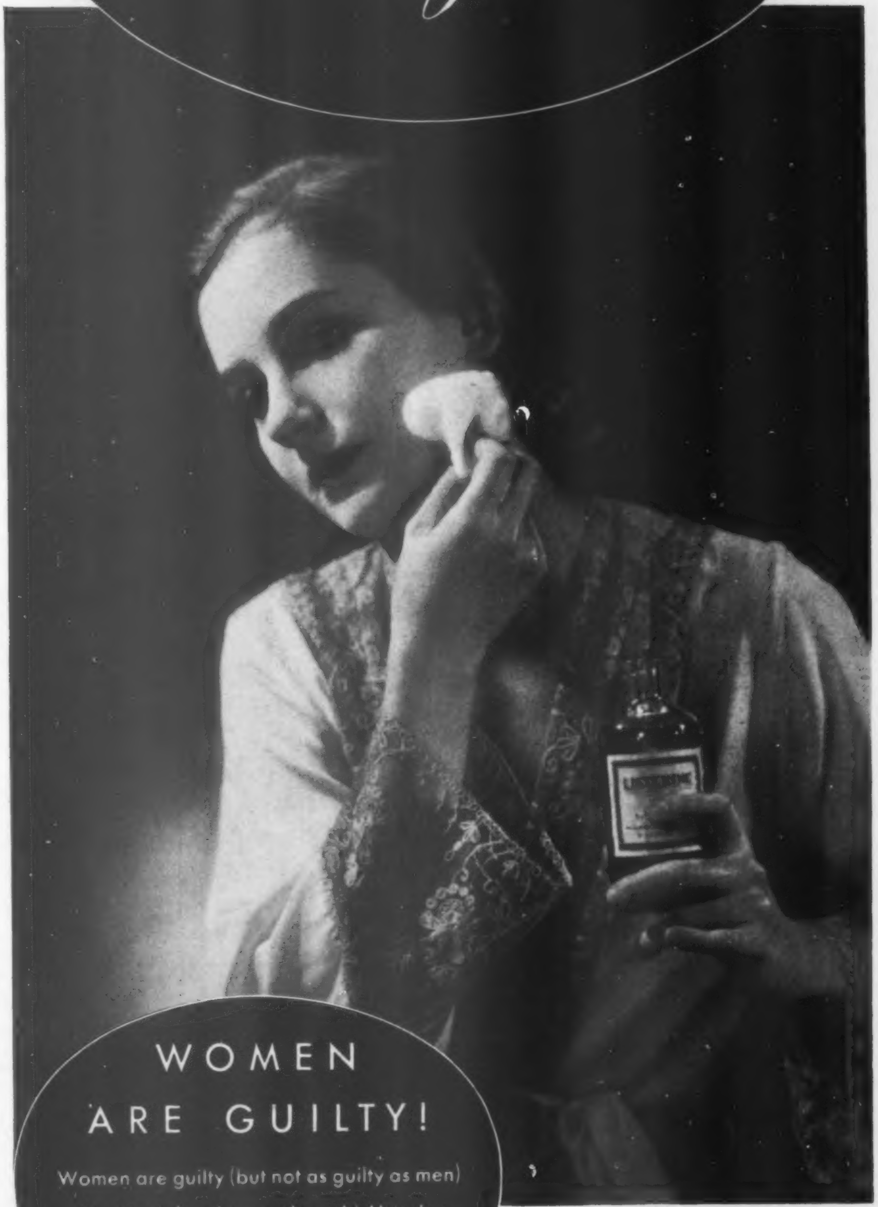

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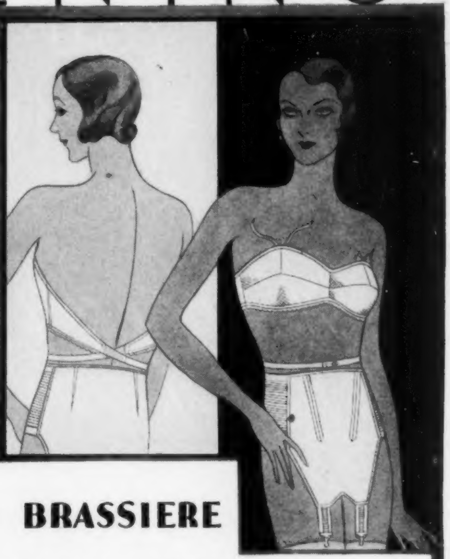

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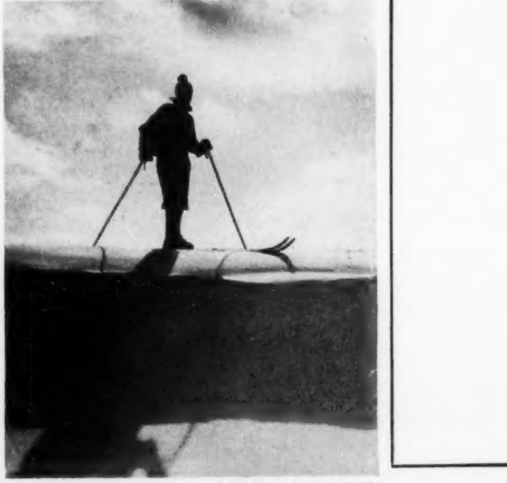

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PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

By ROSEMARY CARR BENET

RETURNING after three years abroad, you feel like—you feel like Rip Van Winkle. You have left undone all the things that other people have done; you may or may not have done a few things that they have not done, but how to get them into the conversation! And, to continue with the church service, there is often no health in you—no conversational health, at least—or so you feel in New York's brilliant X-ray sunlight.

Backgammon, you say? Backgammon. You seem to remember having seen backgammon boards in antique shops, or was that chess? Or perhaps you think of Uncle Lemuel who used to while away placid evenings with that ancient pastime. Backgammon, you are informed, is the latest form of indoor sport. Murder games, which had just begun to take their toll of shattered nerves in Paris, have gone out.

And you discover crooners. Singing when you left, if done at all, was gone about in a large, gusty, open-throated way. No ear-straining was required on the part of the listeners: quite the reverse. Now you are asked to admire favourites who inhale their voices as they do their cigarettes and who expel them through what seems to be a wet sponge in the mouth. There is the same warm, damp, muffled effect in the vocal organs. Very pleasant and soothing when you are used to it. But so surprising the first time.

And pent-houses! Pent-houses, each with a major, magnificent view and a minor, microscopic rock garden, have sprung up in the most unimaginable places. In fact, one of my first experiences on returning was to pause, bemused, in the midst of traffic, at the sight of what had happened to Fifty-seventh Street since I had left it. "Well, Pocahontas," remarked the traffic cop, "watcha looking at?" Then I knew I was back.

People live in new places. There are few constants left. Your address book must be erased and scratched beyond recognition. You learn futuristic telephone exchanges such as Volunteer and Bogardus. People have migrated to the East River. They have climbed up and up in new buildings. You shoot heavenward in incredibly swift elevators to find them. Were elevators ever so breathtaking five years ago? More incredibly still, after the one-way-up-only Paris *ascenseurs*, you shoot down again.

EVEN foods are different. You are initiated to the tomato juice cocktail, for instance, which now graces every menu card and which I never remember seeing in the old days. Gustatory surprises before dinner include an Arabian Nights profusion of little sandwiches and such savoury exotics as olives wrapped in bacon. One friend, always up on the latest dietetic fads, cordially suggested that I try a raw liver sandwich. I declined with horror, only to have her tell me that this is the modern diet for healthy children. And water, of course, flows like wine in Paris.

Diseases are transformed. Glands and sinuses are in. Old-fashioned liverishness (which is still a favourite complaint in England) and the deadly *courant d'air* which is the basis of all ailments in France, do not exist here. A happy change, on the whole. I much prefer to hear about the vagaries of the thyroid to the liver, if the conversation must get medical.

Even antiques, which ought to be reasonably constant since they mirror another static age, have changed. Model stage-coaches replace ships in bottles. Crystal lustres have been mysteriously found and resurrected in quantity. Old dolls, bright painted toys, porcelain dogs and the like have migrated from the back shelves in the nursery to the very front of the antique store windows.

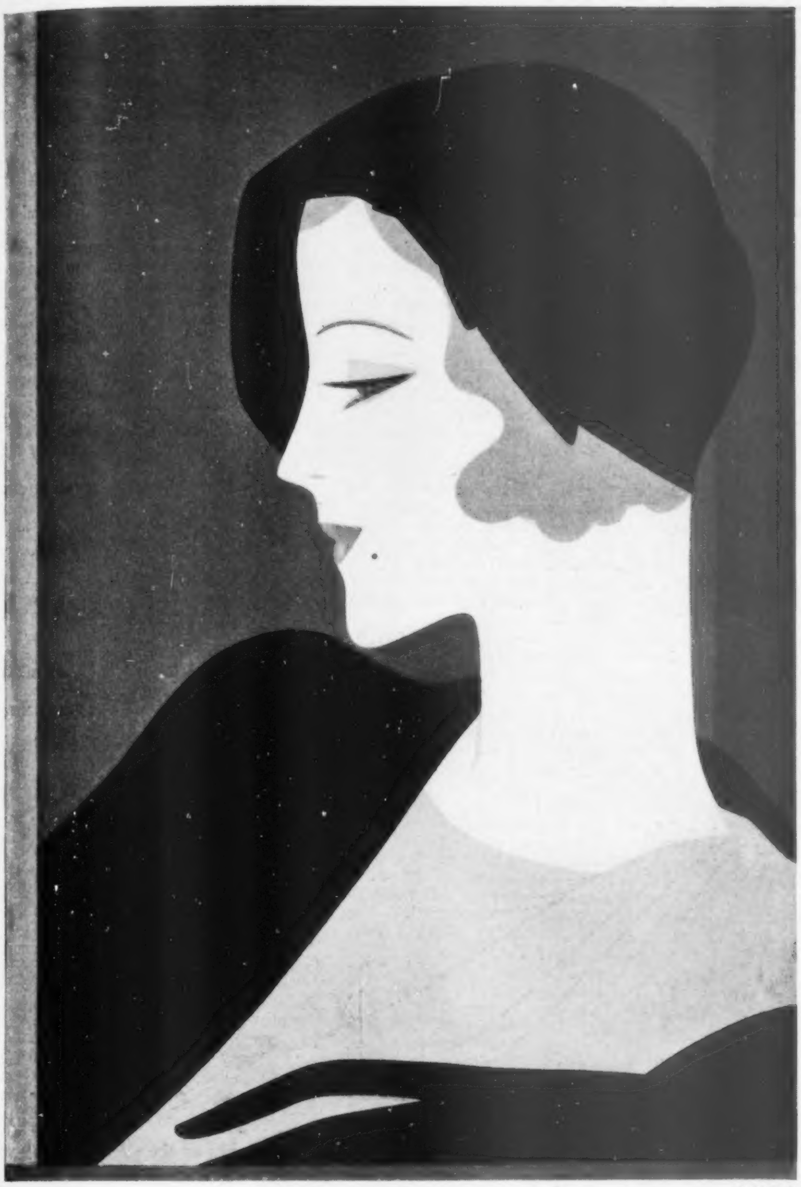
You have read none of the latest, hot-from-the-press best sellers. Nor seen the last plays. There are six-months conversational cycles. Try to vary them too much and you sound stupid or erudite; either of which makes for the same conversational aridity.

There is no end to the list of what you have forgotten: the length of little boys' trousers; the number of coloured people; the popularity of a certain bleak form of Early American decorating; the cleanliness, the super-cleanliness; the enormous ice-boxes, the sun coming up in waves from the pavement; the cathedral-like drug stores where you can buy a four-course luncheon, a kodak, some hardware and the complete works of Mr. Conrad; the small door-keys, after your four-inch iron Paris one; the extremes of hot and cold water, the politeness (in porters and moving men but not in plumbers); the number seven written without a cross-bar; the splendid offices, looking for all the world like huge, bright kindergartens. All these strike you afresh, as if you had just seen them for the first time, with particular clearness, like the sudden clarity after coming out of an anesthetic.

THE problem is not the much-heralded how to speak French to the waiter, but how not to speak French to the waiter and be laughed at. There is nothing so ridiculous as dragging in a foreign language by its heels to show it off. The people who just cannot speak their mother tongue without interlarding, *Voilà tout*, *Ma Chère*, *Dios Mio*, and things like that, we have all disliked always; to be taken for one of these irritating show-offs is too shameful to think of. And yet I defy anyone who has shouted "*Entrez*" over a considerable period of time when someone taps at the door, to change suddenly to crying "Come in" without considerable mental effort. Habit grips you. You say good morning and good-by automatically on entering and leaving a shop, and are stared at uneasily. You speak of mounting and descending the stairway, keeping to French locutions, and sound incredibly affected. You are uncertain about the price of a newspaper, car-fare, tipping. "Well," people say, "How silly!" and return the verdict "spoiled," instead of ever the kindlier "absent-minded." You watch your children carefully through the phases of a musical comedy accent, hoping and praying that theirs will not be the sad fate of the bilingual little boy who, in an unguarded moment, called his shirt his chemise and was not allowed to forget it through the rest of his school career.

This constant effort to bridge over lapses, to catch up, to find out what people are talking and thinking! It is exactly like Alice's breathless run with the Red Queen; on and on furiously you go, to arrive triumphantly, panting, contemporaneous, just where you should have started. I know of no feeling like it. Except skipping classes in school in the old days. To be put with older, taller, wiser children who have had fractions and irregular verbs in French. And to try to proceed smilingly and not too stupidly with lessons that preclude a knowledge of these same fractions and verbs. Substitute conversation, small talk, fads, interests of the moment—and you have it. A good deal of home work is necessary.

Things change so quickly in this fluid modern life. Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?



LUZA

For this double hat of fine black felt combined with black velvet, Maria Guy derives her inspiration from the béret and from the American sailor's cap. In Paris, this autumn, one rarely sees a brim.

NEVER has there been such ingenuity in a mere hat, such romance, such sophistication. This fall a limp yard of velvet, a tiny piece of felt, twisted, folded by an artist, may change your entire personality. And never before has there been such confusion in the world of fashion. Nor has there been more real beauty and individuality. The success of your winter wardrobe rests upon uncanny foresight and great restraint. Depend absolutely upon Harper's Bazaar. Its fashion experts have been at every provocative resort, Biarritz, Antibes, Le Touquet, Juan Les Pins—have seen what is being worn, what will be worn. They have entrée to the most famous fashion salons in Paris—have talked intimately with Patou, Lanvin, Schiaparelli. Out of the chaos of the great openings, they have chosen for you only the appropriate hats, costumes, jewels which possess genuine distinction. They have brought you the magic atmosphere of Paris itself. In these 24 intriguing issues is all that the smart woman of cultivated and highly trained taste could wish in a magazine to reflect her own brilliant background.

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THE COMB

(*Concluded from page 128*)

the gift of making him believe that he was the only person in the world. The afternoon slipped rapidly by. The white-aproned maid, bringing tea for them alone under the oak tree, encouraged their feeling of intimacy. He seemed to have known her for years.

But the return of the rest of the party drove them back into terms of mere acquaintanceship. The evening was passed in the usual frivolities of a week-end party.

As he put out his light, greatly daring he called out softly, "Good night, Wanda."

Her sleepy answer came back: "Good night, my dear. Bless you!"

Ernest (whose surname Harold could never remember; he was so completely Ernest) arrived early next morning to play tennis. He changed in Harold's room, and together they woke Wanda by banging on the wall. After much indistinct blasphemy, she eventually got up and strayed down to the tennis court. Her tennis was about as good as her bridge (auction), and they played for most of the day with intervals for meals and for Wanda to go indoors and "do her face."

Ernest was taking the party up the river to dine at a new night club where they could get drinks after hours. Harold could not see anything amusing in this inebriated concourse of screeching women and fatuous young men. For him the party was a failure because he had scarcely been able to exchange two words with Wanda during the whole evening. To add to his discomfort, she seemed to be infected with the empty hilarity of the rest and had danced nearly the whole time with what he described to her afterward as a "greasy Dago." When at last he managed to get her to himself, "Do you like that creature?" he asked sulkily.

Wanda seemed surprised.

"He's quite frightful," she said. "But didn't you see how divinely he moved?"

Harold muttered something about never being able to understand women.

"Never try, my dear," she answered. "I'll drive you back in my car. Let's go now."

Neither of them knew the way back; each time they took a wrong turning and he got out to read a signpost by the light of a match, she thought it a huge joke.

"I'm very bad at 'way'," she explained, "and dreadfully blind in the dark."

THAT this was true was proved later by a controversy she had with a cow which had strayed off the roadside. The animal blundered away, bellowing, while Wanda speculated whether damage to a cow was covered by the third-party clause in her insurance policy.

Soon he found that his arm had slipped down from the back of the seat and was round her waist. For the first time she gave him her undivided attention, for "driving a car," she said, "doesn't need attention."

"Are you ever serious?" he groaned in despair.

"Only with my bank manager and my hair-dresser. You see, I'm terrified of the former and all my success is due to the latter."

She seemed to surround herself with an impenetrable barrier of flippancy. It was more than once on the tip of his tongue to say, I love you: but it seemed out of place. At last they found the house. She negotiated the doors of the garage with a dash which was all her own and with some damage to the offside front wing.

"Damned silly narrow garage for a rich man like Roy to build," she grumbled. "I'll charge him up with that wing."

She switched off the engine and the lights, and as he helped her from the car she stumbled. He caught her in his arms and kissed her. He felt her suddenly surrender, and he kissed her on the mouth. Neither of them spoke, and gently taking his hand she walked with him to the house.

All was in darkness. The others were in bed.

"Good night, my dear," she said outside her door.

In his room he could hardly believe that five minutes earlier he had held that lovely body in his arms. The night was wonderfully quiet, and he could hear Wanda moving softly about her room. Tomorrow she was leaving early, he knew—and on Tuesday, Canada. God! he simply must see her again, tonight! But how!

At last he had an idea. He swore loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked Wanda through the thin wall.

"They've packed my comb with Ernest's tennis things."

"I'll lend you mine," she said. "I'll push it under the door."

The comb slowly emerged from under the door, the death-knell of his hopes.

Next morning the guests disappeared by two's and three's after breakfast, but Harold lingered as long as he dared. Later on, Wanda casually descended, and he helped to pack her and her precious suit-case into her car. She wished him good luck in his new life.

Then she started the engine. A tiny smile hovered at the corners of her mouth as she looked at him.

"Pity Ernest didn't take your hairbrush, wasn't it?" she said.

COMING IN NOVEMBER

HARPER'S BAZAAR for November will be one of the bi-annual New York fashions numbers. It will be a treasure both for fashion-minded women and for discriminating short-story enthusiasts.

Lord Dunsany will contribute "The Sultan's Pet," a gem of oriental fantasy, imaginatively illustrated by Erté. Other fiction will include "Six Inches of Water," by Owen Johnson, a story of a Wall Street wit at a conservative winter resort, illustrated by Ralph Barton. Nancy Hoyt has an amusing commentary on French thrift in a short story called "The Jewel." Elisabeth Finley Thomas' "2388" is a little telephone romance with an O. Henry climax. "Chi-Chi the Chow," who is introduced in this issue by his owner, Mrs. E. Berry Wall, continues his adventures with famous people and foreign lands. The popular serial, "Lo and Behold!" by Charles J. Pelton, continues in its fifth installment, illustrated by the inimitable Fish. For those with the travel urge there will be "The Beautiful Blue West Indies," by Prunella Wood.

New York designers and shops will be featured in the fashion section with Kathleen Howard's valuable "finds" presented in drawings and photographs by the well-known Harper's Bazaar artists.

Baron de Meyer's unusual fashion photographs will appear; and Marjorie Howard's letter from Paris will give authoritative notes on winter fashions, with outstanding models from *la haute couture* illustrated by our Paris artists.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

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When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

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It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 248

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Fashionable Shops and Services

SOCIAL CALENDAR

for OCTOBER 1930

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1—Fall flower show under auspices of Nassau County Horticultural Society, Horticultural Hall on the Pratt estate, Glen Cove, L. I.

Wedding of Miss Helen Griffiths Harmon, daughter of Mrs. William Elmer Harmon of 1088 Park Avenue, New York City, to Russell Shepherd Racey, at the summer home of the bride's mother in Southport, Conn.

International Star championship motor-boat races, Gibson Island, Md. To continue through October 4.

Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Westchester-Biltmore Steeplechase Association, Rye, N. Y. To be run again on October 4.

Wedding of Miss Mary Maude Howell, sister of Joshua Zophar Howell of Devon, Pa., to Guy Estey Brown.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2—Wedding of Miss Frances West Gillmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Quincy A. Gillmore of 840 Park Ave., New York City, to R. Norris Williams, 2d., in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

Annual Piping Rock horse-show, Locust Valley, L. I. To continue through October 4.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4—Wedding of Miss Katharine Lansing Barnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt Dixon Barnes of 134 E. 62nd St., New York City, to Joseph Bryan, 3d., at "Nonesuch House," the country home of the bride's parents at Manhasset, L. I.

Wedding of Miss Helen Virginia Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Donaldson Clark of Washington, D. C., to John Colgan Shaw at the Kenwood Country Club, Washington.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6—Horse-racing under the auspices of the Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I., to continue through October 27.

Autumn tennis tournament, Hot Springs, Va.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7—Horse-racing under the auspices of the Maryland State Fair, Inc., Laurel, Md. To continue through November 1.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8—Wedding of Miss Anne Seddon Kinsolving, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Kinsolving of Baltimore, Md., to John Nicholas Brown, in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Baltimore.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9—Wedding of Miss Jean Graves, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hale Graves, to W. Holden White, in Grace Church, South Orange, N. J. Reception to follow at the bride's home in South Orange.

Dog show under the auspices of the Agricultural Society, Danbury, Conn. To continue through October 10.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10—Formal opening of the Breakfast Club in the Hotel Delmonico, New York City.

Tea by Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Girvin, Jr., at Rosemont, Pa., in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Alice Girvin.

Horse show, Lawn Tennis Club, Orange, N. J. To continue through October 11.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11—Dog show under the auspices of the Kennel Club, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Norfolk Hunt, Medfield, Mass.

Ensign Steeplechase, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

Wedding of Miss Irene du Pont Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Ruliph Carpenter of Montchanin, Del., to William Jefferson Kitchell, in Christ Church, Wilmington, Del.

Wedding of Miss Louise Waterman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Waterman of Boston, Mass., to Anthony Morris Varey, Jr., in the Church of the Redeemer, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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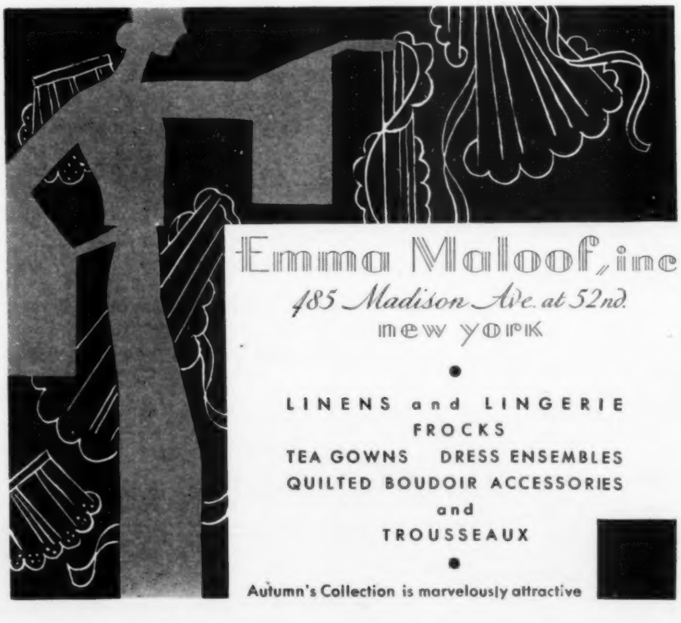

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SOCIAL CALENDAR
for OCTOBER 1930

(*Concluded from page 194*)

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13—Autumn golf tournament, Hot Springs, Va.
Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa. To be run again on October 15 and October 18.
Women's championship golf tournament, Country Club, Los Angeles, Calif. To continue through October 18.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14—Wedding of Miss Mary H. Steel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Steel of Philadelphia, Pa., to George Chapman Thayer, in St. James' Church, Philadelphia. Reception to follow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. B. Steel, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16—Autumn golf tournament, Shawnee Country Club, Shawnee-on-Delaware. To continue through October 18.
Opening performance of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa.
National orchid show, Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C. To continue through October 18.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17—October ball at Hotel Pierre, New York City, in aid of the Association of Day Nurseries.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18—Dog show under the auspices of the Lehigh Valley Kennel Club, Bethlehem, Pa.
Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Myopia Hunt Club, Hamilton, Mass.
Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Monmouth County Racing Association, Red Bank, N. J.
Wedding of Miss Carmita de Solms Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. North Emory Bartlett of Philadelphia, Pa., to Seth Caldwell Hetherington, in Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia.
Luncheon by Mrs. Ralph Richards, at Hotel Mayflower, Washington, D. C., to present her daughter, Miss Betty Richards.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20—Greenbrier autumn golf championship, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21—Luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Barrett of 65 West 54th St., New York City, and Washington. D. C. at Hotel Pierre, New York, in honour of their débutante daughter, Miss Audrey Barrett.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22—Hunt race meet under the auspices of the Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N. J. To be run again on October 25.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23—Horse-racing under the auspices of the Empire City Racing Association, Yonkers, N. Y. To continue through November 7.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24—Wedding of Miss Ada Josephine Bruce, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John A. Bruce of Mattapoisett, Mass., to Henry Kent Chapin, Jr., in Boston, Mass.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25—Annual autumn ball, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Mrs. George B. St. George, chairman.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27—Formal opening of the opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City.
Luncheon by Dr. and Mrs. William C. Gwynn, at Hotel Mayflower, Washington, D. C., in honour of their daughter, Miss Louise Harrison Gwynn.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28—Horse-racing, Churchill Downs, Ky. To continue through November 8.
Horse show, Boston, Mass. To continue through November 1.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29—Dog show under the auspices of the Mid-Jersey Field Dog Club, Plainfield, N. J.

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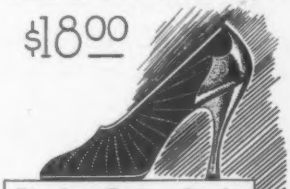

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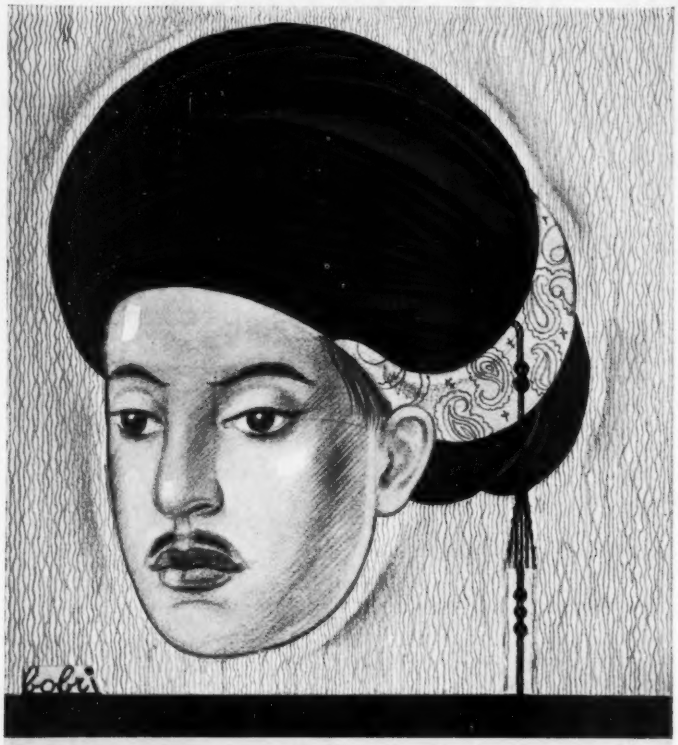

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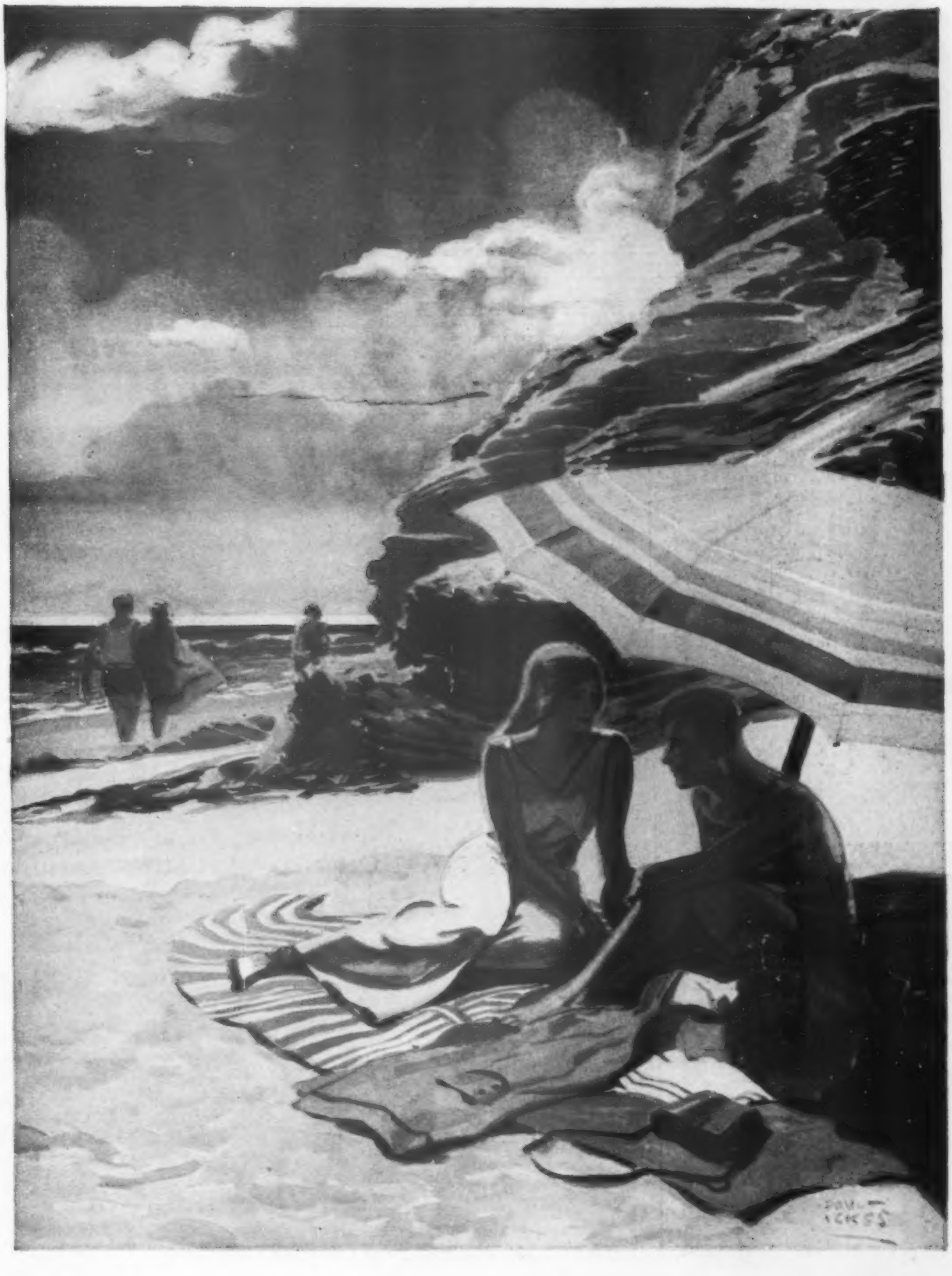
When you start out to assure yourself that your particular "London Bridge" is still intact, or when new fields draw you like a magnet, remember that the pages of Harper's Bazaar, and the companies listed therein, offer priceless hints for travel at its best—and to travel well is to have your cake and eat it, too!



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CUISINE CALIFORNIAN

UNTIL last winter I never was able to wax sufficiently enthusiastic over the prospect of a trip to the Coast actually to do something about it. But now that I look back on California, in retrospect, I appreciate why its sons and daughters sing its praises. I want to go back, and one reason why I want to return (I break down and confess) is because of the marvellous California cuisine. Those who live in the Golden State are good to themselves when they sit down to a meal. Their dishes are distinctive, too. Here are a few of the high spots I remember:

My attention was first called to a new palate-tickler on the train going out, and, while it isn't necessarily Californian, I shall mention it, as it was a new trick to me. I had never thought you could do much to a baked potato other than having it baked thoroughly and carefully. But when I opened mine, what should I find nestling in it but a little sausage. Swell idea, that—and you would be surprised what it does to a potato.

The feature of California cuisine which struck me as most outstanding was the importance given to salad. I have never tasted any that compared with it—not even in *la belle* France. I approve, too, of the importance they give it on the menu—first place, if you please! As a matter of fact, I don't know why salad is not used as a first course more universally, instead of *hors d'œuvres*. You find interesting salads everywhere on the Coast, from the swankiest clubs to the modest restaurants. The latter are keen on those made from raw vegetables. These are not bad, either, but personally I will take those made of avocado (a dressier name for alligator pear), artichokes, Pacific crabs or shrimps, and the water-cress which is specially fine on the Coast.

The first California salads I encountered were in Hollywood. My first meal was at the Brown Derby, which proved so attractive that I went there many times afterward. They go in for things of the good substantial sort.

As you enter the Brown Derby you see a long table almost entirely filled with salads, the chefs back of them keeping them constantly supplied with fresh ingredients. The salads are in bowls—as they should be—not laid out in neat patterns with trick trimmings as you are apt to find them in this country. Things to order at the Brown Derby are steaks, chops, roasts, baked potatoes; in fact, the sort of food you would order in London at Simpson's, which it greatly resembles.

There is another Brown Derby in Los Angeles, opposite the Ambassador. This one is boy size, however. Here the food is equally good but it is patronized more in the way Childs is in New York—as the last stand of a night out, for a simple lunch, or for breakfast. Any restaurant could learn something about griddle cakes from the Brown Derby. Theirs are perfect—very thin, and cooked to a dark brown. The waiters are touching in their solicitude as to whether you have enough syrup and hot melted butter. My hat is off to the Brown Derby!

There are a few outstanding hostesses in Hollywood—Mary Pickford, for instance, and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman). Mrs. Lowe has a most beautiful Spanish house decorated and furnished in perfect taste and not "trick," as so many of the Spanish houses on the Coast are. Unlike many Hollywood hostesses who give late-in-the-evening parties, and serve merely liquid refreshment, La Tashman presides over a groaning buffet. One dish she serves, which is always my favourite, is scrambled eggs à la links. She admitted that the recipe came from the chef at the Links Club. However, it is simple enough for anyone to do. You merely mix sherry and chili sauce with the scrambled eggs.

At a farewell party which Frank Borzage, the producer, gave for John McCormack, whose film was just completed, they served a perfect accompaniment for cocktails. They are crisp, fluffy little things made from—of all things—shrimps, seaweed and rice. They are called crupoo, and I am told they only need to be heated before they are served.

The Louis Bromfields, who have established themselves in Hollywood, went completely Californian in a salad they served at a supper party I attended. The California Board of Trade should have decorated them. The salad was made of avocado, artichokes, grapefruit, oranges, and it was garnished with *Fromage du pays* Monterey. This is a cheese which you can get up and down the Coast, and I don't know why you don't see it more in the East.

The Hollywood Russian Eagle serves excellent food under the guiding hand of the same genial and distinguished-looking General who used to preside over the Old Russian Eagle in East 57th Street. They serve the usual type of Russian dishes, but the reason the Eagle has space in this article is because of the salad the General himself made for a dinner the Harvey Gibsons gave. The guests in a body demanded

(*Concluded on page 200*)

st. moritz

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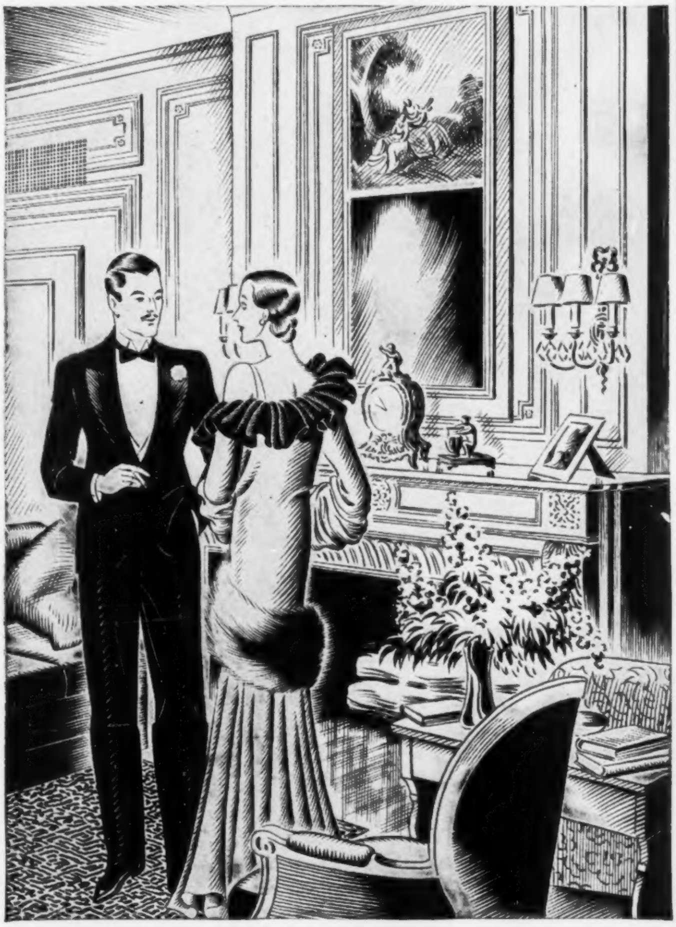

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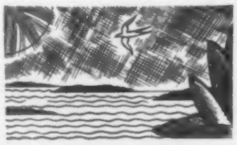

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CUISINE CALIFORNIAN

(Concluded from page 197)

to know the secret. It sounds simple enough: lettuce, water-cress, French dressing made with Tarragon vinegar, and plenty of garlic. Of course, it was the latter which did the trick. The General impressed everyone with the fact that you should not be afraid to use plenty of garlic even though it necessitates a mouth wash afterward.

A dish distinctly Californian was served by Mrs. Marshall Neal, who has bought the original ranch house of Pasadena and done it over into one of the most attractive places in the locality. The dish was an entrée—ham mousse on hearts of artichoke and covered with Hollandaise. At the favourite Hollywood night club, Montmartre, they have a special sandwich which even Reuben's would do well to copy. It is made of avocado, tiny radishes, shredded cabbage and raw carrots with Russian dressing. Not to be outdone by London and New York, Hollywood, too, has its Embassy Club. A good idea which they have there is a bowl of ripe olives which is placed on the table in much the same way that ripe almonds are used in Paris. They are an excellent accompaniment to White Rock, ginger ale, or what have you.

Before I leave the food of Los Angeles, let me tell you that this city boasts, and rightfully, the best cooking on the Coast in the new Town House Restaurant. I will not dwell on the dishes as they are not especially distinctive of California, but their cuisine is equal to that of the New York Colony. As a matter of fact, they sent to the Ritz in London for their chef.

Going up the Coast to Santa Barbara, still more memorable dishes live in my memory. I think those who have stopped there will agree that in El Mirasol Santa Barbara has one of the best hotels in the world. I cannot limit that superlative by adding "of its type" because it is so unusual that there is no other even approaching it. It is more like a private estate than a hotel, with its individual bungalows, decorated by the Albert Herters, and its delightful gardens. The cuisine at El Mirasol is extraordinarily good. The menus are short, but the few things they do have are perfectly cooked and well planned for variety. One thing they do exceedingly well is a baked orange. They serve this with meat courses instead of jelly. Cooked with a little syrup and properly spiced, the orange is baked to a crisp and inviting brown.

In Santa Barbara, too, I experienced something new in desserts. It was at a dinner given by Mrs. Edward Harkness, and although her chef came from New York, inasmuch as the dessert was eaten in California I think it can be rated a niche in these pages. The dessert was really a glorified ice-cream cone, the cone being made of molasses and brandy. This produced a butterscotch flavour such as you couldn't beat in Scotland itself. The cone was filled with ice-cream and whipped cream.

San Francisco, the most foreign of all American cities, offers many dishes foreign to most Americans. In the first place, there are the crabs. Caught around the Golden Gate, they are larger than those we are accustomed to from eastern waters, but they are exceedingly tender and subtly flavoured. At Jack's, where amazing food is served, I had cracked crabs, with mayonnaise, that were so beautiful you might think you were back at Prunier's. The chef at the Bohemian Club prepares wild rice in a way I discovered is common in San Francisco, but a novelty for most people. They call it "Wild Rice Polonaise." It is baked in a dish and the top is covered with grated hard-boiled egg and toast crumbs.

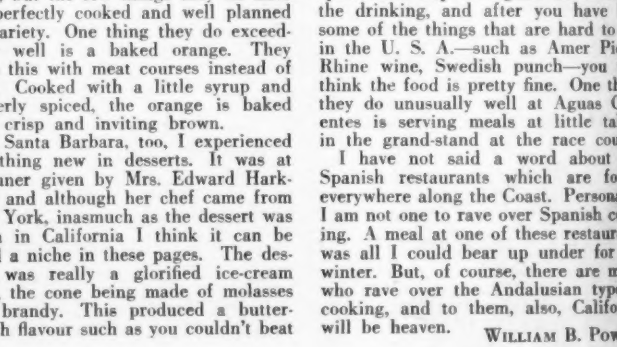
Of course, San Francisco is full of Chinese restaurants of varying quality. I think the most attractive place to go for Chinese food is Julius' Castle. Not only is the cooking good but one eats in a setting that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world. It is high up on Telegraph Hill and from one of the windows you get a view of the city which, at night, reminds you a great deal of the view that Montmartre lets you have of Paris. From another window you can look across San Francisco Bay at the ferries dashing back and forth to Oakland and Berkeley.

For fish specialties you should locate a little place right on the shore front. I cannot remember the name, but it is famous and any taxi driver will take you there. California oysters are very small, even smaller than our clams. Personally, I don't like them, but many people go into ecstasies, and, if they do, can eat dozens.

No description of California cuisine would be complete without reference to Aguas Calientes. Even though it is not in the United States, but in Mexico, no self-respecting tourist would think of visiting Southern California without crossing the border from San Diego to this delightful and foreign resort. To be candid, the food isn't anything to rave about. But, after all, the favourite sport in a trip to Aguas Calientes is the drinking, and after you have had some of the things that are hard to get in the U. S. A.—such as Amer Picon, Rhine wine, Swedish punch—you will think the food is pretty fine. One thing they do unusually well at Aguas Calientes is serving meals at little tables in the grand-stand at the race course.

I have not said a word about the Spanish restaurants which are found everywhere along the Coast. Personally, I am not one to rave over Spanish cooking. A meal at one of these restaurants was all I could bear up under for the winter. But, of course, there are many who rave over the Andalusian type of cooking, and to them, also, California will be heaven.

William B. Powell



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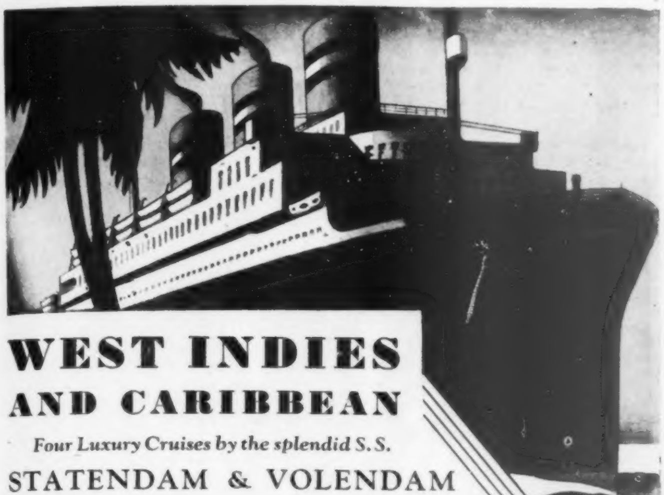
Midway Point, a view along the drive on the Monterey Peninsula.



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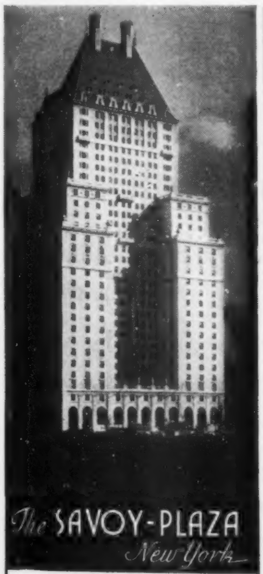

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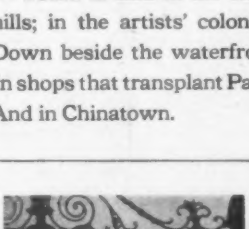

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Much of the charm of a home depends upon the ease with which its members carry on their varied rounds of pleasure and duties. And telephones . . . located at convenient points throughout the house . . . contribute in large measure to this ease and comfort. In the boudoir, the library, the sun parlor . . . wherever people spend much time . . . they form an almost indispensable aid to gracious living.

Many residences have an additional central-office telephone line for servants' use. This facilitates household business, and leaves one line always free for the family.

And don't neglect the basement. Telephones in the laundry, game room, tool room or den will add tremendously to the comfort of these parts of the house.